This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

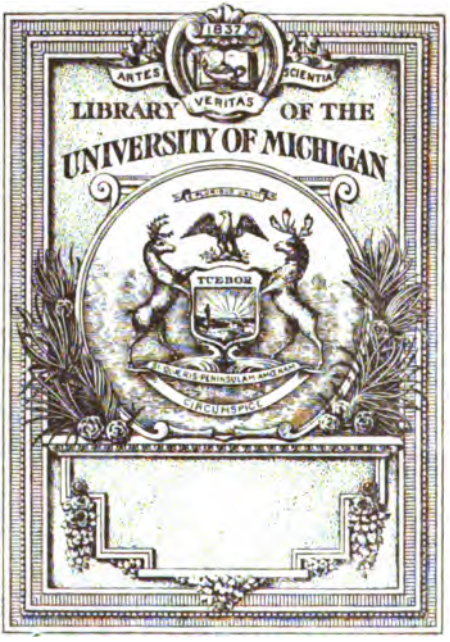
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
4
.M84
M.S. v. 18

F. J. Blakee

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY THE
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XVIII.

PARTS CIII. TO CVIII. JULY—DECEMBER, 1874.

LONDON:
MOZLEY, COWIE, AND SMITH, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW;
OXFORD: JAMES PARKER AND Co.
1874.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Modern Roman Charity	202
Cameos from English History	226
Clewer St. Stephen	501
Christian Art	66, 177, 286, 394, 574
Conversations on the Gospel of Saint Luke	104, 209
Correspondence	101, 307
Controversy	407
Disobedient Cecil	59, 158, 270, 357, 458, 562
Half a Century Ago	381, 487, 584
Hints on Reading	606
In the Marsh	31, 141, 251, 320, 436, 538
I Wonder Why	470
Light: Spectrum Analysis and its Discoveries	92
Mission of St. Peter the Fisherman, Brixham, Devon	199
Notices to Correspondents.	
Poetry:—	
A Sick-bed Confirmation	14
Christmas Verses	517
Composed when in Pain	306
De Profundis	508
Hymns on the Second Advent	509
Hymn of the Separated Russians	413
In Memory of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester	1
Poetry:—(*continued.*)	
On Reading Livingstone's Last Words	22
Psalm XIII.	103
Recovery	100
Shakespeare	193
Sister Mabel	410
Sunset and Sunrise	8
The Double Enlistment	605
The Other Side	309
The Three Denials	207
Papers on Sisterhoods	16, 120, 282, 376, 496, 588
Partnership with God	514
Questions of the Day	4, 214
Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India	388
St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston	601
Sketches from Hungarian History	107, 414
Speedwell	48, 133, 263, 343, 454, 529
Spider Subjects.	
The Past and Present of Scottish Episcopacy	298
The Death of Charette	503
The English Raja	78, 168
The Three Brides	22, 125, 246, 310, 429, 519
The Wilberforce Memorial Fund	97
What to Read in Rome	597
Womankind	88, 186, 278, 371, 493, 594

301023

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JULY, 1874.

IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS A BISHOP OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

DIED JULY 19TH, 1873.

And they that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—*Daniel*, xii. 3.

THE Surrey hills far stretched before him lay,
All bathed in evening's calm and golden light;
Birds, with sweet voices, hushed the dying day,
And as the dawn, the sunset hour was bright.

So have I seen a life, whose upward flight
Ne'er failed the promise of its early days,
Finish its course, triumphant win the fight,
And die illumined with its own bright rays.

He gazed—his lips with instant rapture part;
He paused, those strains of matchless song to hear;*
For nature's beauties ever touched his heart,
And as his Master's works he held them dear.

Another minute—He will never more
The fading glories of this earth behold!
Weep not. Unchanging, countless is the store
Of Heavenly joys before his eyes unrolled.

* The Bishop said to his companion, 'Hark! is not that a beautiful nightingale!' It does seem remarkable that a nightingale should have sung in July; but strangely enough, a nightingale also sang at Lavington all the night before the funeral.

Weep not for *him*. But let a nation weep,
Mourning the loss of such a peerless son;
And Holy Church her tearful vigil keep,
For him whose gallant course to-day is run.

Who may describe each varied gift and rare—
The rapid intellect and vigorous mind;
Those tones of music rich beyond compare,
Which eloquence and harmony combined;

How, when he spoke, no single sound was heard
From all the crowds who thronged that voice to hear,
Breathless, expectant of his every word,
Now drawn by love, now awed by sudden fear.

Well may the heart, all crushed with anguish, cry—
And shall we never hear that voice again?
And can that stream of eloquence be dry,
Once sweet to parchèd souls as summer rain?

God help us! No—not here, but yet once more,
Through that dear Love which did our souls redeem,
Perchance, within the open Heavenly door,
His joy may shed on us one golden gleam?

I know not, but Thou knowest, Lord,
Our hopes, our fears, our grief—Thou knowest all;
The bursting heart Thou seest, in woe outpoured,
And ne'er unheeded do the tear-drops fall.

Go not far from us, Lord; be nearer yet,
Our steps to guide, our tott'ring strength to stay;
Is not the lamp gone out, the bright star set,
Which shed their light upon our weary way?

But Thou art ever near; Thy loving Hand
Can hold us up, though storm and tempest roar,
And safe at last can bring our bark to land
Within the haven of that far-off shore.

Our Strength, our Shield, he bade us lean on Thee,
Our faint hearts taught from this vain world to rise;
From earthly longings would our souls set free,
And fix our hopes, our treasure, in the skies.

And ever by his side he led us on,
As step by step the upward path he trod;
The straying sheep by tender love he won,
And erring souls constrained to turn to God.

Now, as the stars from henceforth shalt thou shine
In that bright Home to which thy thoughts did soar—
Shalt hear the words of love from Lips Divine,
And be, in blessing, blest for evermore.

C. M. P.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

(In Memoriam July 19, 1873.)

I.

Asleep he seemeth
On his grassy bed,
Thyme and blue harebells
Round his head;
While fern-leaves rustling
In the sunshine fair,
Wave their green plumes around him
With triumphant air.

The tender shadows
Falling from the hill,
Rest on the greensward
Where he lieth still.
O wind, blow softly
From the setting sun!
The noblest heart in England
Its great work has done.

II.

Was it sunset only?
Was it not sunrise,
Where the radiant spirit
Woke with 'glad surprise'?

Everlasting morning
By the glassy sea—
Sea of fire and crystal,
Where the victors be.

He who fought with error,
Firm and unenticed,
Suddenly translated
To the smile of Christ.

He who bore God's Ark up
With such steadfast hand,
Passed the River dry-shod
To the Heavenly land.

Still the silver trumpet
Echoes from above,
His, whose life was Duty,
And his watch-word 'Love.'

Let us mourn him nobly,
Though with falling tears;
With no weak surrender,
With no faithless fears.

Moses and Elijah
Pass away from sight;
But the Lord remaineth,
Leader of the fight.

Saviour, guard and guide us
Through the darkening years,
Till the last have triumphed,
Till the morn appears;

Everlasting morning
By the crystal sea,
Where the crowned and ransomed
Shall abide with Thee.

C. M. N.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

SPECIAL SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES.

[For the principal arguments in the following paper, the writer is indebted to some unpublished Lectures of her brother, the Rev. W. Sewell, D.D.]

My dear ——,

I have hitherto contented myself with bringing before you some of the difficulties which present themselves to my mind in regard to the sceptical theories of the day, and which must be met and answered satisfactorily before I can feel that these theories have any real claim upon my attention.

But I can scarcely expect that you will look upon them in the same

light that I do. Your thoughts have lately been so much directed to the objections made against Revelation, that I question much whether you have ever considered—what is to me an undoubted fact—that the most credulous of all beliefs is that of unbelief; and I cannot therefore hope that you will rest contented with what I have said. The critical doubts raised against the Bible, will, I fear, still trouble you; and if you do not at once accept them, I can imagine you attempting to answer them with a hopeless perplexity, not at all lessened by the knowledge that there are difficulties on the contrary side.

I do not, indeed, know how to give your mind rest, until you can acknowledge and face the fact, that the very difficulties of which you complain form part of the trial to which we must all be subject in the way of discipline and preparation for a future state.

To demand a Revelation which shall be perfectly clear to our comprehension, is not only unreasonable, because a finite understanding cannot possibly grasp the nature of the Infinite; but, could such a Revelation be granted, it seems that it would fail of part of its purpose; since it would make no demand upon the faith and trust which are essential to the right relation of the moral creature to the Creator.

Looking at the varied constitution of human nature, we must own that there are many persons to whom mental struggles, and the conflict with intellectual pride, are accorded as the subject-matter of their probation. Let them see clearly, and they will act without hesitation rightly; but freedom from doubt is their imperative requirement. They desire to walk by the light of their own understanding if they walk at all; and to them, the Bible, both in its structure and the truths which it reveals, comes as a problem only to be solved by an effort of humility to which they can scarcely bring themselves to submit, but which is the crucial test of a heart given to God.

We see the working of the same test in our own dealings with children. The boy who insists on a clear explanation of his father's acts and intentions before he will believe and obey, never fully obeys; for he asks that which cannot, in all circumstances, be given, and which, if it were given, could not be thoroughly understood.

We must, therefore, if we would meet the Bible difficulties in a fair and reasonable spirit, first admit that in some form or other they are to be expected as part of our probation. If we begin our consideration of them by thinking that we are at liberty to ask that they shall all be made clear to us before we are required to accept them, we shall do well not to enter upon the inquiry at all, for it must inevitably fail to give us satisfaction.

And even without making such a demand, if we think ourselves called upon to enter minutely into all the critical objections brought before us, and trouble ourselves to read everything that any one may choose to say upon the subject of Scriptural difficulties, we must equally end in tenfold perplexity.

If the matter was not so grave, it might really make one smile to find young persons, professedly ignorant of classics, and having the merest smattering of science and history, or more probably no knowledge at all, reading the current literature of the day, and talking of theories of the Pentateuch, questions as to the authorship of the Book of Daniel, problems as to the age of man, the origin of race, the various readings of passages in the New Testament, and quietly asserting that they know what is said by modern rationalistic writers upon these subjects, and they have formed their opinions accordingly.

What do they—what can they know about them? To be able to judge of the ability with which such questions are treated, they must be able to see the value of the arguments produced; and in order to this, they must be themselves scientific inquirers and learned students—they must have studied, not only as those to whom they appeal have studied; but they must be able also thoroughly to investigate and fully comprehend all that is to be said on the opposite side.

We may all have heard of the Irish judge who decided his cases so easily, because he thought it quite unnecessary to trouble himself about two sides, when hearing one made everything easy. This is the course which numbers of persons in England, men and women, old and young, are, it seems to me, adopting at the present moment, with results fatal to their present peace of mind, and it is to be feared, also to their eternal happiness.

Neither is it any excuse to say that the arguments of believers are heard through the mouths of those who answer them.

Have you at all followed the famous trial which has lately engrossed the public attention? Do you think you would recognize the arguments of the counsel for the prosecution as they are brought forward and answered by the counsel for the defence, or *vice versa*?

Is it not in the impartial summing up of the judge, who has listened only to facts and not to pleadings, that we can hope to obtain truth? To judge, we must be in a condition to judge; and impartial, careful, competent examination, including a critical knowledge of the subjects involved in the discussion, is therefore the first thing which is to be fairly demanded of us, when we say that we have given up the belief of our forefathers in the facts handed down by historical evidence as a Revelation from God.

But you will say, 'This is all very well, and I confess that I am not thoroughly competent to decide these questions, and yet I must have an opinion about them, for they deeply involve my personal well-being, and it is impossible to go on accepting as fact what so many are doubting.'

Granted, it is impossible; only if you are to arrive at any satisfactory result in your inquiries, you must begin by supposing the Christian Religion to be true; and for this reason, that such a supposition is in your case more reasonable than the reverse.

The position in which you stand to Christianity is precisely that in

which you stand to your birth or your inheritance. You are called upon to accept it upon the witness of others. Eighteen centuries of well authenticated writings and traditions have handed down to you the facts of the Creed; as registers and title-deeds have handed down to you the facts of your birth and your descent.

The man who at the first question raised as to his title to his inheritance, should prepare to give it up upon an examination of the claims of his opponent, whilst he listened to the assertion of his own rights only as they were set forth by those whose object was to upset them, would justly be regarded as a fool. And can he be less a fool who acts in like manner in reference to his eternal inheritance?

To doubt and tremble lest our dearest hopes should prove to be naught, because some learned or unlearned inquirer has perplexed himself as to the universality of the Deluge, or the question whether Cyrenius was Governor of Syria at the time of the taxing mentioned by St. Luke, is as grievous a weakness in reason as it would be to suppose that we must of necessity be in danger of losing our fortune because some searcher into ancient records has discovered an entry which he cannot understand in an old Baptismal Register. In both cases our title rests on grounds distinct from these accidental difficulties, and we act unfairly to ourselves and our own rights, when we allow that questions of this kind are of any paramount importance.

Begin by accepting the Bible as true and inspired, upon historical evidence, and you may then search into difficulties, so far as you have the power, without danger to your ultimate happiness. But begin by unbelief, or a desire to confirm a doubt, and you will be at the mercy of every ignorant tyro in Scriptural research, who can suggest a perplexity, or bring forward a seeming discrepancy.

Othello doubted Desdemona, and a trifle "light as air" brought conviction of her falsity. Such is human nature; and it will work unconsciously, according to the same law, whatever may be the subject of investigation.

With this caution, I will, however, venture to classify the difficulties which meet us in Scripture, and to suggest in each case a thought which may be an assistance when you are unable to answer the doubt suggested, and yet would fain feel that it is of no real moment.

And first. The form of the Bible is to many a stumbling-block. I remember it was so to myself as a child. It seemed such a singular mixture of writings of various kinds. I did not at all recognize the importance of the scheme of Christianity, and could not understand why, if laws for the regulation of conduct were to be given, they were left to be collected from different portions of different books, instead of being made clear and set in order at once. And certainly, we must all own that the structure of the Bible is not that which unassisted human reason would be likely to choose for the purpose of conveying a Revelation like that of the Gospel. Its fragmentary and apparently imperfect character,

which leaves the outline of the Divine Scheme of Redemption to be drawn from the combination of isolated portions, instead of presenting it to us in one perfectly connected whole, must involve difficulties which we should naturally suppose could not accompany a communication made by a Being of Infinite Wisdom, to a creature so ignorant and weak as man.

But now think for a moment, what this objection to the structure of the Bible implies. It says in so many words, 'The Bible cannot contain a message from God to mankind, because I know that God would never reveal His Will in such a form. I am fully acquainted with the Nature of the Divine Being, His designs, the whole plan of His creation; and I am sure that a Revelation from Him would be given in a different way.'

You will perhaps be startled by these awfully presumptuous words, but they are nothing more than what is actually involved in the denial of the Divine Origin of the Scriptures, because they are not presented to us in the form which we should naturally expect. Such a denial does really imply that, previous to any knowledge communicated to us through other sources, we, by our own unassisted reason, are competent to understand the exact work which the Bible is intended to accomplish in the vast scheme of the Universe, and to decide that it is not fitted for such work; whilst in truth, without light from Heaven, we can see neither the beginning, the middle, nor the end of this scheme, and can grasp only the petty pin's head of facts which lie within the region of the senses.

Is it not as if the child of a camp-follower in some vast army employed in a great campaign should refuse to recognize, as coming from the mighty mind which swayed the whole, an order which its baby intellect could not comprehend? Or rather, is it not folly infinitely greater?

Historical testimony bears witness to the fact, that the Bible, from the very foundation of the Jewish and Christian Churches, was received as the work of Inspiration. Till that witness (confirmed as it is, and as I have before attempted to shew you, by the most striking internal evidence) can be contradicted by direct testimony, we are bound to accept it. The question as to the form in which the Revelation is made, is one of which human reason cannot be a competent judge.

But if you ask me what—drawing my conclusion from observation—I myself think of the effect which the varied structure of the Bible has had upon human nature and society; I answer without hesitation, that its adaptation to the needs of man's nature, both moral and intellectual, becomes daily more evident to me. I will take merely the fact, that the Revelation is handed down to us by written records, and therefore for its spread requires translation. Think of the careful study and critical accuracy which this necessity for translation has engendered; how it has for centuries fixed the attention of the keenest intellects upon the Sacred Writings. Can we at all estimate the benefit which both individuals and the Church at large have derived from the very difficulties of language which have made the Bible the centre point of learned dis-

cussion in almost every generation since the foundation of the Christian Church?

Or again. Look into a Sunday-school, or any school in which a Scripture lesson is being given. Mark how the variety of the Sacred Writings brings out the intellect of the children; how, in studying the Bible they are taught necessarily to refer, and compare, and deduce, and exercise their reasoning powers; always (if properly instructed) with that sense of reverence, and that humility of ignorance in the presence of Infinite Wisdom, which is the basis of all right inquiry, and as needful in the acquirement of scientific as of religious truth. What will the next generation be, even in an intellectual point of view, if it be not brought up upon the Bible?

Or, once more. Consider how the various styles, the mixture of poetry, history, metaphysics, and, if I may venture so to speak, of worldly wisdom, in the Scripture, adapts itself to the different characteristics of individual minds. We all have our favourite books, or favourite chapters; we all feel attracted at one time by one portion of the Bible, at another time by another portion. What would have been the effect upon human nature, if (as in my childish folly I thought might have been expected) the Bible had been given to us simply as a code of laws, and a plain narration of the wonderful scheme of Redemption? It might possibly, indeed, have been clearer to a finite comprehension; there might have been less discussion as to its meaning; but what would have been its moral effect? How would it have affected the heart, awakened the conscience, or exercised the intellect?

Should the structure of the Bible ever suggest itself as a stumbling-block to your mind, I would just ask you to sit down and think for yourself in what other way the truths which it contains could have been given to man, so as at once to concentrate upon them the attention of the learned, and the reverent belief of the unlearned; to satisfy the imaginative, and give direction to the practical; to supply food for the deepest metaphysical inquirer, and give comfort to the most dull and ignorant; to be the terror of the guilty, and the consolation of the penitent; to speak to the heart of the little child in the nursery, and to be the one source of immortal hope to the philosopher on his dying bed.

When you can give me a book—yet not one book, but many books in one—confessedly written by men, but which, like the Scriptures, shall do all this, it will be time enough to inquire whether the human mind is equal to the construction of what has hitherto been deemed the work of God; whether the Book of Scripture does—as those who have most closely entered into its spirit assert—shew in its very structure, even as the Book of Nature, that 'the Hand that made it is Divine.'

But there is a second class of objections, having reference to moral questions—to cases in which sins, their punishment and their forgiveness, are spoken of in a way startling to our preconceived ideas of wisdom and justice.

Now the first remark I would make upon this point is, that many persons take an utterly unfounded view of the Bible narratives, and regard them as given, not for our instruction, but our example. They imagine, for instance, that in the lives of the Patriarchs which are given in detail, everything which the Patriarchs did is set forth for our imitation. Under such a mistaken—and I might almost say absurd—notion, the Bible stories are, and always must be, more or less stumbling-blocks to us. We are told that Jacob deceived his father—if we suppose that Jacob's conduct was approved, and that we may act in like manner, our moral sense must become confused. I mention this singular misapprehension, because I believe it to be more common than is generally imagined.

The Bible histories are narratives of true events, and in many of them we are left to draw the moral for ourselves, as in the case just referred to, where, upon examination, we shall see that Jacob's conduct was so far from being approved by God, that in the providential ordering of circumstances, he received at the hands of Laban during his years of exile, a stern retribution for his conduct towards Esau. He was, indeed, a man of greater faith in God's Word than Esau, and therefore ultimately he was blessed and accepted; but he was not therefore saved from the natural and righteous punishment of his deceit.

These Bible histories are wonderfully interesting when we look at them in this way, tracing out the unspoken moral; but to regard them always in the light of approval and example, is to involve ourselves in endless moral perplexity.

But there are cases of a different kind, in which a similar difficulty suggests itself. Certain states of mind are in some instances stamped with the special approval of the Almighty, as when Abraham's faith gained for him the title of the Friend of God; whilst in others, actions are permitted or even commanded, which seem upon the surface opposed to our sense of right. This is undeniably a difficulty to many, and the spirit of the age dwells upon and exaggerates it.

Now in reply to this, I would ask you to shew me in what part of the Bible immorality of any kind in itself is commanded or approved? Where are we told that murder and theft are virtues? that profligacy is an allowable course of life? and that falsehood, as a principle, is permitted? You can give but one answer. It is patent to every one who has read the Scriptures, even superficially, that they imperatively insist upon morality and purity, not only of life but of heart.

The moral *spirit* of the Bible is in absolute accordance with the pure moral sense of mankind.

Yet you will say, How are we to account for individual cases of statements or action contradictory to the moral sense—such as the death of Ananias and Sapphira, apparently only for falsehood; and the declaration that David was a man after God's own heart, whilst he was guilty of murder and adultery; or again, the command given to Abraham

to slay his son, and the injunction laid upon Joshua to exterminate the Canaanites?

In reply, I would say first, It is perfectly true that the Almighty has engraven on our consciences a definite sense of right and wrong; but it is equally certain that conscience may be perverted or weakened, or misled by ignorance or forgetfulness of facts. The moral judgement of God and the moral judgement of man are, therefore, not likely to be always in accord.

Call together any thousand men from all parts of the world, and ask them whether it is right to steal, and they would all give one answer; but ask them whether the act of a certain individual is stealing, and they would give different answers according to their knowledge of the circumstances. Their moral sense would be alike, but their acquaintance with facts would differ. The person who knew the whole would judge rightly, and he who knew only a part would judge wrongly.

God sees the whole; man can see but part. Therefore their judgement will differ. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead, as we are accustomed to say, for telling a lie; but the real offence, as we shall see when we look carefully into the narrative, was not only falsehood, or covetousness, but a deliberate resolve to try, by telling an untruth, whether the Holy Spirit was really in the Apostles. It was therefore a sin of a peculiar kind, shewing distrust of the Omniscience of God, at the very moment when they were pretending to honour Him. This is evident from St. Peter's stern condemnation.

The hasty and ignorant judgement which we are likely to pass in this case, may equally mislead us in the other. David, the young man, full of faith in God and loyalty to his king, brave, disinterested, loving, was 'the man after God's own heart;' but David, the self-indulgent monarch, transgressing the fundamental laws of morality, was the subject of His deepest displeasure; and though received again into favour upon the most heartfelt penitence, was made to bear through all the events of his future life the visible tokens of the Almighty's hatred of sin.*

The questions raised as to the sacrifice of Isaac, and the extermination of the Canaanites, are equally without foundation, for they rest upon a total misapprehension of the relations between God and man. Life and death are absolutely in the Hands of the Creator. He Who gave life for a certain period may surely take it away when and how He pleases. Joshua was but the soldier, acting under the orders of an infinitely wise Commander. Abraham was the servant obeying a Divine Lord. Both were irresponsible for anything but obedience; and the idea that the Almighty God may not punish or try His people as He shall see fit, is too monstrous to require refutation.

This, remember, is only the human answer in Abraham's case, and would have been applicable if we had been living in his time, and had been ignorant of the great Event of which the sacrifice of Isaac was a

* See Professor Blunt's Scriptural Coincidences.

type. Looking at that Event—seeing all that the offering involved—we can but kneel down in reverent thankfulness, acknowledging the boundless mercy and foreknowledge of the Most High.

There is yet another cause for the perversion of the moral sense in man. By the constitution of our nature we are formed to stand in a multitude of relations to other sentient beings. I say sentient, because we can be under no obligations to things without sensation—to stocks or stones; but the moment we come in contact with a thing capable of feeling, though it be only the worm in our path, we owe it a duty; the worm must not be carelessly crushed. These sentient beings are of several kinds, and ascend in a vast scale of gradation, from the lowest form of animal life to the Throne of the Great Creator of the Universe.

And besides these individual personalities, there are associated incorporated bodies—such as our family, our country, the Church—to which we owe distinctive duties. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is extremely difficult to recognize, and exactly adjust, the claims of these various relations. We have only to recall cases in which we may ourselves have been distressed by the conflicting claims of father and mother, or parent and country, or relation and friend, to acknowledge that we cannot be certain of passing a right judgement upon every moral action, and must therefore be prepared to bow down in humble acquiescence in the perfect knowledge of the Omniscient God, whenever we find that He has stamped certain actions with approval which to us might suggest censure.

Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, rose up from among the congregation, and took a javelin in his hand, and without a moment's warning thrust it through Zimri and Cozbi; and the Almighty bestowed upon him and his seed the covenant of peace—His blessing for ever. (*Numbers*, xxv. 7–13.)

The relation of Phinehas to God involved a claim infinitely beyond any consideration for man; and the action was the recognition of that claim when a direct outrage had been offered to the majesty of the Most High, and was therefore entitled to the highest praise.

Yet further. It is a fundamental law of morals that the excellence of every object is to be determined by the special work which it is created to fulfil. The virtues and vices of men can therefore only be rightly judged by a review of the work which they were created to perform; and until we can see, as God sees, the whole end and object of our existence in this world, and of that which lies before us in a future state, it is utterly impossible that we should form the same true estimate of the nature and value of human actions, as in the Bible is assigned to God. When all is revealed in another world, we shall adjust our graduated appreciation of goodness to the same scale with that of the Almighty. We shall then no longer wonder (perhaps those who think most deeply have already ceased to do so) that Faith, or entire reliance upon Christ for all our strength and all our hope, is the grand heroic virtue of the

Gospel, and not courage, not fortitude, not temperance. We shall see why love to God, and zeal for His glory and His truth, are throned so high, whilst virtues of far greater moment in man's estimation are in comparison but lightly regarded; why Nicodemus goes away from our Lord unsatisfied, whilst to the poor Samaritan woman at the well the great truths of the Gospel are revealed.

Even now, the possible, nay probable, secret of these mysterious moral problems is dawning upon us. Even now—putting together the frequent allusions in Scripture to the future destiny of the ransomed children of Adam—we may dream, with the conviction that we shall some day wake to find it a reality, of a world in which the vast body of the Redeemed, the glorious Church of Christ, is to fill some special office in the government of the Universe—an office for which each individual member has been trained, as watching the mysterious trials of this fallen world—the prosperity of the wicked, and the woes of the innocent, the sufferings of sickness and hunger—the bitterness of partings, the agony of death-beds, and the anguish of crushed hearts, he has learnt to look up with child-like confidence to the loving wisdom of his Saviour, finding in his own ignorance and blindness a reason for humility, self-distrust, and faith, which all the arts of Satan could never overthrow.

For even in Heaven, before the Throne of God, there may be need of Faith. It may be that no created being can possibly understand the wisdom of the Creator. The vast government of a Universe may require manifestations of that wisdom, which it may be necessary to mask in a form perplexing to a finite mind. Separate acts of Infinite goodness, regarded apart from the unknown scheme, may wear an aspect perplexing to the comprehension of an inferior creature.

So it is, as we well know, on earth. So it is, as Sceptics triumphantly assert, in the Bible; not perceiving that, according to the well-known suggestion of Origen, on which Bishop Butler has founded the argument of the 'Analogy,' if the God of the Bible be the same as the God of Nature, we must expect to find in the representation of His dealings with His people the same trials to our perfect faith which meet us in our daily life. A representation of God which did not contain such problems, a Bible which did not so try our weak, dim, passion-swayed moral sense, would bear on it an impress of falsity.

And if, as we are justified in believing, a character the basis of which is faith, is far nobler than one which insists upon sight—if human love delights in the affection which has been proved and found true, which has been unmoved by slander, unshaken by seeming defects, and has steadfastly refused to listen to suspicion; so we may venture to think that it is with the God Who formed our hearts, and Who created us thus to love. By a thousand voices He calls to us, 'My son, give Me thine heart.' How shall we give it without trust? How shall our trust be proved without trial?

This is an answer—one amongst many—to the cavils which pre-

sumptuous man is tempted to make against the God of Nature. May it not also be an answer to the cavils against the God of the Bible?

Let me beg you earnestly to think over what I have now said. Perhaps, through God's mercy, it may be a help to you when the perplexities which have now been referred to are hereafter suggested, either by your fellow-creatures in your intercourse with the world, or by the voice of the Tempter whispering to your own heart. That there are other, perhaps more difficult, problems to answer, I fully admit; but I shall hope to discuss them in another letter.

Yours, &c.,

Ashcliff, Bonchurch, March 12th.

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

A SICK-BED CONFIRMATION.*

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

PAIN is her portion: each day's work and leisure
Is pain in sterner or in softer stress;
This is her only business, only pleasure,
The greater pain or less.

Yet speak I as a fool. This straitened 'only'
Forgets the new life and the nobler birth,
Leaves her outside the re-creation, lonely,
A stricken child of earth.

Nay, she hath other portion besides pain:
Through these unlovely days of less and more,
She follows after, for exceeding gain,
One Who has gone before.

A Sufferer too, named then 'The Man of Sorrows,'
But 'King of Glory' now beyond the strife,
And from His Agony and Death she borrows
Her hope of blissful life.

---

* This is a parochial sketch from real life, and the incident specially referred to is authentic. The sufferer is a young girl in the East End, who has been prostrated for years by one of the worst forms of incurable spinal disease. She was confirmed on her sick-bed, at home, in April of last year, by Bishop Claughton, Archdeacon of London. She and her whole family, once in good circumstances, are now in the sorest need. The father is dying of consumption, and four out of the six children can earn nothing. If any readers of these verses are disposed to send any help in her behalf to the Author, (St. Paul's Vicarage, Dalston, E.) their kindness will be gratefully acknowledged.

In gentle ward of this sweet Hope's enthralling,
In pain abiding, she abides in peace,
Its patient prisoner, she awaits the calling
Of final full release.

A child of God, an heir with Christ, she knows
She shares with Him the travail of her days,
Sure in His Glory that the greater woes
Shall be to greater praise.

Nor was the Son Who bore the great Temptation
By Angels of His Father left alone;
Nor to this daughter in her long probation
Less loving grace is shewn.

The Satan-haunted wilderness can enter
With wants and fears within this little room;
So for her need such help from Heaven is sent her
Can make the desert bloom.

So came there one commissioned by this place—
Commissioned from the Lord's Ascension hour
By the unbroken lineage of grace
And heritage of power—

An Angel ministrant; no wealth or station
Made claim upon him from this door—within
Was needing him an heir of Christ's salvation,
And so he entered in.

'Peace to this house.' He heard the brief confessing,
The great 'I do:' made for The SEVEN his prayer:
And leaning o'er this child of pain, with Blessing,
The Lord of Peace was there.

O patient eyes, now filled with happy tears!
Ye saw the great Rock's shadow in that hand,
Shading the soul with peace from all the fears
Of this, the weary land.

Peace! for the past the Precious Blood's Remission:
Peace! in the drought the Spirit's gracious rain:
Peace! fairer henceforth that far Country's vision,
Where shall be no more pain.

'My happiest day,' she saith; by prone affliction
Being thus more blest: aye, and more blest is he
Who, blessing her, hath won that benediction,
'Thou didst it unto Me.'

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

I.—FIRST PRINCIPLES.

THE revival of the common life for women in the Church of England has been so thoroughly achieved, in despite of the prophecies of failure which greeted its first efforts, and the countless mistakes of its earliest advocates, that it is unnecessary to begin these papers, as would have been desirable a few years ago, with a defence of the theory of Sisterhoods.

The chief difficulty in the present phase of the movement, is due to the very popularity of the idea, which results in the eager desire manifested in scores of English parishes, and in almost every British Colony, to found new Religious Houses of an active character, without always having the needful raw material at hand.

Obviously, the best method of multiplying Sisterhoods is for a part of a fully established and tested society to 'swarm,' to lead out a colony from the Mother-house in order to be the nucleus of a daughter community, either identical with its parent in rule, habit, objects, and all other points; or based on a modification of the original system, as the Cistercians grew out of the Carthusians, and the Capuchins out of the Franciscans. Examples of both these methods are to be found even in the brief history of modern Anglican Sisterhoods, but there are adequate reasons against their forming the normal mode of reproduction. Chief amongst these stand the extraordinary extent and persistency of the demand, and the very small amount of the supply. For the foundation, government, and secure planting of a new House, a very unusual assemblage of qualities is needful in the first Superior; nay, there are but few women competent to the adequate discharge of the semi-independent and revocable office of vicegerent of an affiliated convent, though responsible in all important matters to the central authority. As a practical fact, hardly more than one Sister in ten is found competent to do more than carry out directions given her by some organizing head; and of the remaining nine-tenths a very large fraction indeed cannot do even so much without incessant supervision and advice. That is to say, the average intellectual and practical power of Sisters does not differ from the average found in an equal number of any other kind of people; and consequently the thinking heads are few, even in the largest society of the kind. When the needs of the Mother-house have been considered, and its offices (which cannot conveniently be fewer than five or six, even in very small communities) have been distributed amongst the more capable members; when, in addition, certain outlying and dependent works have been provided with competent chiefs of department; it is clear enough that we may count that convent exceptionally fortunate which can adequately meet its own home demand, without attempting to supply an exterior market. A hundred

members, all told, is about the size of the largest English Sisterhood now existing; and when ten or a dozen of the ablest of these are imperatively required for the superintendence of internal parts of the organism, the most that can be reasonably hoped for amongst the remainder is to find some three or four more who will not signally break down when suddenly placed in a responsible and difficult position. But it cannot be expected of these that they shall display original power, or succeed in the novel and exceptional task of founding a new House.

Hence, the great majority of applications made to the Superiors of Anglican convents for Sisters, even as temporary loans, to set new communities going, and to train the first candidates, have to be refused; and the next best scheme, that of one or more of the intended members of any such projected House coming to be trained themselves in a community which they do not purpose to enter permanently, cannot always, nor often, be adopted, especially in the case of distant colonies, where the cost of the voyage out and home, with the possibility of unfitness and failure on the part of all the candidates for whom this heavy expense must be incurred, deters for the most part efforts of the sort.

There is a further difficulty in the case of old-established and prosperous colonies, that they have a social and Church life of their own, differing in many particulars from that of England; so that an English Sister going out to one of them as permanent or temporary head of a new House, would most probably, unless endued with exceptional tact and plasticity, fail to appraise the unfamiliar conditions of her work, and impair, if not destroy, its efficiency, by insisting on minute compliance with rules framed for another country and society, but altogether unsuitable to the people around her.

It has occurred to me, as having a longer personal familiarity with the working of English Sisterhoods than any save six living clergymen of the Church of England, and, if I do not mistake, a more varied experience of them than any of even these six, that I might be doing useful service by making public certain practical maxims, which I have had occasion to communicate privately more than once to inquirers on the subject both here and abroad. The observations I shall make will not take the form of criticism of existing and established Sisterhoods, but will aim simply at explaining to persons who are desirous of founding new communities, especially in our colonies, but are unable to obtain personal help from England, how they can attempt the experiment unaided, with the fewest mistakes, and the best prospect of success. I have selected The Monthly Packet as the vehicle of these notes, because it is so widely read by the class of young women from whom our Sisterhoods are chiefly recruited, and because it is, I know, as welcome a guest in Australian and Canadian parsonages as in English ones.

I shall leave contemplative societies entirely out of account—at any rate for the present—because the unsupplied demand of which I have spoken limits itself to active communities; and I shall deal with these

more with regard to their external work than their inner spirit, simply because it is possible to lay down clear and definite rules to guide the former, but the latter can be taught only by Divine grace and personal example.

One broad principle will underlie all I have to say. It is this: the ground on which active Sisterhoods claim and are allowed a place in our social system, as in that of France and Germany, is that they can do certain kinds of work *better* than can be effected by other machinery, because more cheaply, more methodically, more regularly, and more permanently. An Elizabeth Fry, for instance, dies, and her work is interrupted, if not killed, by her death; but a Prison Sisterhood would go on all the same after its entire personality had died out thrice over. It is plain that if Sisterhoods fail in these particulars, if they are more costly, more irregular, more intermittent, than secular organizations, they will not only wreck the particular work on which they are engaged, but will create a strong prejudice against their whole system, exceedingly difficult to remove.

All their plans and arrangements, therefore, must be dictated throughout by shrewd *common sense*. Nothing which will not stand this test should be permitted to form any part of the fundamental rules and usages of the community. No plea of antiquity, gracefulness, beauty, nor even of alleged spiritual advantage, should be suffered in favour of observances and methods which common sense does not clearly ratify; because active Sisterhoods, having work to do in and for the world, must do it on sound business principles if they are to do it at all. It will be shewn, I hope, somewhat later, that this fundamental law furthers, instead of hindering, true spiritual advancement, while undoubtedly conflicting in many ways with *dilettante* fancy theories and usages, current too often in Religious Houses now.

I will assume, then, that it is desired to begin a Sisterhood in some colonial city—Melbourne, Toronto, Auckland, Maritzburg,—anywhere that there is no Anglican institution of the kind existing, and that it has not been possible either to obtain training Sisters from England, or to send ladies to be trained there. What is to be done?

The first thing is to look round for available material. Unmarried women or widows between eighteen and forty years of age, with no binding ties or imperative home duties, form the recruiting ground.

The limit of age on each side, though not absolute, will be found practically convenient. Under eighteen a girl's character is scarcely formed, or her physical constitution assured; and there is thus a reasonable doubt as to the permanence of her choice, and as to her bodily capacity for work. Over forty, habits, good or bad, have become fixed; and it is exceedingly difficult for a woman in middle life to change the whole tenour of her existence, or to fall into easy conformity with the ways of a household, all the members of which are but new acquaintances.

And if there be plain home duties needing fulfilment; if the would-be candidate is an only daughter, or the daughter whose health, age, or capacity entails on her the chief household duties for, let us say, a widowed father or an invalided mother; the wish for Sisterhood life in such a case rather denotes weariness of existing and primary duties, than fitness to undertake new and secondary ones.

It will be found, however, that the first limitation of the area of choice is not sufficient. The next requisite is, that the first members of the new society should all be *ladies*, that is, educated women, habituated from childhood to personal refinement. I know that this maxim will be warmly disputed, on very plausible grounds, by many excellent people. I might content myself by saying that I am speaking from experience, while they rest on theory; but I propose throughout these papers to give not merely my opinions, but the reasons which have led me to form them.

Now the *first* reason for choosing ladies is, that nearly all general Sisterhood work at the outset takes an educational shape. The little nucleus, after getting into train itself, has at once to begin the difficult task of instructing future companions. This is a function which untrained minds are plainly incompetent to discharge, because they have not learnt to think accurately, nor to say clearly anything which involves detail.

The next reason is, that the uneducated are also the undisciplined, and thus the labour involved in breaking them in is so much additional wear and tear at home, which exhausts the energies needed for outer work.

Thirdly, the whole habits of thought and action in the educated and the uneducated are so dissimilar, that it is extremely difficult for them to come to any harmonious conclusion on any disputed point.

It is necessary in a small and young Sisterhood that there should be little delay in counsel or vacillation in action; but if there be two social grades combined in one governing body, one of the two, and that the less educated, will impede the work of the whole, unless it is put at once in a subordinate position, and refused a share in the government; in other words, unless there be two orders, choir sisters and serving or lay sisters. Further, the habits of culture, refinement, courtesy, self-restraint, which make up much of the ways of ladyhood, are in many respects the outcome of Christian teaching under favourable conditions. They are all of signal advantage in dealing with others, and it is impossible to say what difficulties and varieties of external intercourse may await Sisters. It is thus a matter of much importance to be assured that nothing in the demeanour or language of any Sister shall injuriously affect her community; and there is of course a much greater safeguard against such a mischance in the long-formed habits of a lady's tact, than in the thin veneer, which is all that a short experience of the Religious life can give to even the quickest and most pious of uneducated women. Lastly, the Sisters' dwelling ought to be a Home, in the best sense of that word, on

the purely practical ground of their needing a place of entire refreshment after toil. Now it is difficult enough for a number of women, who have learnt to know one another only in adult life, and have no childish memories in common, to blend readily into one household and family; but if to this inevitable difficulty be added that of enforced companionship with persons of rough ways and unrefined personal habits, the common-room is no place of recreation, but of painful and wearisome imprisonment. I may be told that this is to bring the world into the cloister, to perpetuate human distinctions where there ought to be only Christian equality, and to set mere outward polish above inward piety. I answer, first, that the most successful of all active Orders, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, will not admit women below a certain respectable middle-class grade into their society at all; and that most of the great mediæval Orders adhered to the division I have named above, into the two classes of choir and lay members. Next, I am obliged to combat a very wide-spread and popular error about Sisters. It is commonly believed that when Miss Mary Smith has laid aside her secular dress, put on a religious habit, and called herself Sister Apollonia, she has entirely changed her nature, her thoughts, and her ways, and has become an angel all but the wings. In truth, she is changed just as much and no more than her brother, John Smith, Esq., when he dresses in black with a white collar, and is called the Reverend John Smith. Her circumstances and her duties are changed, but she is the very same woman still. We do not expect the man to be so merged and lost in the clergyman that all his previous habits and training shall go for nothing; and we know that the vulgar and illiterate Scripture-reader, who has been ordained solely because of his school of opinion, is a greater injury to the Church by his sermons and his manners than a gain by his alleged piety. No common-place is triter than the assertion that the Church of England has suffered from the 'gentlemanly heresy,' and that if she would freely enlist a lower social grade in her priesthood, she would win back the masses to her. The one and complete answer to this is that the Anglican Church is weakest exactly where she has the largest peasant element in her clergy—to wit, in Wales. The more deep and extensive culture is, the wider will sympathy and the power of comprehension be, if other and more important qualifications be equal; and having once recognized this truth, we shall understand that we do not abolish all a woman's antecedents by altering her dress and her name.

Even in contemplative Orders, it is found unsatisfactory and even pernicious to flood them with uncultivated women; because one large part of the employment of time in such Orders consists in meditation, and to set wholly empty and untrained minds to meditate, is like working two mill-stones with no grist between them. Frivolity or vacuity, save in the necessarily exceptional cases of a rarely spiritual temperament, is the inevitable result of massing women of this sort together; and although active Orders provide an outlet for some energies which would

otherwise remain inert, yet their incessant demands on tact, versatility, method, perseverance, accuracy, and finish, are such that no uneducated person, unless most rarely gifted, has any prospect of being useful in governing them; whereas *all* the original members of a new community must share, directly or indirectly, in its government.

When this second requirement, that ladyhood shall be essential to the first body of Sisters, has been duly recognized, we are not even then at the end of the preliminaries. Women who do not fall under the categories of age, freedom, and education laid down, are not well fitted to begin Sisterhood work; but it by no means follows that all who can satisfy these requirements are suitable for such an undertaking.

Two more requisites need to be fulfilled; the first, that of proved capacity for work, and next, that of a companionable and sociable spirit. A woman may be an admirable worker alone, or where she can direct others as she will, who would fail entirely in a Sisterhood, from lack of power or inclination to mix freely with equals and even official superiors, to give and take, and to be not merely amicable, but loving, in daily intercourse with her fellows. As to working capacity, that is, on the whole, more readily tested than any other condition. The teacher whose school-class is always docile, bright, and attentive; the district visitor who effects the most permanent results with the smallest expenditure of mere alms; the nurse who is deft, tender, and orderly with her patients; the manager of a household who is frugal, just, and yet liberal in her dealing, who shuns waste, disorder, and unpunctuality, but is neither parsimonious, fidgety, nor fussy; these, and such as these, are the very choicest material for an active Sisterhood, if only they have the necessary call to the life.

The greatest of all perils which besets a young and small Sisterhood, having much work and very few hands to do it, is to be too ready in accepting and electing any persons who offer themselves, hastily concluding that the offer is in itself a proof of vocation and eligibility. The result is certain to be one of two: either the trial and failure of several candidates one after another, disheartening the nucleus, and discrediting the little Society out of doors; or else the still more hurtful saddling of the community for life with an unsuitable and uncongenial member, who is an incessant difficulty ever after. And therefore the founder of a new House needs to be as careful as the general who selects a small expeditionary force of picked men to do reconnoitring duty in an enemy's country, knowing that the cowardice, rashness, or insubordination of a single private may wreck the whole plan.

R. F. L.

(To be continued.)

ON READING LIVINGSTONE'S LAST WORDS IN THE ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

'BUILD me a hut to die.' Is this the end
Of the strong man, to all his kind a friend,
After a life of toil, in age, to seek
(Struggling with pain, with eye and hand grown weak)
Vainly one longed-for glimpse of Home, before
He passes from our sight for evermore!

This was his doom—the strong man's doom too oft,
To scorn a life of ease, and pleasures soft—
To strive and suffer with a cheerful heart,
Till care, and want, and pain, have done their part,
And changed the hero's words from 'On, press on!'
To 'Lay me down to die, my grave is won!'

His labours end, his sufferings cease; and we,
That still live on, gather the grain that he
Broke up rough ground to sow, and with his blood
Watered the seed, and saw corn, like a flood,
In fancy, waving in the fields he'd sown,
Then—ere he reaps the harvest—dies alone.

This is the fate of all, their lives who yield,
That others may be fed, and clothed, and healed.
Let those who groan beneath the yoke of care
For others' sakes, take heart, and know they wear
A crown the Angels smile on from the skies,
Though it may ne'er be seen by mortal eyes.

Cheltenham, April 12th, 1874. MARY H.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VII.

UNFRUITFUL SUGGESTIONS.

'RAYMOND! Can you spare me a moment before you go into your mother's room?'

It was Rosamond who, to his surprise, as he was about to go downstairs, met him and drew him into her apartment—his mother's own dressing-room, which he had not entered since the accident.

'Is anything the matter?' he said, thinking that Julius might have spared him from complaints of Cecil.

'Oh no! only one never can speak to you, and Julius told me that you could tell me about Mrs. Poynsett. I can't help thinking she could be moved more than she is.' Then, as he was beginning to speak, 'Do you know that, the morning of the fire, I carried her with only one of the maids to the couch under the tent-room window. Susan was frightened out of her wits, but she was not a bit the worse for it.'

'Ah! that was excitement.'

'But if it did not hurt her then, why should it hurt her again? There's old General M'Kinnon, my father's old friend, who runs about everywhere in a wheeled-chair with a leg-rest; and I can't think why she should not do the same.'

Raymond smiled kindly on her, but rather sadly; perhaps he was recollecting his morning's talk about the occupancy of the drawing-room. 'You know it is her spine,' he said.

'So it is with him. His horse rolled over him at Sebastopol, and he has never walked since. I wanted to write to Mary M'Kinnon; but Julius said I had better talk to you, because he was only at home for a fortnight, when she was at the worst, and you knew more about it.'

'Yes,' said Raymond, understanding more than the Irish tongue fully expressed. 'I never saw a woman sit better than she did, and she looked as young and light in the saddle as you could, till that day, when after the rains the bank where the bridle-path to Squattles End was built up, gave way with the horse's feet, and down she went twenty feet, and was under the horse when Miles and I got down to her! We brought her on a mattress to that room, not knowing whether she were alive; and she has never moved out of it! It was agony to her to be touched.'

'Yes, but it can't be that now. Was not that three years ago?'

'Not so much. Two and a half. We had Hayter down to see her, and he said perfect rest was the only chance for her.'

'And has not he seen her lately?'

'He died last winter; and old Worth, who comes in once a week to look at her, is not fit for more than a little watching and attention. I dare say we all have learnt to acquiesce too much in her present state, and that more might be done. You see, she has never had a lady's care, except now and then Jenny Bowater's.'

'I do feel sure she could bear more now,' said Rosamond eagerly. 'It would be such a thing if she could only be moved about that down-stairs floor.'

'And be with us at meals and in the evening,' said Raymond, his face lightening up. 'Thank you, Rosamond!'

'I'll write to Mary M'Kinnon to-morrow, to ask about the chair,' cried Rosamond; and Raymond, hearing the door-bell, hurried down, to find his wife standing alone over the drawing-room fire, not very complacent.

'Where have you been, Raymond?'

'I was talking to Rosamond. She has seen a chair on which it might be possible to move my mother about on this floor.'

'I thought—' Cecil flushed. She was on the point of saying she thought Rosamond was not to interfere in her department any more than she in Rosamond's; but she kept it back, and changed it into 'Surely the doctor and nurses must know best.'

'A fresh eye often makes a difference,' said Raymond. 'To have her among us again—!' but he was cut short by the announcement of Mr. and Miss Fuller.

'Poor Mr. Fuller,' as everyone called him, was the Incumbent of St. Nicholas, Willansborough, a college living always passed by the knowing old bachelor fellows, and as regularly proving a delusion to the first junior in haste for a wife. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Fuller had married upon this, which, as Mr. Bindon said, was rather a reason for not marrying—a town with few gentry, and a petty unthriving manufacture, needing an enormous amount of energy to work it properly, and getting—Mr. Fuller, with force yearly decreasing under the pressure of a sickly wife, ill-educated unsatisfactory sons, and unhealthy aimless daughters. Of late some assistance had been obtained, but only from Mr. Driver, the 'coach' or cramming tutor, who was directing the studies of Frank and half a dozen more youths, and his aid was strictly limited to a share in the Sunday services.

The eldest daughter accompanied the Vicar. Her mother had not health (or perhaps clothes) for a dinner-party, and it was the first time she had ever been in the house. Very shy and in much awe she was! Cecil viewed her as a constituent, and was elaborately civil and patronizing, doing the honours of all the photographs and illustrations on which she could lay hands, and only eliciting alternately 'Very nice,' and 'How sweet!' A little more was made of the alarms of the fire, and the preparations for clearing the house, and there was a further thaw about the bazaar. It would be such a relief from plain work, and she could get some lovely patterns from her cousin who had a missionary basket; but as to the burnt-out families, the little knowledge or interest she seemed to have about them was rather astounding, unless, as Rosamond suspected, she thought it 'shop,' and uninteresting to the great ladies of Compton-Poynsett Hall.

Meanwhile, her father made apprehended request for the loan of Compton Church during the intervals of services, and when the Rector explained how brief those intervals would be, looked astonished, and drily complimented him on his energy and his staff, somewhat as if the new broom were at the bottom of these congratulations.

The schools were to be used for services until a temporary iron church could be obtained, for which Julius, to make up for his churlishness in withholding his own church, made the handsomer donation, and held out hopes of buying it afterwards for the use of Squattles End. Then, having Mr. Fuller's ear to himself, he ventured to say, though cautiously,

as to one who had been a clergyman before he was born, 'I wish it were possible to dispense with this bazaar.'

Mr. Fuller shrugged his shoulders. 'If everyone subscribed in the style of this family.'

'They would be more likely to do so, without the appeal to secondary motives.'

'Try them,' said the elder man.

'Exactly what I want to do. I would put up the four walls, begin with what you get from the insurance, a weekly offertory, and add improvements as means came in. This is not visionary. I have seen proof of its success.'

'It may serve in new-fashioned city missions, but in an old-established place like this it would create nothing but offence. When you have been in Orders as long as I have, you will find that there is nothing for it but to let people do what they will, not what one thinks best.'

'Mr. Fuller,' said Julius eagerly, 'will you try an experiment? Drop this bazaar, and I promise you our collection every Sunday evening for the year, giving notice of it to my people, and to such of yours as may be present.'

'I do not despise your offer,' said Mr. Fuller, laying his hand upon his arm. 'You mean it kindly, and if I were in your place, or had only my own feelings to consider, I might attempt it. But it would be only mischievous to interfere with the bazaar. Lady Tyrrell—all the ladies, in fact—have set their minds on it, and if I objected there would instantly be a party cry against me, and that is the one thing I have always avoided.'

His tone of superior wisdom, meek and depressed as he always was, tried the Rector's patience enough to make his forehead burn and bring out his white eye-brows in strong relief. 'How about a blessing on the work?' he asked, suppressing so much that he hardly knew this was spoken aloud.

Again Mr. Fuller smiled. He had been a bit of a humorist when he was an Oxford don. 'Speak of that to Briggs,' he said, 'and he would answer, "Cash for me, and the blessing may take care of itself." As to the ladies—why, they'd deafen you about blessings on their humble efforts, and the widow's mite.'

'Simply meaning that they want their amusement a little—'

'Buttered over,' said Mr. Fuller, supplying the word. 'Though you are hard on them, Charnock—I don't know about the fine ladies; but there are quiet folk who will work their fingers to the bone, and can do nothing else.'

'That's true,' said Julius; 'and one would gladly find a safe outlet for their diligence.'

'You do not trust to it for bringing the blessing,' said Mr. Fuller, in a tone that Julius liked even less than the mere hopeless faint-heartedness, for in it there was sarcasm on faith in aught but £ *s. d.*

The two brothers held another discussion on this matter later that night, on the stairs, as they were on their way to their rooms.

'Won't you come to this meeting to-morrow, Julius?' asked Raymond.

'I don't see that I should be of any use, unless—'

'Unless what?'

'Unless you would make what seems to me the right proposal, and I could be any support in it.'

'What's that?'

'To use the insurance to put up the mere shells and plain indispensable fittings of the church and town-hall, then make the drainage of Water Lane and Hall Street the first object for the rates, while the church is done by subscription and voluntary effort.'

'You put the drainage first—even before the church?' said Raymond, smiling, with an elder brother's satisfaction in such an amount of common sense.

'Of course I do,' said Julius. 'An altar and four walls and chairs are all that ought to be sought for. Little good can be done to people's souls while their bodies are in the feverish discomfort of foul air and water. This is an opportunity not to be wasted, while all the houses are down, town-hall and all.'

'The very thing I told Briggs and the others this morning,' said Raymond; 'but I could not get a hearing; they said there never had been any illness worth mentioning, and in fact scouted the whole matter, as people always do.'

'Yes, they take it as a personal insult when you mention the odorous—or odious, savours sweet,' said Julius. 'I heard a good deal of that when we had the spell of cholera at St. Awdry's.'

'I shall work on at it, and I trust to get it done in time,' said Raymond; 'but it will not be at once. The subject is too new to them, and the irritation it produces must subside before they will hear reason. Besides, the first thing is to employ and feed these paper-makers.'

'Of course.'

'That will pretty well absorb this first meeting. The ladies will manage that, I think; and when this is provided for, I will try what I can do at the committee; but there is no good in bringing it forward at this great public affair, when every ass can put in his word. Everything depends on whom they choose for the new mayor. If Whitlock comes in, there is some chance of sense and reason being heard. Good-night.'

As Raymond said, the more immediate object of the meeting fixed for the ensuing day, was to provide for the employment of the numerous women thrown out of employment by the destruction of the paper mills. A subscription was in hand, but not adequate to the need; and moreover, it was far more expedient to let them maintain themselves.

How this was to be done was the question. Cecil told her husband that at Dunstone they made the women knit stockings; and he replied by recommending the suppression of Dunstone. How strange it was

that what she had been used to consider as the source of honour should be here held in what seemed to her disesteem!

Lady Tyrrell's ponies were tinkling up to the door of the hotel where the meeting was to be held, and her gracious smile recalled Cecil's good humour; Raymond saw them to their seats, and then had to go and take the chair himself on the platform—first, however, introducing his wife to such of the ladies present as he recollected.

She thought he wanted her to sit between melancholy white-faced Mrs. Fuller and a bony spinster in a poke-bonnet whom he called Miss Slater; but Cecil, concluding that this last could have no vote, and that the Vicarage was secure, felt free to indulge herself by getting back to Lady Tyrrell, who had scarcely welcomed her before exclaiming, 'Mrs. Duncombe, I did not know you were returned.'

'I came back on the first news of your flare-up,' said the new comer. 'I only came down this morning. I would not have missed this meeting for anything. It is a true woman's question. A fair muster, I see,' looking around with her eye-glass, and bowing to several on the platform, especially to Raymond, who returned the bow rather stiffly.

'Ah! let me introduce you,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'Mrs. Raymond Charnock Poynsett.'

'I am very glad to see you embarked in the cause,' said the lady, frankly holding out her hand. 'May we often meet in the same manner, though I honestly tell you I'm not of your party; I should go dead against your husband if we only had a chance.'

'Come, you need not be so aggressive,' laughed Lady Tyrrell; 'you haven't a vote yet. You are frightening Mrs. Poynsett.'

It was true. Even Cecil Charnock was born too late to be one of the young ladies who, in the first decades of the reformed Parliament, used to look on a Liberal as a *lusus naturæ*, whom they hardly believed to be a gentleman. But a lady who would openly accost the member's bride with a protest against his politics, was a being beyond her experience, and the contemplation fairly distracted her from her husband's oratory.

She would have taken Miss Slater for the strong-minded female far rather than this small slim person, with the complexion going with the yellower species of red hair and chignon, not unlike a gold pheasant's, while the thin aquiline nose made Cecil think of Queen Elizabeth. The dress was a tight-fitting black silk, with a gorgeous many-coloured gold-embroidered oriental mantle thrown loosely over it, and a Tyrolean hat, about as large as the pheasant's comb, tipped over her forehead, with cords and tassels of gold; and she made little restless movements and whispered remarks during the speeches.

There was to be a rate to renew the town-hall. The rebuilding of the paper mills and dwelling houses was fairly covered by the insurance; but the Vicar, in his diffident apologetic voice, stated that the church had been insufficiently insured, and moreover, that many more sittings were

needed than the former building had contained. He then read the list of subscriptions already promised, expressed hopes of more coming in, invited ladies to take collecting cards, and added that he was happy to announce that the ladies of his congregation had come forward with all the beneficence of their sex, and raised a sum to supply a new set of robes.

Here the chairman glanced at his wife, but she was absorbed in watching Mrs. Duncombe's restless hands; and the look was intercepted by Lady Tyrrell's eyes, which flashed back sympathetic amusement, with just such a glance as used to pass between them in old times; but the effect was to make the member's face grave and impassive, and his eyes fix on the papers before him.

The next moment Cecil was ardently gazing at Mr. Fuller, as he proceeded to his hopes of the bazaar to be held under the most distinguished patronage, and of which he spoke as if it were the subject of anticipations as sanguine as any the poor man could ever appear to indulge in. And there was, in fact, the greatest stamping and cheering there has yet been, perhaps in compliment to the M. P.'s young bride—at least, so Lady Tyrrell whispered, adding that everybody was trying to see her.

Then Mr. Charnock Poynsett himself took up the exposition of the third branch of the subject, the support of the poor families thrown out of work at the beginning of winter. There could be no employment at the paper mills till they were repaired; and after the heavy losses, they could not attempt to keep their people together by any payment. It had been suggested that the readiest way of meeting the difficulty would be to employ the subscriptions already promised in laying in a stock of material to be made up into garments, and then dispose of them out to the women at their homes; and appointing a day once a week when the work should be received, the pay given, and fresh material supplied, by a party of volunteer ladies.

This was, in fact, what he had been instructed to propose by the kindly souls who ordinarily formed the St. Nicholas *bureau de charité*, who had instructed him to be their mouth-piece. There was due applause as the Mayor seconded his resolution; but in the midst a clear, rather high-pitched voice rose up close to Cecil, saying, 'Mr. Chairman, allow me to ask what sale is anticipated for these garments?'

'I am told that there is a demand for them among the poor themselves,' said Raymond, judiciously concealing how much he was taken aback by this female interference.

'Allow me to differ. A permanent work society numbering a few women otherwise unemployed may find a sufficient sale in the neighbourhood under the patronage of charitable ladies; but when you throw in ninety-five or one hundred pair of hands depending on their work for their livelihood, the supply must necessarily soon go beyond any demand, even fictitious. It will not do to think of these women like fancy-knitters or

embroiderers whose work is skilled. Most of them can hardly mend their own clothes, and the utmost that can be expected of them is the roughest slop work.'

'Do you wish any expedient to be proposed?' asked the Chairman, in a sort of aside.

'Yes, I have one. I spent yesterday in collecting information.'

'Will Captain Duncombe move it?' suggested Raymond.

'Oh no! he is not here. No, it is no use to instruct anybody; I will do it myself, if you please.'

And before the astonished eyes of the meeting, the gold-pheasant hopped upon the platform, and with as much ease as if she had been Queen Bess dragooning her parliament, she gave what even the astounded gentlemen felt to be a sensible practical exposition of ways and means.

She had obtained the address of a warehouse ready to give such rough work as the women could be expected to do; but as they were unaccustomed to work at home, and were at present much crowded from the loss of so many houses, and could besides be little depended on for working well enough without superintendence, her plan was to hire a room, collect the women, and divide the superintendence between the ladies; who should give out the work, see that it was properly done, keep order, and the like. She finished off in full order, by moving a resolution to this effect.

There was a pause, and a little consultation among the gentlemen, ending by Raymond's absolutely telling Mr. Fuller that it was a very sensible practical arrangement, and that it *must* be seconded; which the Vicar accordingly did, and it was carried without opposition, as in truth nothing so good had been thought of; and the next thing was to name a committee of ladies, a treasurer and auditor of accounts. There would be no work on Saturdays, so if the ladies would each undertake half a day once a fortnight, the superintendence need not be a burthen.

Mrs. Duncombe and Miss Slater undertook the first start and preliminary arrangements, then each would take her half day in rotation. Lady Tyrrell and her sister undertook two, Cecil two more, and others were found to fill up the vacant space. The chairman moved a vote of thanks to the lady for her suggestion, which she acknowledged by a gracious bow, not without triumph; and the meeting broke up.

Someone asked after Captain Duncombe as she descended into private life. 'There's a wonderful filly that absorbs all his attention. All Wilsbro' might burn as long as Dark Hag thrives! When do I expect him? I don't know; it depends on Dark Hag,' she said in a tone of superior good-natured irony, then gathered up the radiant mantle and tripped off along the central street of the little old-fashioned country town, with gravelled not paved side-walks.

'Isn't she very superior?' said Cecil, when her husband had put her on horse-back.

'I suppose she is very clever.'

'And she spoke capitally.'

'If she were to speak. What would your father think of her?'

But for the first time Cecil's allegiance had experienced a certain shock. Some sort of pedestal had hitherto been needful to her existence; she was learning that Dunstone was an unrecognized elevation in this new country, and she had seen a woman attain to a pinnacle that almost dazzled her, by sheer resource and good sense.

All the discussion she afterwards heard did not tend to shake her opinion; Raymond recounted the adventure at his mother's kettle-drum, telling of his own astonishment at the little lady's assurance.

'I do not see why she should be censured,' said Cecil. 'You were all at a loss without her.'

'She should have got her husband to speak for her,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'He was not there.'

'Then she should have instructed some other gentleman,' said Mrs. Poynsett. 'A woman spoils all the effect of her doings by putting herself out of her proper place.'

'Perfectly disgusting!' said Julius.

Cecil had decidedly not been disgusted, except by the present strong language; and not being ready at repartee, she was pleased when Rosamond exclaimed, 'Ah! that's just what men like, to get instructed in private by us poor women, and then gain all the credit for originality.'

'It is the right way,' said the mother. 'The woman has much power of working usefully and gaining information, but the one thing that is not required of her is to come forward in public.'

'Very convenient for the man!' laughed Rosamond.

'And scarcely fair,' said Cecil.

'Quite fair,' said Rosamond, turning round, so that Cecil only now perceived that she had been speaking in jest. 'Any woman who is worth a sixpence had rather help her husband to shine than shine herself.'

'Besides,' said Mrs. Poynsett, 'the delicate edges of true womanhood ought not to be frayed off by exposure in public.'

'Yes,' said Raymond. 'The gain of an inferior power of man in public would be far from compensated by the loss in private of that which man can never supply.'

'Granted,' said Rosamond slyly though sleepily, 'that it always is an inferior power of man, which it does not seem to have been in the actual case.'

'It was a point on which she had special knowledge and information,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'And you were forced to thank her,' said Cecil.

'Yes, in common civility,' said Raymond; 'but it was as much as I could do to get it done, the position was a false one altogether.'

'In fact, you were all jealous,' said Rosamond.

At which everybody laughed, which was her sole intention; but Cecil, who had said so much less, really thought what Rosamond said in mere play. Those extorted thanks seemed to her a victory of her sex in a field she had never thought of; and though she had no desire to emulate the lady, and felt that a daughter of Dunstone must remember *noblesse oblige*, the focus of her enthusiasm was in an odd state of shifting.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG THE SAND-HILLS.

The poor make no new friends,
But oh, they love them better far,
The few our Father sends.
The Irish Emigrant.

GEORGE SOUTHERDEN is not a very interesting or remarkable name; neither is 'old George Southerden'—so called to distinguish him from his namesakes, young George, and little George—a very interesting or remarkable looking man, at least in his own county, for that abounds in the amphibious race of half fisherman, half sailor, to which he belongs.

Perhaps, though, if you happen to be an inhabitant of what we south-country folk call 'the sheeres,' by which we mean any county excepting our own favoured one and its two immediate neighbours, you might turn to look at the tall, large-boned, gaunt, grey-haired, old man—if you saw him clad in his working-dress, that is to say: for the burnt-sienna coloured waterproof sou'-wester, with the striped scarlet and white 'galwin' only just visible beneath; the rough blue pilot coat, with its huge white cheese-plate buttons, and numerous though apparently inaccessible pockets; the tight-fitting knitted navy-blue jersey; the short orange oil-skin petticoat, descending about as far as a Highlander's kilt, and yet entirely covering the loose flannel trousers and part of the long seven-league duck-boots into which they are thrust—all these make up a sufficiently picturesque whole to be well worth a second glance, quite independently of the wearer.

You cannot see much of him, however; for the collar of the coat when turned up, as it always is, only lets just enough of the eyes and nose be visible as he finds absolutely necessary for seeing and breathing purposes.

As to his face, that is wrinkled, weather-beaten, time-worn, and furrowed, till it resembles nothing so much as the figure-head of the

Neptune, which, having been wrecked on the coast in that stormy winter of five years ago, (which has ever since been *the* winter *par excellence* in the neighbourhood,) now stands before the cottage door in what would fain be a garden, if the wind which sends the loose sand drifting over it would only allow it. Southerden himself does not much care whether there be a garden there or not; for he has spent more than thirty out of the sixty-five years of his life in the little, lonely, one storied, tar-painted, three-roomed cottage, and has lived long enough to know that the possession of a garden, as far as he himself was concerned, would have added nothing to his happiness when he was happy, nor comforted him in his sorrow when he stood in need of comfort.

Little George, who has not had the experience of old George, thinks differently, however. The great part of his life has been passed in an inland village, where yellow marigolds and orange nasturtiums, tall white Bourbon lilies, and many-coloured stocks and sweet-williams, to say nothing of the more dearly-loved apple trees and berry bushes, grow as if by nature; and he is much vexed that his enemy the wind will always prove the conqueror in the unequal struggle, so that he is forced to content himself with edging the borders where flowers should be and are not, with double rows of the cockle-shells, which are to be had for the picking up on the sea-shore.

Little George is not a son of young George's, as you may have imagined, nor even a grandson of old George's; indeed, he is no relation, as may be seen by his face, for no genuine Southerden ever possessed such a round face, such a tangled mane of flaxen hair, or such a merry 'jolly' expression. But this is a fact that the boy himself has almost forgotten, and that the old man does not care to remember, so that he would not be at all grateful to anyone for reminding him of it.

Yes; little as they then thought it, little George's godfathers and godmothers did him good service when they had him christened George; and he made a decided change for the better when he left his home in pleasant sunny Henhurst for a berth on board the Sea Mew.

He was certainly too young for such a berth, for he was only a little mite of eight years old at the time—so young, one would have thought he would be 'more plague than profit;' but others thought differently. He could see to the fires, and cook the dinner, and scour the deck, and in short make himself generally useful; and then no one in their senses could dream of asking money for such a child as that; his board and bed was clearly more than he was worth; and besides, he was an orphan, and had no father or mother to make a fuss if harm happened to him, and that was an advantage, (from one point of view,) and so he went. It is true that all the neighbours cried shame on his uncle for letting him go; but they did no more, for they naturally did not care to add another eating, growing, mischief-making, clothes-wearing, and generally troublesome urchin to their already quite sufficiently large families; and there was no other way in which they could prevent the child's being sent with

'Ruffian Clarke,' whose character, as might be seen by his *soubriquet*, was so 'up' in the village, that he could find no boy who was old enough to protect himself, or whose natural protectors were still alive, to trust himself with him for love or money.

The next month of little George's life was thoroughly miserable. Continually hungry, wet, and cold, the only variety in his condition was that he was sometimes colder than he was wet, and much more often cold than hungry; but he was always half-clothed, under-fed, over-worked, and so cruelly ill-treated, that it was a wonder that the child's health was not utterly ruined. Fortunately, when things are at their worst they must mend; and things could hardly have been worse for little George, when the storm came which was to deliver him. He did not understand what happened—how the ricketty old 'Sea Mew' became unmanageable, or else Clarke and his mates were too tipsy to manage her. How she drifted helplessly end on to the sand-banks and stuck there, while the waves beat over her, and the wind howled more shrilly than before. He heard the men say that she was breaking up fast, but he did not know what that meant. Then came a fierce gust, the waves seemed to rise mountain high, and little George knew no more till he found himself lying in old Southerden's bed in the shore cottage, that was rocking and creaking with the wind almost as much as the 'Sea Mew' had done, and with the sound of the waves still roaring in his ears.

That cottage was his home from henceforth, and a very happy home it was to him, though at first he missed the companions and play-fellows that he had had at Henhurst, but child like, he soon accommodated himself to the change; and after he had overcome his first dislike and distrust of the sea, which had done him such good service in such an unpleasant way, he was as happy playing by himself in the sands, or paddling in the back-water, as he had ever been among the hazel copses and blackberry bushes round his old home.

The sea soon became more than a companion—a friend to him, and his greatest pleasure was when 'father,' as he soon learnt to call the old fisherman, took him out in the George and Michael, and let him try to make himself of use. His greatest trouble was when 'father' found time to teach him to read, but this did not very often happen, for it could only be done in the interval between fishing and sleeping, which formed the two great divisions of the twenty-four hours in the shore cottage; for in a household where the means of livelihood depended upon the turns of that tide which waits for no man, its companion, time, could by no means be divided into the day for work and the night for rest, with that regularity which might be wished.

Old George, though a good scholar himself, knew about as much of teaching as he did of flying, and consequently his instructions and explanations, though perfectly intelligible to himself, were anything but clear to his little pupil; and often when the latter found himself wearily

plodding through a column in the tattered old spelling-book, which had served for two generations of George Southerdens before it fell into his hands, or stammering through a chapter in the dimly-printed, much-be-thumbed Bible, which formed the rest of his library, he wished that he might go to the bright red-brick bran-new school, which stood by the little grey church three miles off. Once he asked 'father' whether he was not old enough to go to school; but all the answer he got was, 'No, no, my lad; thou'lt be content to bide at home with me yet a while. I sent my two lads, and a bad day it was for me that e'er I did so, for they brought no good away with them.' And then he added in a low voice, as if to himself, 'Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and wilt thou take Benjamin also?'

Little George was puzzled; he could not understand what 'father' meant, and he did not like to ask, for the old man sighed so heavily after he had finished speaking, and looked so sad and sorrowful, that he felt frightened. He knew the chapter that the text came from quite well, for he was fond of reading about Joseph's wonderful dreams, and of his coat of many colours, which he always fancied must be like the patch-work counterpane on his bed; and he used to think that if he had been Joseph he should have been more daunted than pleased at having to wear such a garment. He knew about Esau's mess of pottage, and how Joseph had been sold into bondage, and how Simeon lay bound in prison; but that only puzzled him the more. His name was certainly not Benjamin, and 'those other two' were not called Joseph or Simeon either, their names were George and Michael, for he had read that on the upright tomb in the churchyard just above the flagged path which led up to the church, and which he read every Sunday as he went by. He had plenty of time to do so, though the inscription was a long one, and he was not a quick scholar—for 'father' always made a pause there when they went by, and now he knew it by heart, and did not need to read it.

He sometimes wondered how it was 'father' did not know it by heart too, but must always stop to look it over afresh every Sunday. But this was one of the questions he had to keep to himself, for though 'father' held his hand in his all the time—yes, and sometimes squeezed it so tight that he quite hurt it—yet he never seemed to hear what he said if he spoke to him while they were standing by the grave together; and he never left it till the bidding-bell warned them that it was time to go into church.

The tomb-stone was simple enough, and there were many like it in the little churchyard, for the coast was a dangerous one, and there was hardly a family who had not had one or more of its members drowned, if, sadder still, they had not been lost at sea.

Sacred to the Memory of GEORGE, aged nineteen, and MICHAEL, aged 18, the only children of George and Elizabeth Southerden, of this parish. They were drowned at sea, December 21st, 1864.

And then followed the old epitaph, so often to be found in sea-side churchyards:—

From a child brought up on the billow,
Their home was the fathomless deep;
But now the cold earth is their pillow,
And calm and unbroken their sleep.
The wind and the waves cannot wake them,
The tempest unheeded shall roar,
Until Thou, O God, shalt awake them,
And call them in haste to the shore.

Little George knew what was on the next grave-stone too, though that was by no means so interesting—to him, at any rate.

In Memory of ELIZABETH, the wife of George Southerden, who died May 29th, 1858, aged 40 years.—'In the hour of death, and in the day of judgement, Good Lord, deliver us.'

Sunday was always a red-letter day to little George, for though on other days he and 'father' never left the shore-cottage for any journey (on land at any rate) from week's end to week's end, yet on Sundays they always went together to church, for the three-miles walk was no hardship to either of them; and old George justly prided himself on being the best Churchman in the parish. Little George, too, thoroughly enjoyed Sunday, one reason being that he saw more people on that day than he did in the whole course of the week at other times. There were not often any strange faces in the church—no one that he did not know by sight at any rate, for his speaking acquaintance was more limited. The person he knew best was Miss Philadelphia Cessford, the rich old maiden farmer who sat all by herself in the great Illium pew, (which occupied quite a fourth of the church,) and who made the responses far more audibly than the clerk, (who indeed had quite given up attempting to compete with her, and had long since withdrawn in disgust from the contest,) and who was apparently sometimes much inclined to infringe on the prerogative of the clergyman himself, though at the same time her attention was never so fully occupied as to render her unable to keep an eye on the half-grown lads, who, too old for school and too young to take their places among the elders of the congregation, herded together in the lower part of the church. He must be a very unwary boy who ventured to crack a nut, eat an apple, cast shines upon the clergyman, or indulge in any unlawful practice of that kind, and trust that Miss Philly would not see him. *When* she did, for there was no *if* in the matter, she had not the slightest scruple in calling to the offender by name, or if that did not produce the desired effect, in leaving her pew and marching solemnly down the aisle to administer a hearty shake and an injunction to the culprit 'to mind what he was after,' to his immense consternation, the distraction of the congregation, and the extreme delight of those of his fellows who had not happened to be art and part in the misdemeanour at that identical moment.

Miss Philly was on very friendly terms with little George, whom she saw nearly every day, for Illium was the nearest house to the shore cottage, being only about half a mile distant inland; and he went there daily to fetch milk. Miss Philly had not a very high opinion of boys; but little George won her respect by his good behaviour in church, his generally 'whist' conduct, and the careful manner in which he always carried his milk-can; and so she occasionally bestowed on him a pat on the head and a Good-morning or Good-evening as the case might be, which marks of her favour were highly appreciated by the recipient, who reciprocated them to the best of his ability, by making the most profound salaams when she passed, and always being ready to open the gates for her when he met her riding her grey pony, Dick—which last attention was a decided work of supererogation, seeing that Dick—to say nothing of his mistress—was clever enough to open any fastening that was ever invented, without assistance.

Their intimacy had not progressed much beyond this point, nor was it to be expected, for the distance between Miss Philadelphia Cessford, who was pretty nearly monarch of all she surveyed, and little George Southerden, who would have been homeless, and as good as nameless, but for the chance kindness of the old sailor, was too great to be readily bridged over; but still, such as it was, it was enough to give the boy a great interest in her. He was never tired of watching her when he saw her at church or elsewhere; and she was certainly well worth watching, for she was a remarkable person. She was the last surviving descendant of a good old yeoman family, and an old maid—an old maid from choice, not from necessity, for the gossips of the neighbourhood could run over a goodly list of the names of would-be suitors, none of whom Miss Philly had ever shewn or felt the slightest wish to accept, for they had mostly come in late life, when she was known to be a 'warm' woman, and to have 'feathered her nest well,' but *then* she would have nothing to say to them, for had they not held aloof in those early days when she would have been glad and thankful to have had a strong shoulder to aid her in pushing the wheel of her fortune up-hill? The early part of her life had been a very up-hill struggle indeed. Her father had been one of the old school, who was far more often drunk than sober; and the farm would have gone to rack and ruin if the mother had not kept things together. As long as her health lasted, all prospered well. Old Cessford was 'good company, no worse than his neighbours,' and nobody troubled themselves to inquire who was the ruling spirit at Illium. But when Mrs. Cessford's strength gave way under her never-ending labours, then it was seen that the mainstay of the place had been withdrawn. Things went from bad to worse; the stock died off, and there was none to replace it; money had to be borrowed, and the old proverb, 'He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' was again proved true. Debts began to accumulate, and it seemed as if things could not possibly be worse, when the only son, David, was carried off by the press-gang. For weeks

nothing certain was known of his fate, and when at length tidings came that he was on board H. M. S. Euryanthe, the old people completely broke down. Neither of them had the heart to struggle any longer against the tide of their misfortunes; and when, six months later, came the news that David had been swept overboard in a storm and drowned, it was plain that old Cessford was, as his neighbours did not scruple to tell him, struck with death—and they were right. He took to his bed, and in a fortnight's time was dead himself. Nor did his wife, whose health was already shattered, long survive him, for in another month she was lying beside him in the little churchyard; and so at five-and-twenty, Philadelphia was alone in the world. What was she to do? The neighbours, who, like most people, had always an opinion ready to be offered on any subject that did not concern themselves, at once agreed that it would be folly for a lone woman to think to keep on a farm that size, let alone that she was no better than a maid as yet; and accordingly Sir Ethert Darell, her landlord, had many offers for Illium from would-be tenants, none of which were accepted. He said nothing; but mounting his great black horse, rode over to see Philadelphia himself, and learn what her own wishes and plans were. Philadelphia was surprised when she saw who her visitor was, still more surprised to find that he was not only willing that she should keep on the farm, but even offered to lend her the money to re-stock it, and ended by telling her that she need not trouble herself about the rent till she saw her way a little more clearly before her. 'It'll be time enough to talk about that,' he said, 'this day three years.' For once in her life Miss Philly was struck dumb, literally *astonied;* she could not find words to express her gratitude, but they were not needed, for Sir Ethert cut her short when she attempted to speak, and began giving her some advice about the management of the farm; (which was rather superfluous, seeing that she probably knew three times as much about the matter as he did;) but then farming was his peculiarly pet hobby, and, like many other people, he piqued himself on his knowledge of those matters of which he was most ignorant; so perhaps, all things considered, it was as well that Miss Philly was too confused to attend to his maxims, for though they might be better in theory than they were in practice, still the neighbouring farmers used openly to say, that 'if they worked their land Darell's fashion, they should end their days in the House to a dead certainty.' And even Sir Ethert himself had been known to confess that he had tried hunting, racing, shooting, and yachting, but that he had found farming the most expensive amusement of all.

What could be the meaning of such wonderful kindness? Miss Philly racked her brains in the vain attempt to supply a clue to the mystery. Sir Ethert bore the character of being rather a close man, and she was at a loss to account for so generous a proposal on his part; nor did his parting words tend to enlighten her. 'Good-bye,' he said, as he rose to go; 'and remember that if you are ever in want of a friend you will always

find one in me. Your mother did me and my wife good service more than twenty years ago; and though I could never repay her kindness, I have never forgotten it.'

For a long time after Sir Ethert had gone, Miss Philly sat thinking what he could possibly mean, but all to no purpose. She knew that young Lady Darell had been French. She had a dim remembrance of her once coming down to Illium, bringing with her a young man, her brother, who was a very grand gentleman indeed, but who greeted her mother as an old friend, and kissed her on both cheeks, calling her an '*ange*,' to Mrs. Cessford's intense astonishment; and she further remembered that when anybody, following the genuine John Bull custom, was abusing the 'French frogs' in her mother's presence, she always said that she supposed the French were like everybody else, and had two kinds of good—good, and good for nothing; but the recollections would not piece, and she had no time to spare hunting for the connecting links.

The farm (spite of all contrary predictions) prospered well under her careful management. She certainly proved the truth of Goody Two Shoes' maxim, 'Early to bed and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise,' for she was never ailing. Before she was thirty-five she was acknowledged to be the cleanest farmer, and to have the best eye for a beast of any man in the county; and long before that time she had repaid Sir Ethert's loan, and offered to make good the back rent—an offer which was however declined. As to her wisdom, that was abundantly proved by the fact that Philadelphia Cessford, spinster, (as might be seen in front of the supremely hideous singing-gallery, which was erected in the church during her reign,) was unanimously elected parish churchwarden, and shortly after that an overseer and guardian, both of which offices she filled with pleasure, or at least satisfaction, to herself, and profit to her neighbours.

These two additions to her dignity, along with the death of her kind friend, Sir Ethert, and her great beast 'Pearts' taking a prize at the Smithfield cattle-show, were the only striking events which had occurred to vary the monotony of her life.

Sir Francis's succession to the property made no difference to her, for he was of course only too pleased that his prosperous well-to-do tenant should continue at Illium as long as she saw fit. The only condition he made was that she should give him bed and board whenever he came snipe or duck shooting into the marsh.

This condition, it is needless to say, had not proved very onerous. Sir Francis had come once or twice, and his younger brother Ethert three or four times; and these were the only visitors she had had, for though the farm-house had been originally a manor, and was large enough to hold a troop comfortably, (nay, it was credibly affirmed that Good Queen Bess and her suite had once spent a day and night there in one of her royal progresses, and had been graciously pleased to leave

her night-cap behind her as proof positive of the fact,) and though many people would have now liked to call kin with Miss Philly, Miss Philly would call kin with nobody, and as she cared (or professed to care) for no one but her relations, of whom she would acknowledge none, the life that she led was in consequence very solitary.

Little George pitied her extremely (at least, he would have done so if she had not been so immeasurably out of reach of his pity) because she had no friends, no visitors, nobody except Betsy the old hen-wife and dairy-woman, and David the still older herdsman, or 'looker,' as he would have been called in that part of the world, both of whom seemed to have outlived the ordinary requirements of humanity, and like ghosts, never spoke till they were spoken to, and did not always trouble themselves to return a civil answer even then.

At last, however, came a change; for one Friday morning, when little George was going as usual for the milk to Illium, he was surprised to see the house, if not actually turned upside-down, at any rate unmistakably turned inside out. The shaggy wise-looking old sheep-dog, Dutch, Miss Philly's constant companion, was basking in the sun, surrounded by the Lares and Penates of the place, in the shape of a miscellaneous heap of tables and chairs, which were reposing after the manner of their kind, with their heels in the air. Miss Philly herself, who was generally to be found somewhere on the land at this time of day, was clattering about on a pair of prodigiously high and noisy pattens, and with her gown (which most people would have thought to be short enough already) tucked up far above her knees, and turned inside out as a further precaution for keeping it out of the dirt, which existed only in her imagination, was energetically superintending the sweeping, scouring, dusting, and polishing, that was going on in-doors, and was so ubiquitous, that her harassed handmaids really believed that she actually succeeded in being in two places at once. It was evident that something unusual either had happened, was happening, or was about to happen; for even Betsy was absent from the dairy, that was the customary scene of her morning labours, and her voice (a rare circumstance) was heard rating her assistants in no measured terms. 'Idle huzzy,' being the very mildest epithet that she bestowed on them, for Betty decidedly preferred the *fortiter in re* to the *suaviter in modo*. Little George's curiosity was greatly roused, but it was not destined to be speedily gratified, for the dairy—the only quiet place in the house—was empty, and everyone was too busy to attend to him. At last, after he had waited till his patience was quite exhausted, Jane, the servant girl, came by.

'Hullo, George Southerden! you here still? Aint you fairly stalled of waiting? I saw you come along; but you see I was that busy that I never gave it a thought afterwards, for dat dere Betsy's as cross as cross,' said Jane, who pronounced her *thats* and *theres* in the true Sussex fashion, by turning the *th* into *d* or *v*.

'What's the matter?' inquired George, as soon as he could get in a

word, either end-ways or edge-ways—a work of some difficulty, which was only to be done while Jane was pausing to search in her vocabulary for some sufficiently uncomplimentary epithet by which to designate the offending Betsy.

'Why, have not you heard we are expecting company? Missus got a message this morning from Sir Francis Darell, saying that his two youngest children are down with the scarlet fever—leastways, he's afraid that it's that; and so he wants to send the two eldest off here direct, to be out of the way of it, if so be as Missus is not afraid to take them in. Of course Missus is as pleased as Punch to have them, and they are coming to-night; and we have all got to jump round and hang by nothing to get things ready in time. I can't think how they will make out here, though, for Lurgershall is just a beautiful place. I was there once, for my cousin's one of the laundry-maids there, and she told me that they never sat down to dinner in the hall less than— Hark! there's someone calling!' as 'Jane, *Ja-a-ne*, JA-A-A-NE! Bless the girl, where in the name of fortune has she got to now?' re-echoed through the house. 'I must be off, I s'pose—there's never no rest for nobody here; it's run, run, run, from morning till night, till you're fairly run off your legs,' said Jane, without attempting to move. 'Here, I'll fill your can before I go, for it will be the last time I shall do it for many a long day, I fancy, for the gentlefolks 'll want all our milk, so 't won't be no manner of use your coming for it, you know. Ah!'—as a voice behind her made her jump violently, and turning round, she saw Miss Philly standing in the door-way.

'What are you doing here?' she asked indignantly. 'Stuff and nonsense about the milk. Young ladies and gentlemen don't want more milk than other people, I'll be bound. If they do, they must bring their own cows with them, that's all I can say.'

'There,' as the discomfited Jane vanished, only too glad to escape as soon as the door-way was vacant, and was heard knocking about the furniture in a way that plainly denoted that she was making more haste than good speed, 'There's your milk, my man; and you may tell Master Southerden that if he likes to send you over here this afternoon, I'll find you a job.'

Master Southerden made no objection; indeed, little George was surprised to find how much interest he took in the new comers, and how much he knew of the ins and outs of the Darell family. He knew that the youngest boy, who was ill, was called Reginald, and that the other boy was Algernon. Miss Darell was the eldest; she was called Frances, after her father. He did not know how old she was, but he judged that she must be somewhere about fifteen or so, and her brother could not be much over fourteen, if he was that much. The youngest of all was a girl; her name was Hester. Lady Jane was dead; she had gone off in a galloping consumption, or some'at of that nature, soon after the youngest child was born. 'And now, if Mrs. Philly wants you, you'd

better be off, for she won't be best pleased to be kept waiting,' he said, as little George paused for a moment in his string of eager questions.

Little George did not let the grass grow under his feet on the way back to Illium; and when he was once there, he made himself so useful, that he won high praise from Miss Philly, who actually remarked, 'that he was not half a bad boy, as boys went, after all.' He ran errands, he fetched water, he scrubbed tables and chairs till his arms and legs ached and theirs shone. He assisted in putting down carpets, and fastening up curtains; and last, but not least, he always knew where to find Miss Philly's spectacles, which had a truly marvellous, though at the same time somewhat inconvenient, knack of disappearing when they were most needed, even though she could, as she said, have laid her hand upon them the moment before. In short, he accomplished the difficult and apparently impossible feat, of never being in the way and yet never out of it. Miss Philly was so pleased with him, that she promoted him to being her own special helper—(an office which the girls had reasons of their own for not greatly coveting, inasmuch as Missus was rather apt to 'lend them a lick with the rough side of her tongue,' if they shewed themselves particularly awkward or clumsy.

Once even, in the plenitude of her satisfaction, she actually began to talk to him while waiting for some curtain-rings, which Betsy had put away with the utmost care some thirty years ago, but which not being forthcoming now, caused her to entertain grave doubts of the honesty of *all* the divers and sundry 'lasses' who had taken service at Illium since that time, never considering that the seven missing rings must have had the power of increasing and multiplying before they could *all* have participated in the theft.

'I think this will be the room for Miss Darell,' remarked Miss Philly, as she looked with considerable pride at the plenishing of her rarely used guest-chamber; and indeed, the gorgeous red-grounded Indian chintz curtains, covered with peacocks in their pride, which were parading up and down them in endless succession, and in (if possible) still more brilliant colours than that bestowed on them by nature, were well worth admiring, as was the furniture, which was all black polished oak, very handsome of its kind, but like most handsome things, by no means equally convenient, having been apparently made for the use of a race of giants. The bed required a step-ladder to climb into it. The chairs were so heavy that it was almost impossible to move them, and so high that if you sat down or rather perched yourself on one of them your feet dangled as helplessly as a child's. The wood used in the table would have sufficed to make a dozen modern ones; while the aumry far surpassed the one in the 'Mistletoe Bough,' inasmuch as two full-grown persons could have hidden themselves in its depths. The wall-paper was, however, the most remarkable thing in the room, for thereon was depicted scenes out of the Old Testament history, which were of rather a perplexing nature, on account of the striking family likeness which

existed between the patriarchs, not only in their faces, but also in their dresses, which made it extremely difficult to settle which was which. Independently of this, the pictures were also likely to lead you astray in the matter of dates, seeing that they were arranged without the slightest regard to chronological order; and only the paper-hanger could have accounted for the reason why Noah (to be identified by his ark) should appear in the middle of the Plagues of Egypt, or why Adam, Joseph, Jezebel, and Ruth, should choose to form a party over the mantelpiece. 'Yes, Miss Darell must certainly have this room. You know who's coming, don't you?'

'Yes, Sir,' said George; 'Father told me that.'

'Oh yes, of course Master Southerden would know all about them; yes,' she went on, in answer to the question that her little companion looked but did not venture to ask. 'Your mother—his wife, I mean—was own maid to Lady Jane before either of them married; and she used to be all agog to be up at Lurgershall when once her mistress was settled there. She was always there. A great deal too often, to my way of thinking; but there—"the least said soonest mended;" 'twas no business of mine—besides, as they are all dead and buried now, 'tis best to let bygones be bygones.'

There was a pause, but Miss Philly's head was still running on the same subject; and as her solitary life had given her an almost unconscious habit of talking to herself, she almost startled little George by the suddenness with which she began again. 'She was a great favourite of Lady Jane's, and she thought as how she could not see too much of her. I don't blame her, poor thing, for she was but a girl herself; and all her family lived in the shires a long way off, so 'twas but natural that she should like to have someone that she was used to about her; and how was she to know that Bessy Southerden left her children to run wild about the place, with hardly so much as a stitch to their backs? The very last thing she thought of when she was at Lurgershall was how her husband and the lads made out without her, I'll warrant.—Set her up! I'd no patience with her! It used to turn my stomach, it did, to see Master Southerden slaving night and day, from week's end to week's end, and to keep her in comfort, and she never doing a hand's turn for herself or to help him; all her head ran on was how soonest to be off and away up to Lurgershall, everything else might go whistle for aught she cared. George Southerden was a deal too good for the likes of her. I never could make out what made him marry her—'twas her face, I do suppose. All men are fooled by a pretty face.' And Miss Philly looked at her own hard-featured sensible countenance (which looked as if it had been cut out of a piece of wood) in the glass, and smiled grimly as she 'thanked her stars that no one could ever accuse her of making a fool of anyone.'

Little George was sorry that she did not go on talking about Mrs. Southerden, he wanted so much to hear something more about her, for

'father' never mentioned her by any chance, and the apparent mystery had excited his curiosity.

But Miss Philly's thoughts had been diverted into another channel; she was thinking of what might have been if her old sweet-heart had not been beguiled into throwing her over for the sake of Rhoda Aleward's pink cheeks and blue eyes. Well, well, times were changed now; and perhaps Rhoda, who had laughed and "mocked" at her when they were girls together, would like to change places with her now that the blue eyes had become dim, and the pink cheeks haggard and faded in the constant and daily increasing struggle to find food for the mouths and clothes for the backs of the fifteen children who filled the Kentlands Farm so much too full. Miss Philly was pleased with this reflection, and moreover was not above experiencing a queer kind of enjoyment when she saw Mrs. Paine in her shabby bonnet and worn cloak, and thought of her own well-replenished wardrobe—the contents of which, it is but fair to add, very seldom saw the daylight. (Miss Philly's every-day costume being unique—consisting of a scanty snuffy-brown cloth habit-skirt, cut short, so that it would serve equally well for either walking or riding, which she called a Joseph; over which she wore a black close-fitting spencer with wren tails, which had descended to her from her mother, and in wet weather a cape, or rather many layers of capes, something like a coachman's; while a small black felt bonnet or hat, for it partook of the nature of both without being either the one or the other, fitting closely round her weather-beaten winter-apple face, and tied over her ears, completed her attire.) She would far rather have died than have been forced to confess that she could have found it in her heart to have coveted the possession of one or two of those very superfluous children as earnestly as she had ever wished for a share of their mother's beauty in former times.

Little George did not venture to interrupt her reflections, but they were interrupted in process of time by the appearance of Betty, who had found the missing curtain-rings, and had thus been forced, though apparently much against her will, to clear the characters of the serving-maids, whom she had so unjustifiably aspersed. However, as she said, 'If they had not taken the rings they had most likely taken something better worth having,' though she could not justly say what, which appeared to be some consolation to her.

The curtains being put up, and the fire-places filled with the huge beau-pots of asparagus and laurestinus, which were their usual summer adornment, nothing more remained to be done; and accordingly Miss Philly despatched George home, with a *douceur* of sixpence (which she was careful to tell him was a great deal more than he was worth) and an injunction to be sure and make haste and not dawdle.

He was much disappointed that he was not allowed to wait and welcome the new-comers; but if he had done that he would have had a considerable time to wait, for though not all the pleasure of taking

'father' his first earnings could induce him to hurry, yet he saw nothing of them. Nevertheless, he found so much to say about them when he got home, that poor old Southerden declared himself to be well-nigh deaved by his chatter, and was only too glad when, having at last fairly talked himself out, he betook himself to bed. The young Darells were not out of his mind even then, for they visited him in his dreams that night, but in no very satisfactory manner, for they appeared each riding a peacock, and wrapped in the Indian chintz curtains, and Betsy came running after them, saying that she did not care about the curtains, but she must have the rings; but when he tried to stop them, the peacocks turned into sea-gulls, and flew up into the air. Altogether he was not sorry, when he woke up in the morning, to find that it was only a dream. 'Father' and his mate, Dann'll Whybourne, had gone off deep-sea fishing at the turn of the tide, so that he had a solitary morning before him, and nothing to prevent his going up to Illium as early as he liked. If he had followed his own inclinations, he would have been there before the cows had been milked; but as he had a vague idea that real live gentlefolks did not get up very early, he restrained his impatience and contrived to wait till it was a little past six, 'when,' as he argued to himself, 'no one *could* want to lie a-bed when the sun had been up long enough to look in at the windows.'

What was his disappointment to find that the Indian curtains were still in their proper place, and put to their proper use—*i. e.* drawn.

There was some consolation. The visitors had evidently arrived, as might be seen by the great black and white Newfoundland, who was lying in the sun, and by the independent yellow bull-terrier, who was walking in and out of the front door, where foot of dog had never penetrated before, leaving his sign-manual on the door-step, and evidently making himself quite at home, to the extreme annoyance of poor old Dutch, who having led the life of a hermit for twelve years, could not at all comprehend why he should be called on to exercise the rights of hospitality at this advanced time of life. He evidently felt his dignity grievously hurt by this incursion of quadrupeds—to say nothing of their biped companions—into his domain, and was giving vent to his outraged feelings, by walking round and round the intruders at a careful distance, scratching up the dust with one hind leg.

He certainly had good reason for feeling aggrieved; for had not Joe added insult to injury by discovering his most private and precious store of bones, and unearthed them before his very nose?

Neither Philistine or Joe, however, paid any attention to his manœuvres, probably regarding them as a pantomime got up for their express edification; but George was rather discomposed by them, and thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, resolved to wait at the gate till somebody should come to protect him by. He could hear Jane moving about in the distance, singing her favourite ditty, 'There was a youth, and a well beloved youth, and he was a 'squire's son,' but under her

breath, out of respect for the company up-stairs, thereby producing much the same effect as a bee in a bottle. For a similar reason he was afraid to call, and he was just making up his mind to venture in when she came by.

'Come on, George. They won't hurt you.—Here, Joe, Joe! Good dog then!' as Joe, who had a peculiar talent for ingratiating himself with the cook, wherever fate might chance to place him, was graciously pleased to leave off patroling the house, and came and looked up in her face, wagging his marling-spike of a tail in expectation of a bone.

'So they be come?' said George inquiringly.

'Oh, yes, they be come, they be—bag and baggage. Miss Frances and Master Algy and Mrs. Myra. She's just such another as our Betsy here; I can see that with half an eye—a regular Tartar, if ever there was one; but Miss Frances, she is a beauty! She's got blue eyes—and such yellow hair—it goes round and round and round the back of her head as if there was never no end to it. Next time I get a Sunday out, I am going to see if I can't do mine like it!' Certainly it was very evident that no style of arrangement could possibly be more unbecoming than the tight screw in which Jane had seen fit to dispose her hair meanwhile, which, unlike Miss Frances's, had rather more the appearance of being all ends than was to be desired.

'And t'other?' asked George, not much interested in the proposed alteration in Jane's coiffure.

'Oh, he's just as he should be, but I didn't notice him so much, for I was looking at Miss Frances. I thought, you see, as how real live ladies always wore silk, or velvet, or white muslin, at any rate; but she had only got on a dress made of a brown-holland looking kind of stuff, with a lot of little frills about it, that must take no end of time washing and getting up,' said Jane, who, being the daughter of a washer-woman, looked on these matters from a purely professional point of view; and she had no rings, nor bracelets, nor ear-rings, nor nothing. I must say as I was disappointed. Why, Miss Henley's a better dresser than that.'

'Ain't they up yet?' inquired George.

'Oh dear no—nor likely to be yet awhile—at least, last night I heard Miss Frances say—"Algy," says she, "now we're here and can do as we like, let's get up in time to see the sun rise. Don't you think it would be fun?" "All right," says he; but Mrs. Myra was down upon them as quick as lightning. "Get up in time to see the sun rise!" says she. "What have you got to do with seeing the sun rise, I should like to know? A likely story, indeed, that I am going to let you go chasing and racing about the country at that time of day, when all decent people had oughter be in bed and asleep. Why, you won't be fit for anything all the rest of the day; and the end of it will be, that we shall have you all quite ill, and I suppose you will be content then. Get up in time to see the sun rise, indeed!"'

'What did they say?' said George. 'I thought as how young ladies

and gentlemen always took their own way, and nobody could say them Nay.'

'Oh, they didn't say anything; but Master, I can't stay here all day talking to you. I've got my work to do,' said Jane, in an altered tone, being recalled to a sense of her duties by the sight of a little sharp-featured woman, who was coming down the passage towards them, and who was none other than the redoubtable Mrs. Myra, who certainly looked like a person of whom one might very reasonably stand in awe. Even Joe left off wagging his tail, and walked out of doors as if he thought that it was well to beat a timely retreat before he was turned out.

How sorry little George was to be obliged to go home without having seen anything of the new comers. He consoled himself by thinking that they might come down to the shore in the afternoon; but old George, who was at home again by this time, mending his *seine*-nets, threw cold water on this idea, by saying that he took it gentlefolks weren't so much made up with the sea as to come out of their way to look at it, and he proved right, for they never came. Master Algy had bestowed the light of his countenance on Miss Philly, and was astonishing her weak mind with some very new and highly original ideas of his own about farming (which were only a trifle less practical than his grandfather's had been in former days;) and as Mrs. Myra had a holy horror of the sea and all appertaining thereunto, she would have seen the skies fall, or any similar natural (or unnatural) phenomena take place, before she would have thought of allowing Miss Frances to go out of sight of the house unattended, even though it was exceedingly improbable (not to say impossible) that she should (as Miss Philly in the true south-country idiom declared) meet anybody to 'interrupt' or 'terrify' her among the lonely sand-dunes which surrounded the house and concealed it from the sea. 'Nurse's' authority was still paramount—at any rate in a place where there was no possibility of any appeal to a higher power; and as 'a bone in her leg' was the very good and sufficient reason she adduced for not going out herself, Miss Frances was condemned to spend the whole of the long summer day wandering in and out of the house, round and round the duck-pond in front, and up and down the three horizontal and three perpendicular paths which intersected the little walled garden, till she was heartily tired, and more than half inclined to wish that she had got the scarlet-fever like Regy and Hetty, for then at least she would have had something to do.

Poor child, she certainly was to be pitied, though perhaps not quite so much as she pitied herself. All her life she had been accustomed to have everything provided for her amusement and occupation that she could possibly require or money furnish; and it was almost too abrupt a change to find herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources, being cast away in a place utterly unprovided with books, music, pictures, horses, companions, or anything that she had been used to consider among the necessities, and other people might have reckoned among the luxuries,

of life. Yes, she was certainly badly off, for the packing had of necessity been hurried.

Reginald and Hester had been staying with their aunt; and when they came back two days ago, Regy complained of head-ache, but Mrs. Myra, thinking this the natural result of Mrs. Lindesay's unlimited sugar-plums, considered herself competent to deal with it without the assistance of a doctor, and had therefore administered a dose, and thought no more about the matter; but when the head-ache, instead of being better the next day, was rather worse, and was further supplemented by a sore throat, and Hetty was so extremely cross, that it was evident that she was also sickening, she became alarmed; a hasty message was sent for the doctor, and he only confirmed her own pre-conceived opinion, when he said, that though he could not speak positively at once, he thought that in all probability the children were sickening with scarlet-fever, but that as Master Algernon and Miss Darell had not been much with them of late, they would very likely escape.

Everything was immediately in the most dire confusion. Algy and Frances were forthwith banished from their own regions, and had to spend the rest of the day—which, to aggravate matters, was extremely wet—shut up in the library, that being the only room which it was absolutely certain that Regy had not visited since his return home, he having a holy horror of the place. The strictest quarantine was established, while a message was sent post-haste to Illium, to ascertain whether Miss Cessford would be afraid to give the two house-room till it should be seen whether they were sufficiently free from infection to be sent elsewhere with the girls' governess, Miss Raymond, who was now spending her holidays at her own home.

There was some debate whether Mrs. Myra (as she always chose to be called) should stay with the invalids or go to Illium; but she had at length decided to go, giving as her reason for doing so, that though Sir Francis, the doctor, and the other servants, *might* be found competent to deal with Master Reginald, he being confined to bed, and therefore, comparatively speaking, out of harm's way, she was sure that no one but herself was equal to the task of keeping Master Algy in order and out of mischief when Master was not to the fore.

Frances thought herself very hardly dealt by in not being allowed to go into the school-room to find what Algy comprehensively called her traps; but being obliged to leave all the packing arrangements to Mrs. Myra, which was an additional hardship, because the latter was no scholar, and therefore thought that she had amply catered for the literary requirements of her two charges, when she took with her Letters to Young Ladies, and the Insect World, for Miss Frances, and The Lives of Illustrious Lads, for Master Algy, which books she selected because the brightness of their covers, the spotlessness of their pages (so different from the dilapidated condition of most of the prime favourites) gave proof positive that they had seldom been touched, much less read.

Algy was much better off. In the Darell family the usual state of things was reversed; for there, the mother being dead, the girls were spoilt, or at any rate made a good deal of, while the boys were kept in extremely good order, and he being always used to have his goings and comings kept under the strictest supervision when he was at home, found the comparative freedom of Illium delightful to him. Miss Philly and he were equally pleased with each other, which is saying a great deal for both of them. Algy came into the house declaring to all whom it might concern, that Miss Philly was a brick; and Miss Philly would have said (if she had had anybody to say it to) that he reminded her of his grandfather, Sir Ethert, and also of her poor brother David—two people who were about as dissimilar as heat and cold, summer and winter, or any other strong contrast, and whose only possible point of resemblance lay in the almost equally high place which they held in her affections. She was so much smitten with him, that she was actually induced to forego her usual evening nap in order to teach him how to play cribbage; and as she hunted out Sir Charles Grandison, Elements of Morality, and Elegant Extracts, for Frances' edification, the evening passed much more quickly than the latter had ventured to hope.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER I.

ALSTON.

'Dear Mrs. Warner, this is charming! I am so glad to be next to you, I have so much to say, and we can talk so nicely whilst the acting is going on. Do tell me who that young man is who came in with Leonard Calvert?'

'I have not seen young Calvert this evening, I do not know who he has with him,' rejoined the other lady.

'Dear! that is a pity,' said Mrs. Giles; 'but you know who I mean, I am certain you do. Slight, and fair, and rather good looking—no whiskers, and sharply cut features. Ah, there he is by the door! You see him now. He is so like someone, but I forget who.'

'That? Oh, he is staying at Alston Vicarage with Mr. Graham, I know nothing more about him, except that his name is Lettridge.'

'You don't say so! but I might have guessed it, he is as like Bernard Lettridge as possible—he must be his son. Poor Amelia's only son, you know; Lady Mary's children are much younger, (that is, if there are any, for I rather think they none of them lived,) and the daughter is married.'

Considering that Mrs. Warner had never till this moment heard of the existence of Mr. Lettridge, 'poor Amelia,' or Lady Mary, it was rather surprising she should shew so much interest in them as to induce Mrs. Giles to continue the subject; but she asked some question, which that good lady was soon heard answering in her remarkably audible whisper. 'Yes—poor Amelia was my second cousin, we were at school together; but I never could stand Bernard Lettridge, you see. A capital match for her, capital—one of the finest properties in England; but I never can bear your fastidious men, who can like nothing but what is beautiful or refined.'

'No, no; very bad taste to be so particular.'

'Exactly so. His fidgets and fancies would drive me wild, and I always wondered how poor dear Amelia could stand them for sixteen years; but you never saw anything more beautiful than his house and grounds, and the pictures and statues. My dear! I could not tell you the thousands he spends upon them—the place is quite a sight! Lucky for the Lettridges that they have no lack of money coming in, for there never was one of them with an idea of economy. They are a race of born spendthrifts.'

'Indeed!' responded the other lady, in a properly scandalized whisper.

'Oh, I don't mean that. They are very respectable, never bet, or gamble, or go to races; but they have no idea of doing without anything they have a fancy for, they *must* have luxuries, no matter how much they cost. They say you never saw anything lovelier than the chapel Bernard has built on to the house, since he went over to Rome. *I* have never been there since poor Amelia's time, but everyone tells me it is a perfect little gem.'

'How odd of Mr. Graham, to have a Romanist staying at the Vicarage! It is not right. Think of the things that will be said!'

'Very true—very odd—but stay. Now I think about it, I never heard anything about the children. Bernard went over on his marriage with Lady Mary, but nobody ever told me the children did. Dear me! I must claim my cousin, as soon as I can get out, and ask him the question.'

Perhaps, from the style of the conversation, the reader may wonder as little as did Esther Lockhart, that anyone the least fastidious did not get on with Mrs. Giles. Esther, sitting in the row of seats in front of the two friends, had been an unwilling auditor of most of their discourse. It interested her a little, for Osmond Lettridge had been staying, for the last week, in the immediate neighbourhood of her mother's house. She knew just enough of him to be certain that he belonged to the Church of England; and she shrank with disgust on hearing Mrs. Giles's last words, believing her to be perfectly capable of asking such a question.

Esther was a girl of seventeen, an odd mixture of elder-sisterly maturity and personal childishness; not given to romances of any sort, and much more likely to be excited about a pretty baby's pinafore than

a handsome face. As a rule, she had very few thoughts for mere acquaintances; but there was something most jarring in the gossipping way in which so painful a story had been touched upon, and it was a relief to her mind when she heard her mother offering a lift to the two young men from the Vicarage. This put it out of Mrs. Giles's power to ask her question, for the Alston carriage had started long before she had got out of the supper-room.

The party that drove home in that Alston break was a very merry one. The Manor and Vicarage were hardly half a mile apart, and during the Christmas holidays the two households had met often enough to be on very friendly terms; Esther (who had felt lowered in her own eyes by overhearing what she considered ought not to have been repeated) quite recovered, and was eagerly laughing at the oddities of 'Little Toddlekins' and her step-father, by the time they stopped at the Vicarage gate.

There was a grand shaking of hands; and Herbert called out to Leonard and Osmond, to be sure and come up to the Manor, to see the old elm thrown next day, by way of consoling themselves for Mr. Graham's absence—an invitation that was laughingly accepted, as the carriage drove away.

Herbert was but sixteen, and may be forgiven for not guessing that he had done just what his mother had wished avoided. She knew she should be from home the whole of the next afternoon, and did not at all desire to have the two young gentlemen at the Manor in her absence, as she was anxious not to encourage the dawning friendship between her second daughter, Helen, a pretty lively girl of nearly fourteen, and Leonard Calvert, the Vicar's nephew. However, now Herbert had given the invitation, it could not be helped.

The weather was kind, however; for the afternoon proved so damp, that it came quite naturally for Mrs. Lockhart, when she called Esther into her room, to give her a charge before starting, to desire that none of the younger ones might leave the house. 'Esther, dear,' she said, 'I don't want Helen or the children to go out; but if you don't dislike it, I wish you would have the little ones down in the drawing-room for an hour. You see, I am taking Nurse with me, and May is apt to be saucy to Harriet when she is in charge.'

'Harriet is not very judicious,' said Esther sedately.

'No,' said Mrs. Lockhart, smiling, 'I don't think she is; but she is a good girl, though very young as yet. Still, May will be better with you, and they will like to see the elm fall, as you can from the drawing-room window.'

Mrs. Lockhart drove off, and Esther and Helen took charge of the little ones. Helen had an excellent temper, and although she was disappointed that she might not be out with the boys, she soon found something to make up for it, and entered as heartily into the children's favourite game of 'Hunt the Slipper,' as if she had not been wishing to

be elsewhere; finding it great fun to rush to the window every other minute, to report how near the tree seemed to its fall.

At last, after several false alarms, and much delay, it fell suddenly. There is something terrible in the fall of a tree; the great trembling mass of branches swaying from side to side, and at last sinking down with a crash, that is grand, and unlike anything else, though it somehow suggests a hoarse cry of pain. Is it possible, fresh from hearing that sound, to look without a sort of dismay at the clear space of sky hitherto shut out by an old acquaintance, that has passed away for ever?

It might be only this feeling that brought the cloud over Esther's face as she stood at the window, but she said anxiously, 'What was that cry, Helen?'

'Cry?' said Helen, laughing. 'Nothing but the poor dear old roots complaining at having to come out of the ground, where they have been so long; I wonder they should mind to-day, the earth must be so dreadfully damp and uncomfortable!'

'No. I don't mean that noise,' said Esther, 'I thought there were voices.'

'The men always shout when a tree comes down,' said Helen, too much bent on explaining away her sister's fears, to stop and consider whether what she said were true or not; 'and then there are all the little boughs knocking together, and jumping up again. Quite a jumble of noises! Why, here comes Frank, making straight for this window, I declare! He does not think he is coming in through the drawing-room, with half a ploughed field on his boots, does he?'

'There is something the matter. Take the children out of the way of the draught, Helen; I must let him in,' said Esther, unbolting the glass door, as Frank Anstey reached it.

'Esther, you must give me some brandy—' he panted, as he entered. 'You have the keys?—at once.'

'Yes;' and almost before he had done speaking, she was on the way to the dining-room. He followed her closely. 'What is it? who is hurt?' she found time to say, as she unlocked the cellaret.

'Lettridge. The tree fell before they expected it.'

'On him? How dreadful! Is he much hurt?'

'Frightfully, I am afraid, but at least he is alive. There! that will do; I must not stay,'—and he was off again.

He had come and gone in so short a time, that Esther felt bewildered, and could hardly realize that anything so horrible had happened close to her; and yet she did fully take it in, with the remembrance of Frank's horror-stricken face full in her mind. That had told her far more than his few breathless words. What was to be done? There was no elder person to look to, her mother could not return for more than an hour at the earliest—the Vicar was away—so there was no one but herself to give orders. Frank Anstey was a tower of strength in his own way; if only Herbert would *let* him take the lead—but Esther knew, by sisterly

experience, that Herbert could be absolutely insolent to Frank, if he considered he took too much upon him. What had been done? Had the doctor been sent for? Would it be any use to send after her mother, or recall Mr. Graham? or again, might not Mr. Lettridge be so much injured, that his own family ought to be summoned at once? She felt she must absolutely know more than she did as yet, and throwing a shawl round her, she opened the library window, and crossed the lawn to where the tree lay, in hopes of finding someone to answer her questions.

But all the men and boys about the place were either gone on errands, or busy cutting away the branches so as to make it possible to release the injured man with as little delay as might be. She saw Frank, but he was at some distance, giving orders; everyone seemed too busy to notice her approach, and she was forced to come nearer than she could do without a great effort, before she could even make inquiries. She was treading with soft awed footsteps, when she heard a faint call, and trying hard to be courageous, came forward at once. She had had no idea she was anywhere near the sufferer, whom some branches had concealed from her. 'Can I do anything for you?' she asked timidly.

'I beg your pardon, I did not know who it was,' he said, on seeing her; 'I am very sorry I called you.'

'I am glad—if only I can be of use. You wanted something?'

'Only water,' he said faintly, 'please don't trouble;' but she was already gone. 'This is not fit for you,' he said, when she brought it to him; but she only smiled, and said earnestly that she was glad to be able to do anything.

He could move neither arm, being fixed in one position by the trunk, (under which he lay, though its full weight had not fallen upon him,) and she had to support his head, as she held the water to his lips.

As she did so, she did not, as Helen might have done, think of Clara de Clare, or such like heroines; all sense either of romance or conventionality was lost, she only saw someone who was suffering terribly, and whom it was a great comfort to be able to help in any way. She felt no shyness even, as she did what she could, fetching a cushion for his head, and bathing his face when he turned faint, as he did more than once during the time that passed before he could be released.

Her presence was a great comfort, yet he hardly liked to accept her services. He had been bred in a school which was far from regarding 'patient sight of what is to be borne' as one of the desirable experiences of life, and it seemed to him unfitting that one so young should see suffering. But Esther was too true a woman to have any desire to go away now; and though her heart was very full at this her first sight of the great mystery of pain, she was glad to feel there was work for her to do—and that though she could not wield an axe, or give orders like Frank, she was not perhaps less useful in her own way.

The band of workers had done their best, hewing and sawing, and

sacrificing good wood with a ruthlessness that went to the old sawyer's heart; but do what they would it could not but be a long business, and the early winter twilight was coming on, before they were able to raise the tree sufficiently to draw out its prisoner from beneath it.

They told Esther to go, or else she felt that her work was done, and she moved away.

The first idea had been to take Mr. Lettridge to the Vicarage, where he was staying; but the attempt to move him made it plain that he was in a state in which it would have been almost murder to carry him half a mile. Every step caused such terrible pain, that they were forced to shorten the distance as much as possible, and ended by bringing him in through the library window, and setting the mattrass, on which he lay, down on the table there, to await the arrival of the doctor, who had of course been summoned, but was not yet come.

It was during this pause that to Esther's extreme relief Mrs. Lockhart returned. A rumour of some frightful accident had reached her, as she passed through the village; and her first feeling was one of thankfulness at finding all her own children uninjured, although she at once proceeded to inquire what had been and what could be done for Mr. Lettridge.

Esther had felt almost overwhelmed at the idea of there being no one but comparative strangers around him, at such a time, (except Leonard Calvert, who was too boyish to give much support,) and she said eagerly, 'He would not let us telegraph for his father—he implored us not—but he hoped you would let him speak to you as soon as you came in.'

'Certainly.' And Mrs. Lockhart went at once to the library.

The poor fellow had been awaiting her coming with a feverish anxiety to have something settled, and began at once. 'I am very sorry to give all this trouble. Will you make them take me to the Bell at once? I should like the move to be over.'

'My dear boy,' Mrs. Lockhart said, growing very motherly in her pity, 'I cannot let you go to the Bell; you must stay here, and let me take care of you.'

'Thank you, you are very kind; but I am sure I had better go there; my father would come to me, and I could take my chance.'

'Your father shall come to you here. I cannot let you go. It is a wretched house, and even if it were not, you are not fit to be moved. We will send for your father at once.'

'Thank you,' he said feebly, moving his uninjured hand across his face, as if fearful the faintness would return before he could finish what he had to say; 'will you ask them to go—out of hearing?' he added; and then, when she had obeyed, and bent over him once more, he said, 'I cannot let you have my father here, without warning you that he has become a Romanist.'

Mrs. Lockhart started, but she could not possibly weigh questions then, and she answered firmly, 'I am not afraid, I feel it has been decided for us; so try and set your mind at rest. Someone shall write

to him—or telegraph?' He made a movement of dissent. 'Very well, I will see about it—don't talk more now.—Ah! here is the doctor,' she exclaimed, with a tone of great relief, as she turned to meet him.

That was a strange evening. Mrs. Lockhart and Frank hardly left their patient; but the rest of the party were together in a strained state of spirits, which made most of them inclined to be alternately snappish and keenly sensible of the ridiculous.

Leonard Calvert had had the consideration to go home to the Vicarage about six o'clock, to write to his uncle, Mr. Graham, and eat, or profess to eat, a solitary dinner; but when alone, he was so dreadfully depressed that he could not bear it, and by eight he felt himself justified in coming up to the Manor to inquire, and spending the evening there at Herbert's invitation.

His coming was opportune, for he knew the Lettridges' address, which could not otherwise have been obtained without troubling poor Osmond himself. The father had not yet been written to, so as to give the very latest account possible; but it was too near post-time for any further delay, and as Mrs. Lockhart found herself too much engaged with actual nursing to do it herself, it was decided by all the young ones that Leonard (being the only member of the party of whom Mr. Lettridge had ever heard) was the proper person to sign it. *Write* it, they said, but sign would have been more correct; for the letter itself was a joint production, seen by everybody, and as to which suggestions on all sides were asked for, and adopted, before at last the third copy was considered fit to go. 'Telling the truth, without being more alarming than necessary,' as Helen said.

'I don't see how it could well be more alarming than necessary,' Esther said thoughtfully.

'Ay, very true,' groaned Leonard, who, like most well-developed hobbledehoys, was desperately miserable at the very idea of suffering or illness.

Helen at once set herself to comfort 'the boys,' with a reckless assiduity that was very amiable, but somewhat amusing, and which made her young brother Fergus at length remark, 'Why, Helen, anyone would think you were a hospital nurse!'

'Three hospital nurses, and a doctor into the bargain,' said Herbert, so contemptuously, that everyone but Esther laughed; the result of which was, that they felt much the better, and considerably ashamed of themselves.

A little ordinary conversation followed, which, though carried on in subdued tones, was very refreshing to most of the party, but to Esther it was incongruous. She did not blame the others in the least, but she could not understand it. It was strange to her that they could care to laugh; and as she sat by, quietly working, she wondered at everything and everybody, and felt the strangeness of all the circumstances, as she had had no time to do in the afternoon.

The first actual sight of great suffering has a most sobering effect upon a character like Esther's; it is a something not to be forgotten, be the sufferer who he may, a chance acquaintance, or an intimate friend.

It was not until late the next afternoon, that the elder Mr. Lettridge could and did arrive; and he speedily fascinated the whole Lockhart family, certainly without the remotest intention of so doing, as he had no thoughts except for his son.

He was a very fine looking man, scarcely over forty, and though no one but Helen would have ventured to assert that he looked younger than Osmond, they might very well have been mistaken for brothers. He was one of those innately courteous beings, who are considerate even when most pre-occupied, and gave wonderfully little trouble, though he was in the drawing-room most of the day, it having been clear from the very first meeting that it would never do for him to be much with Osmond. Not only was he so entirely overcome by the idea of his son's almost hopeless state, that his feelings were hardly under control, but also, for some reason, his presence was evidently bad for Osmond. It entailed a constant effort to be himself, not to wander in his talk, or seem as ill as he was, which was dangerously exhausting, and forced Mrs. Lockhart to tell the father that she feared his visits must only be occasional.

On being first told that his father was come, Osmond had inquired anxiously whether he was alone, in a way that had perplexed his nurses; and when he had earnestly added, 'You will not leave me alone with him?' they had supposed there might be some coldness between them. Under the circumstances this would have been perfectly conceivable; but the intensity of clinging affection shewn on both sides when they did meet, had dissipated that idea, and left Mrs. Lockhart entirely at a loss how to account for poor Osmond's nervous dread of a return of wandering, in his father's presence. Who could make more allowance than a father, for anything that might be said amiss under such circumstances? However, be the fear never so groundless, one thing was clear, invalid fancies must be humoured, and Osmond kept as free from excitement as possible; and Mr. Lettridge submitted to his banishment, with a deep sigh indeed, but with a comprehending acquiescence that made Mrs. Lockhart like him better than ever.

There was no lack of money, and even had there been, Mr. Lettridge would not have spared it; and it so happened that the first clue to the mystery came to Mrs. Lockhart in the words of one of the London doctors, who were summoned at once on the father's arrival. 'Now, mind,' Dr. Bruce said, in her hearing, 'I will have nothing to do with the case, unless I have your word of honour, that no priest comes near your son, and no controversy is mentioned to him.' Nor was this all. Before leaving Alston, Dr. Bruce sought out both her and Frank, giving to each separately a stern charge on no account to let Osmond be wrought upon, or in any way worked into a state of religious agitation.

'You think me a heathen? Well, I don't care, so long as you obey. I know this family and its tricks, and I see *you* don't; but if you wish to save the only life worth saving out of the whole stock, you will do as I tell you, and keep a good look-out upon that father. Perhaps you may find out whether he is most knave or fool—*I* don't profess to know!' Such was Dr. Bruce's farewell; and it astonished Mrs. Lockhart not a little, since neither title appeared in the least applicable to the high-principled and cultivated man she was sheltering under her roof.

The Vicar had returned at once, on receiving Leonard's letter; and he (who knew both families) was a great comfort to Mrs. Lockhart in her awkward position. 'Strong language!' he said, with a sigh, when she repeated to him the doctor's words. 'Bruce always does speak strongly; but I believe he is right. He knows circumstances, as well as constitution.'

'You do not think Mr. Lettridge to be trusted, then?' and her voice would tremble with the fear lest, unheeding Osmond's warning, she had admitted a viper to her hearth, though she did not feel that she could have acted otherwise.

'I do not think there is any cause for alarm on your children's account,' said Mr. Graham. 'I know him well, and feel sure that persecution or proselytism go sorely against the grain with him; besides, he is on honour here. Lady Mary is different; it is a mercy her coming was out of the question. *She* firmly believes persecution a duty, and when with her Lettridge is completely under her influence, and that of the chaplain, Mr. Tracey; but he loathes the work.'

'Is it a case of a cruel step-mother, then? I should never have guessed that, from Osmond's way of speaking of her, even when not himself.'

'He is the only person who does not see it so. It is not exactly an ordinary case. She is not an ordinary woman, and her motive is one to be respected, even though we think her mistaken. She is sincerely aiming at what she believes his good, and he knows it, and does not resent her cruelty.'

'There is one thing that strikes me as very odd in his wanderings—the way he is continually harping upon the right or wrong of cutting off "the entail." I feel sure it must have some real foundation, and yet he is too young for it to be his own experience.'

'Does he look so young? I suppose I cannot judge, having known him all his life. He is past one-and-twenty. I will tell you, if you wish it, the meaning of this trouble about the entail; you have a right to know, but, on the whole, I think you would find it more comfortable *not* to understand.'

'Then pray tell me nothing about it.'

The accident had occurred during the girls' Christmas holidays; and even when a trained nurse had taken much labour and responsibility off Mrs. Lockhart's hands, she still found herself far from at leisure to settle

to lessons with her children. This made her uncomfortable, as Leonard Calvert was continually about the house in a way she did not like, harmless boy though he was.

His mother had, curiously enough, been an old school friend of Mrs. Lockhart's, and she had been glad of the opportunity of not losing sight of the family, which Leonard's residence with his uncle gave her; still, she would have preferred his not being quite so much at the Manor just at this time. He was too really anxious about his friend, for it to be reasonable to expect him not to come and inquire at least once a day; and as the young ladies always knew more about the matter than Herbert or Fergus, it was natural that he should find his way to the drawing-room, whenever he had ascertained Mr. Lettridge was not there, to be sympathized with by Esther, and then talked into hopefulness by Helen.

His avoidance of Mr. Lettridge sprang simply from a personal dislike to him; but it had the effect of his always wishing to find the girls alone, which was more than any mother could approve. He was so innocent, however, that it was impossible to give him a hint; he was not consciously attracted to the Manor by Helen's bright eyes or saucy speeches; having no sisters, he was in the most blissful ignorance of etiquettes; and his only chaperone was his bachelor guardian, who, though a very learned man, was about such matters even more in the dark than himself.

Mrs. Lockhart felt it would not do, young as Helen was; but she did not wish to say a word to her on the subject, feeling that her childish freedom, though undesirable, was a far safer thing than any sort of self-consciousness; so she addressed herself to Esther, desiring her to set Helen some lessons, and see that she did them up-stairs, in the school-room, where she would not be interrupted.

Esther looked surprised. 'But, Mamma, I don't know much more than Helen; she is so much cleverer than I am, and I do not think she would at all like to be taught by me.'

'Perhaps not,' said Mrs. Lockhart, with a smile; 'but I think she must bear it. I have no time to attend to her, and she ought to be doing something. I don't suppose you will be able to go on with your reading together, at present; *you* must be down-stairs, to take care of Mr. Lettridge, and keep things straight; but I had rather Helen spent at least two hours in the school-room, putting something sensible into her head.'

Esther would not have pleaded for herself, but she ventured to do so for her sister. 'Indeed, Mamma, she is very quiet and steady. Need she do any lessons till the boys go back to school? They go next week.'

'I know they do, my dear child,' said Mrs. Lockhart; 'but I do particularly want Helen to settle before they go. I do not quite like Leonard being so much here, whilst I am too busy to be with you; but I cannot stop it, so I want to get Helen out of the way.'

'Mamma! what *do* you mean?' said Esther, in surprise; 'we are so very young—much too young for that nonsense; surely it cannot matter?'

'Not in some ways,' said her mother, both amused and relieved to find a very handsome girl of nearly eighteen regarding herself as infinitely too young for 'nonsense;' 'but I do not want a joking standing friendship between Helen and our nearest neighbours. It is not the best thing for a girl, and Helen is so pretty and lively, that she has more temptation to try and attract attention than you perhaps quite understand.'

'Very well, Mamma, I will see about it. What lessons should you like her to do? She cannot practise, she is very unhappy about that, and says she is forgetting all her pieces.'

'Poor child! but it cannot be helped; I can have no practising, even in the school-room, as yet.'

Here the discussion of the lessons was interrupted, by the very unwelcome and unexpected entrance of a visitor—'Mrs. Giles.' Of course the whole neighbourhood had called to inquire, but hitherto everyone had accepted as final the announcement that Mrs. Lockhart was too busy to see visitors. Mrs. Giles, however, would not be denied; she was a relation of the Lettridges, and felt herself entitled to hear full particulars. Mr. Lettridge had been sitting at the other end of the room during the foregoing conversation, but he vanished into the dining-room with great rapidity on hearing the name of Mrs. Giles. He was not in spirits to see visitors, and had moreover a great horror of 'poor Amelia's second cousin.'

Mrs. Lockhart was extremely annoyed at being detained, as she was anxious to get back to Osmond, so as to send out Frank, who was sitting with him, whilst the nurse was resting; but Mrs. Giles could take no hints. She had come to talk, and it never occurred to her to go away until she had said her say. She catechized both mother and daughter, in a way that made Esther colour with indignation, and wonder how Mrs. Lockhart could feel bound to give any sort of answer to half her visitor's questions. 'She does not *care* a bit,' thought Esther, 'it is only gossip; if she really cared she could not go on so;' and then she blamed herself as uncharitable, and tried to make amends by answering civilly, when Mrs. Giles turned upon herself with a fat smile, and the words, 'Well, my dear, it is quite a romantic adventure, such as suits young people, is it not? And how do you like Bernard?'

Esther had to consider, at first, who 'Bernard' might be, and felt indignant at Mrs. Giles's familiarity, as she answered, 'Oh, very much, thank you.'

'Oh, indeed! very much! that's a good thing; but don't get too fond of him, my dear. Just think what a sad thing it would be, if he taught you to be Popish.'

The bad taste of the remark took from Esther all power of answering. She coloured violently, and looked for help to her mother, who said

gravely, 'Poor Mr. Lettridge is far too anxious to think of anyone but his son at present.'

'Oh, indeed! then they are on terms? That is right, of course; but one doubted it, you see—the affair about the entail was what no young man of spirit could stand quietly.' Mrs. Giles paused; but as Mrs. Lockhart was determined to shew no interest in the subject, the other had to volunteer her information. 'So they have not quarrelled! Well, it is strange, certainly; but I suppose it was Lady Mary's doing. *I* wonder the woman was not ashamed to disinherit her step-son for her own—disgraceful! I always hold it a duty to expose such conduct!'

Here Mrs. Lockhart spoke. 'I must beg, Mrs. Giles, that you will tell me nothing about the private affairs of my guests—doubtless they will themselves tell me anything they wish me to know. You must excuse me for seeming ungracious, but my time is so fully occupied just now, that I must ask you to go, as my patient is expecting me, and my daughter is also engaged. I hope next time you come to see us, we shall be able to be more hospitable; but in a sick house plain speaking must be forgiven.'

Mrs. Giles did not like it at all, but she had to submit, and allow herself to be re-conducted to her carriage, without having ascertained the truth of the report as to the entail, about which, as she said, she 'felt so anxious, being a relation.'

She was a good-natured creature, however, and not given to taking offence, so she did not resolve never to come near Mrs. Lockhart again, but contented herself with driving on to pay some more calls, and discussing her 'oddness' over various cups of afternoon tea.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER I.

'OBEDIENCE is nonsense,' said Cecilia Vaux, 'utter nonsense. Why *should* we obey?'

'O Cecil!' cried her cousin Helen, 'but we *have* to do it. It isn't nice, certainly; only we are young, and so we must.'

'But why *must?*' pursued Cecil. 'Young? of course we are young, and that is the very reason why we shouldn't. What is youth but strength and power? and why should strength and power obey weakness and—and—why, dear me, what's the reverse of power, if weakness is of strength? Well, never mind, let us say weakness by itself, then; one word often expresses more than a dozen—and weakness *is* a word that

does express itself, if anything ever did. Weakness—pah! the mere sound of it makes me shiver in my shoes!'

'I don't understand,' replied Helen, opening her pretty light-blue eyes as wide as possible.

'No, of course you don't!' cried Cecil; 'how should you? and whoever said you did? You *obey*, you know; and people who obey, as a general rule, *don't* understand; if they did, they wouldn't.'

'But *we* wouldn't if we could help ourselves,' persisted Helen. 'I want to go to this ball just as much as you do; but Papa says we can't, and so we can't, and there's an end of it.'

'I'm not so sure that there *is* an end of it.'

'O Cecil! as if you could go without Papa's leave!' And Helen laughed gaily at the very thought.

The two girls were standing together in the large window of a pleasant sitting-room, looking idly, as they talked, on the rather dreary prospect outside. At four o'clock on a winter afternoon, the prettiest and neatest garden has a melancholy appearance; and a blazing fire, with thick rug before and easy-chairs round it, one would have supposed a far more attractive object; but Cecil and Helen gazed with all their eyes out on the withered leaves, wintry grass, and bare trees, watching everything they saw become dimmer and more desolate-looking each moment, as the cold faint light grew fainter and colder.

'Life is so dull,' sighed Cecil. 'O Helen! to live—really to live—think—only think what it must be! Ought not those who *have* freedom—who *do* live—to be very *very* tender with those who haven't—who don't?'

'Yes—but—hardly,' replied Helen doubtfully. 'I don't quite see—*are* they so much happier? Are not we girls happier than they? Papa for instance. I never feel as if I should care to be Papa!'

'I should think not! but then, one needn't be *that*—we should be ourselves, you know, but free! Oh, the glory of it! And we shall be one day, Helen—we shall!'

'Shall we?' replied Helen, yet more doubtfully than before; 'I don't feel so sure of *that*, Cecil. Poor Mamma never did anything she liked; no more did Fanny, not even when she was quite grown up. Papa managed for her just as much as he does for us; and Mamma obeyed him always.'

'But you don't suppose I intend to marry!' cried Cecil, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

'*I* do,' answered Helen very seriously. 'I think it must be delightful. I should like to marry a clergyman.'

'O Helen! Well, if I *did* marry, it should be a midshipman. Marrying a midshipman might reconcile one to a good deal; but a clergyman! why, it would be horribly dull, and you would be more a slave than ever!'

'I think one would be so safe.'

'Safe!'

'Yes, there would be no doubt about one's duties. Mrs. Ogleton knows just exactly everything she has to do, and only one thing can be right for her. I should like that.'

'I shouldn't. I should like to choose my own duties.'

'But you might choose wrong.'

It was now Cecil's turn to open her eyes wide; and brilliant lovely hazel eyes they were, that now looked at Helen with unfeigned surprise. 'But I wouldn't,' she said quite seriously; 'I would choose great duties, and I would perform them greatly.'

'Yes, if you were sure to be able.'

'There could be no doubt about *that;* and that is one reason why I long to be grown up; then I shall have real duties. Not but what I *am* grown up now; it is the most absurd of all the absurd plans people make, not considering sixteen grown up; it shortens life so, and makes the best part of life useless. Heigho!'

While she was in the very act of giving this deep sigh, the door of the room opened, and a tall spare-looking man, with sharp eyes, a pointed nose, and a shuffling step, came hastily in. He held his head a little forward, and his face turned a little upwards, so that his nose looked as if it was always asking a question.

'Dear, dear!' cried he, 'I don't like this. Doing nothing—standing idle—idle, as usual.' And he held his head a little forwarder as he spoke, and rubbed his hands together in an uncomfortable manner.

Cecil threw *her* head a little back, as she almost always unconsciously did when addressing her uncle. 'No,' she replied calmly, but not disrespectfully, 'only *resting*, after we have been busy, as usual!'

'Busy as usual!' replied he sharply. 'Resting! Oh yes, I dare say! Well, now I should *like* to know what you have been doing.'

'I will tell you, Uncle; it is half-past four, and I will tell you how my day has been spent. I got up before seven, by candle-light, and practised till nine o'clock, when, as you know, we all had breakfast. From ten till half-past eleven I read French and German with Mademoiselle—'

'Oh, well!' interrupted Mr. Vaux; 'your time, I know, was well employed while you were with *her!*'

Cecil's lip took a little scornful curl, which was only too familiar to it. 'You think so?' she said; 'for my part, I am not sure that Mademoiselle always *does* employ her time so well.'

'I will not suffer you to speak in such a manner of those who are put in authority over you,' replied her uncle, with excitement; 'it is very wrong—I have no hesitation in saying that it is very wrong, and a reversal of the natural order of things. I will not suffer it, and I never do.'

Cecil coloured, and was silent, though more than one sharp *repartee* rose to her lips. After a few seconds, she continued her catalogue

of the day's employments, without noticing the interruption that had occurred on the mention of Mademoiselle's name. 'At half-past eleven I had my music lesson; at half-past twelve, gymnastics till dinner, at one; at two, we read history for an hour; at three, we walked in the avenue till it grew so dark that we came in here; but we have till five to amuse ourselves, or, as I said before, *rest* ourselves; then I do botany and algebra till six, and after tea prepare lessons for to morrow, till the bell calls us down to Aunt Flora in the drawing-room, when her dinner is over!'

Cecil stopped, almost out of breath, after having rapidly given this description of a modern young lady's life before she is emancipated from the school-room.

'And I am sure,' said Mr. Vaux, 'that I hope both you and Helen feel that everything is being done for you that *can* be done, and that it is entirely your own faults if you do not grow up into accomplished women, and useful members of society.'

'I suppose it is right we should be educated,' replied Cecil shortly.

'I do get a little tired sometimes,' ventured Helen.

'That is the natural depravity of the human heart,' began Mr. Vaux; but Cecil interrupted him.

'Dear me, is it?' cried she. 'I should have thought it was the natural weakness of the human body.'

Mr. Vaux grew pale with anger. 'Once for all, Cecil,' he exclaimed, 'I will *not* stand this impertinence. Either you must give up your pertness, or—or—'

He stopped, not knowing perhaps what alternative to propose; and Helen said gently, 'O Papa! she did not mean anything, I'm sure she didn't—she never does.'

'Very well, then, she had better never *say* anything,' replied Mr. Vaux, and walked angrily out of the room, slamming the door after him.

'I can't *think* how you can, Cecil,' said Helen, still speaking gently, though reproachfully.

'And I am sure I can't think how *you* can,' retorted her cousin.

'How I can? but what? I have done nothing.'

'Oh, have not you? Saying I never meant anything! Why, it was not true; you know I do always mean what I say, and a great deal more besides. You smoothe, and slip, and truckle, till you say what is not true.'

Helen's eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, I hope not!' she cried. 'I only meant you did not mean to be—rude.'

'But I did—I do—if that's rude!' cried Cecil. 'I'm not a shilly-shally, that does not mean what it says, or that is afraid of saying what it means. Why should I be a shilly-shally, Helen?'

'I hope *I* am not a shilly-shally,' replied Helen very gravely.

'I didn't say that you were; I only said that I wasn't. But now, Helen, I put it to you—*Is* it possible that I should respect your father?'

'Don't, Cecil.'

'Well, I don't—isn't that what I'm saying?'

'But I am quite sure you ought not to say such things to me.'

'I can't help it, and I have nobody else to say them to; and you don't really mind.'

'Only I *know* it can't be right. You are a great deal cleverer than I am, Cecil, and a little older; but books are cleverer than you are, and I read something in a book that makes me sure you are wrong.'

'What was it?'

'It was something like this—that we ought to respect people above us, whether they deserve it or not.'

'Oh, that's rubbish, Helen, if you read it in fifty books.'

'Is it? Are you sure it is? I am almost sure it isn't—I am indeed.'

'But it must be; for how can we? We can only respect what is respectable. And if people are not respectable, we can't respect them, though they may be miles above us in rank; and it is their fault, not ours, that we don't.'

'Well, I am not sure—'

'If you respected a wicked duke, you'd be a horrid little tuft-hunter, and I should hate you.'

Helen blushed and pondered, and at last said, 'Probably it does not mean *that;* it is not only rank, it means something more.'

'I don't believe it means anything.'

'Yes, it does; I'm sure it does. If a bishop was bad—*could* a bishop be bad, do you think, Cecil?'

'Of course he could. Why, was not there Bishop Hatto, whom the rats ate; and the Archbishop of Valenza, who drowned his brother John?'

'Well, if a bishop was bad, he could confirm us just as much as our own dear bishop; and he could ordain clergymen too, you know, Cecil; and so there *must* be something *in being* a bishop we ought to respect, whatever the man is.'

'Well, Helen, I do believe you're right there. I'll give up bishops, then; but your father isn't a bishop. Oh, my goodness, Helen, what a funny bishop he *would* make! Ha—ha—ha!'

Helen laughed too. 'No, he isn't a bishop, Cecil,' she said, when she had recovered her gravity, 'but he's my *father!* and I seem to feel as if there was something in *that* like the other, only I don't know how to say it.'

Cecil reflected for a moment, with a grave face, which presently cleared up again, as the sun might shine out after a passing cloud. 'But he isn't *my* father, you know, Helen,' she said.

'No; but, Cecil, he is your uncle,' began Helen.

'Oh, stop, stop, stop!' cried Cecil, stopping her ears and laughing; 'I won't hear another word. Bishops and fathers may be somehow the same sort of thing, but *not* bishops and uncles; that isn't possible,

Helen—I know it isn't. You'll get it down to cousins next, and after that to Members of Parliament, and partners at a ball; and I am quite sure no book that ever was published said *that*.'

'Mr. Vaux was a man of irreproachable character. He had a bad temper, and unluckily was rather foolish, while more unluckily still, he considered himself very wise; but he meant well, and was altogether a much more respectable personage than his niece Cecil gave him credit for being. He was the owner of a charming house, and good though not large property, in one of the southern counties. His wife had died several years before this story commences. Some people said her husband had worried her into her grave, and others wondered that she had survived her marriage-day so long. She left several children—Fanny, who was now married; Helen; and two sons older than Helen, named Alexander and Julian. Mr. Vaux ruled them all with a rod of iron, or of any other metal equally strong, but that may be imagined to be made up of worry and violence. One of the boys was in the army, and the other at college. Both rejoiced at being absent from Fernley, and paid their father's house as few visits as possible. Helen only remained at home, unable to escape from its disagreeables, suffering much from Mr. Vaux's temper and disposition, but still enjoying her life, as well-disposed young people do, except under very exceptional circumstances.

Cecil Vaux was the daughter of Mr. Vaux's only brother, who had died soon after her birth, bequeathing his little girl to her uncle's guardianship. Colonel Vaux had been married before, and left a son eight years older than Cecil; but the brother and sister had seldom met, the former having spent most of his life at Melbourne, living with an uncle on the mother's side, and only being sent over to England to pass some years at Harrow before Cecil had arrived from *her* native country, South America. Colonel Vaux had been a great wanderer. He had married his first wife in Australia; and when she died, he had gladly left his little boy behind with his uncle and aunt, while he sought for change of scene and thought, by travelling half over the world. In South America he had found comfort, and had enjoyed some years of happiness with a second wife, young, beautiful, and rich. Then he died, and not long afterwards the young widow followed him to the grave; and on her death, the spoiled, idolized, and indulged little daughter was shipped off to England, to take her place among the household things of the uncle, who was at once the head of her family and her appointed guardian. Cecil was clever and pretty, and would be rich, her mother's fortune having been settled on her. She and Helen grew up together in bonds of the strongest love, but with few advantages except those of mere education. Their characters we will not describe here, as they will shew themselves in the following pages. We will only say, that though they had been equally neglected

in essential points, and equally tormented in many others, Helen had been less injured than the as warm-hearted and cleverer Cecil, simply because she was more diffident of her own opinion, and less altogether self-confident than her companion. Her faults perhaps arose from a timid and yielding nature, as Cecil's did from a strong and determined one; but as Helen was afraid of doing wrong, and Cecil felt secure of doing right, we need hardly say which generally came off the best in questions of conscience. The aunt, to whom they referred in their conversation, was an invalid sister of Mr. Vaux's, at present paying a visit to Fernley; a pale, pretty, soft-hearted lady, fond of both her nieces, and very fond of giving them the advantages of her own youthful experiences.

After the late dinner, on the day when the conversation given above took place, the two girls came down as usual into the drawing-room, and as usual found Aunt Flora in an easy-chair, with her feet on a foot-stool, dozing. They seated themselves on the rug in front of the cheerful fire, and talked together in low voices.

'When I come of age,' Cecil said, 'I mean to go abroad, and travel everywhere, and see everything. And I shall buy you from my uncle the first thing, and take you with me.'

'He would not sell me,' laughed Helen, shaking her fair curls.

'Oh yes, he would. I *must* have you, and so he can't help selling you. I could not do without you—you know I couldn't.'

And the two girls here gave each other soft whispering kisses, gratifying their own feelings thereby, but not waking Aunt Flora.

'When I am of age!' repeated Cecil. 'It often seems to me impossible that the day really *is* to come when I shall be rich and free; and then I feel as if it would be impossible if it *didn't* come, and as if I was only living for *that*.'

'Yes, you will be rich,' said Helen doubtfully; 'but free—you won't be free, will you? you won't really be able to go where you like—a young woman can't; you will have to live here still, of course?'

'Indeed no,' cried Cecil, almost angrily. 'When I am of age, no one will have any control over me—no one at all.'

'Not Papa?'

'No—Papa least of all.'

'But why least of all, Cecil? and how can anyone have least of all, if nobody has any?'

Cecil took hold of Helen's shoulders, and gave her a little playful shake. 'Don't be reasonable,' said she. 'Don't be tiresome and reasonable. Of course, I only meant by comparison with what he is now.'

'But you will really be free?' persisted Helen; 'you will really be able to do as you like, and to go where you please?'

'Yes, and to buy you, and take you with me.'

'It would be dreadful to be separated.'

'It would be impossible. What could we either of us do without the other?'

'Ah, Cecil! I am glad you are only sixteen; you will not be free for five years!'

'Five years! Is it not an intolerable time? will five years ever ever pass away? Five years ago I was a little chit of eleven; it seems a life-time since then—doesn't it, Helen?'

'Indeed it does. I remember my eleventh birth-day so well, and how you had been fined all your money for one thing and another, and you gave me your best coral neck-lace that you were so fond of, because you could not buy me a present.'

'Yes, and Uncle James had expected me to be so unhappy because I had nothing to give you! Bless his heart! what a good-natured creature he is, was, and always will be!'

'Hush, Cecil!'

'No, indeed, I won't hush! I never did hush, and I'm not going to begin to hush now!'

'But for all that you say, I can't imagine that when you are of age you will be able to live where you like, or go everywhere. It seems so strange for a girl.'

'But I sha'n't be a girl—one-and-twenty is a woman, if anything is a woman, I am sure.'

'But, Cecil, if there was nobody else, there is your brother.'

A soft colour tinged Cecil's cheek, and a lovely tender light stole into her eyes. She shut them up tight, as if she did not care that the depth of feeling they displayed should be read, even by Helen. 'Yes,' she said in a very low voice, 'there is my brother.'

'O Cecil, how you must long to see him!'

There was a pause.

'Helen,' cried Cecil very suddenly, 'I really mean to go to this ball, and I mean you to go also.'

'It *is* such nonsense, Cecil—as if we could!'

'We could and we can, and we would and we will, and we should and we shall; and if there were any more verbs like those, we would them also.'

'And for all that, we can't, sha'n't, and won't go to this ball,' replied Helen sedately.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

IX.—ALBERT DURER.*

We have already passed the confines of modern history, and left the Middle Ages behind us, in considering the works of Masaccio and

* The writer's authorities for the facts of Durer's life have been chiefly Mr. Scott's, and Mrs. Heaton's 'Life of Durer.' The former book has the best catalogue of his works yet made.

Filippo Lippi in Italy, and of the later realistic painters of Germany. For good and for evil, the age of mediæval Christianity had passed away before the end of the fifteenth century; and the same era closed over the spirit of mediæval art, with its child-like faith and love, and its child-like ignorance, as irrecoverable in history as in human life.

We have now to consider the consummation of German art in the two great painters of modern Germany—the Germany of the Reformation—Albert Durer and Hans Holbein.

A brilliant era was dawning in Western Europe. The intellectual power of the Teutonic races would, ere long, awaken to life; waiting only, like the slumbering hero of one of their own legends, till the ravens had ceased to fly over the mountains. The shadows were fast falling over the brilliant court of the Roman Church, and her increasing licentiousness was calling down year by year more surely the judgements of God. She had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the decree had even then gone forth that her kingdom was departed. The innocent blood with which her hands were stained had cried against her from the ground for many a generation. Noble John Huss had died a terrible death, excommunicated by the Church on earth, degraded from his priesthood, denied the last Sacraments, the curses of his murderers mingling with his last calm prayer; and with his blood were sown the seeds of a more destructive Reformation than he would have effected. Jerome of Prague had gone home scarcely less bravely through the sea of martyrdom, summoning his judges to meet him before the tribunal of Christ; and all the best sympathies of Europe were with the Bohemian Reformers. In England, Wicklyffe, protected by the power of English law from the relentless fury of the Roman Church, had sown far and wide the seeds of the Reformation. Condemned indeed, almost inevitably, by Convocation, he lived on unmolested in his quiet parish, remembered, heretic though he was, with pride and enthusiasm at Oxford.

Pass on a century, and we shall see another Reforming movement gathering, not to be stayed this time by Pope or Council or King: led in England by noble John Colet; in Germany—alas for her!—less led, than let loose in unbridled license, by Luther.

And now, having reminded our readers of the great event of the sixteenth century, which moulded the conditions of Durer's life, and determined the phase of thought which formed the character of his art, we will ask them to look back with us, and see what the grand old town of Nürnberg was like at the close of the Middle Ages. Those who have seen the departed grandeur of the still beautiful town, can imagine without much difficulty what it was in the days when wealthy merchant-princes lived in its palaces, and no less renowned goldsmiths worked in its streets, and when Albert Durer and Willibald Pirkheimer were the pride and glory of its citizens. No other town in Europe, perhaps, offers so perfect a picture of the Middle Ages as Nürnberg.

Here the Reformation has been, and passing over, has left no traces of ruin behind it. The churches are undesecrated, the carvings unmutilated, the palaces entire, the houses untouched, the very names of the citizens unchanged. The spirit of the Middle Ages rests upon it still; and the same outlines of castle and palaces and narrow picturesque streets, with horizon of solemn blue hills, meet our eyes, as met daily the loving gaze of the great artist, who three hundred years ago was laid to rest in the old cemetery.

Nürnberg held a different and a more advantageous position than did any other German town in the Middle Ages. Its citizens were exempt from many of the burdens which harassed the inhabitants of the Netherland districts. Its government was an independent one, and chiefly in the hands of the hereditary patricians and merchant princes; and the wealth of the town was so great, that it was said most of the household utensils in well-to-do families were of gold and silver. Commerce and art flourished there under an equitable government, and under circumstances more favourable than was possible elsewhere in Germany; and it was the chief centre of independent thought, religious and scientific, in the country. Their goldsmith's work was deservedly renowned through Germany, preserved long from deterioration by the admirable rules of the guild, by which the craft were forbidden to fill gold ornaments with false stones, or to gild brass or copper without special permission, or to work the metal, for any purpose, below a certain standard. No wonder their goldsmiths rose to such unrivalled reputation, founding families to which, as in Florence, the art was proudly transmitted from generation to generation.

Nürnberg had become famous, a generation before Durer's time, by works of art, which are at this day as much the wonder and admiration of the world, as they were when Kraft and Vischer and Veit Stoss still lived and worked in the old city; and the 'Sacraments Haüslein' and St. Sebald's shrine are known far and wide now, as then. Peter Vischer and his five sons were all metal-workers. In simple patriarchal fashion, these six men, their wives, and children, lived in one house, the men working day after day with their own hands in the foundry, and together accomplishing, after twelve years united labour, their exquisite master-piece of the bronze shrine, 'to the glory of Almighty God alone, and to the honour of St. Sebald, Prince of Heaven.'

It is at this period that we begin to see the change towards realistic art in Nürnberg; the year 1450 being a central point which may fairly mark the transition. Michael Wohlgemuth, whose work extends over this half-century, and who is better known as the master of Albert Durer than by his own reputation, was among the foremost in adopting the new ideas.

Born of a race of Hungarian herdsmen, Durer's father had inherited a talent for, and received an education in, goldsmith's craft, from his father, who had left his simple shepherd life, and wandered to Jula to learn the famous trade. The son, having been brought up in the same

craft, and lived for a time in the Netherlands, bethought him that he might make his way better among the celebrated goldsmiths of Nürnberg. So thither the elder Durer found his way; and, as it befell, entered the city on the feast of the great saint-goldsmith of Limoges, Bishop Eloy. It seemed like a good omen for the young adventurer. The citizens were making holiday that day, for it was the wedding-day of Pirkheimer, the head of one of the great patrician families of the town; and the first sight that Durer had in Nürnberg was the dance and feast round the old linden tree of Queen Kunigund, little thinking that the son of that marriage, the brilliant Willibald Pirkheimer, would be, in the times to come, the dearest friend and best patron of his own son Albert. So in Nürnberg he served his apprenticeship; and in 1467, after twelve years service, won his freedom, and with it the hand of his master's daughter, the young Barbara Hallerin.

This history, with brief notices of the early married life of his father and mother, was transcribed by Durer from his father's diary. Eighteen children were born to the marriage, amidst many pecuniary struggles and anxieties, of whom Albert was the third, born in 1471: only two others besides himself survived. Of his own early life, we only know the few facts recorded in his diary—that he went to school; that when he had learned to read and write, his father took him home to teach him his own craft; and that finding Albert's heart set on being an artist, he gave an unwilling consent, and apprenticed him to Michael Wohlgemuth for three years, on St. Andrew's Day, in 1486. His first portrait of himself, drawn when thirteen, 'while still a child,' as in after years he wrote under it, is now at Vienna, preserved by him through life, perhaps in memory of happy childhood, and little dreaming how it would be valued in the ages to come. It is a beautiful face, and one full of interest to all who know the life of Albert Durer. There, in promise, is all the mingled sweetness and earnestness, gentleness and passion, tenderness and strength, which his noble manhood fulfilled; the far-off look in the serious eyes throwing a premature shadow over the childish features.

Having served his apprenticeship, he went abroad for four years, according to the custom of young German students of art; and returning in the Whitsuntide of 1494, found that his father had arranged a marriage for him with a daughter of one of the Nürnberg burghers, the beautiful Agnes Frey. It is mentioned very briefly in his diary, as though it were a matter in which he felt neither interest nor responsibility, and we have no key to his real feelings on the subject. Perhaps his life had hitherto been so engrossed with the love of his art, the excitement of foreign travel, and the enjoyment of laying up stores of fresh knowledge, as to have left him no time to think of love; so that when, after the fashion of the age, his father negotiated for a desirable wife for him, he acquiesced indifferently in the arrangement. The elder Durer, good man that he was, must have lived to

repent of his share in the marriage which so marred the life of his favourite son. The beauty which Agnes possessed did not atone for the absence of all the qualities which could make a home happy. Her avarice, her temper, and her heartlessness, must have been to the warm-hearted high-minded man a source of life-long sorrow and weariness. No children compensated for the loneliness of his home; and the only glimpses which we catch of Durer's bright loving character are in his relations to his family, and his correspondence with Pirkheimer.

It was in 1500, when not quite thirty years of age, that Durer painted the portrait of himself, now in the Munich Gallery, by which his face is best known to us. Long curling hair falls over a massive forehead, and makes a frame-work for the majestic features, which, as has been often observed, remind one most strikingly of the ideal conception of our Lord's face. It is said that everything about the man, even to the delicacy of his hands and the melody of his voice, harmonized with his singular beauty, and completed the fascination of his presence. Gifted, indeed, with such a unison of powers of mind and soul and body as falls to the lot of but few among the sons of men, we feel more sadly of him than of most other great men—that his life was marred, his soul darkened, and his work distorted, through no fault of his. Yet it was a life in very deed made perfect through suffering. On that inner life he preserves profound silence; and seldom, even in his diary, do we catch a glimpse of it. No bitterness of thought or asperity of expression concerning the woman who had so chilled his home life is ever suffered to escape his pen; and he would have carried his secret to the grave, but for the outspoken indignation of his warm-hearted friend Pirkheimer. A letter from the latter to a friend at Vienna, written after Durer's death, throws the only light we have on the wretchedness of his home. Pirkheimer is sure that his friend's life has been shortened by worry; says that the only thing his wife cared for was money, and that she goaded him on to work night and day, so that she might be left in wealthy circumstances; looking on his art, as Durer once wrote to Pirkheimer half in jest, as a milch-cow. Pirkheimer had, he says, often expostulated with her, but had never met with aught but ingratitude for anything he had said or done; and that, in fact, whoever was her husband's friend was her enemy. She will not have anything to do with him now that Durer is dead, he says, and he is rather glad of it, since for his part he would rather 'have to do with a light woman, than with such a nagging, suspicious, scolding,' pious one.

One hint only is afforded us in his sketches of that inner life, of which we know so little—one suggestion that at some time or other the depths of his soul had been stirred by a woman's hand, and a brief vision of earthly happiness dawned on him. A sketch of a woman's head remains, under it written 'My Augusta;' and another of a figure in Nürnberg costume, entering a church, with the sacred motto beneath, 'Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' So, in that

solemn prayer, he shrouded from human eyes for ever the depths of unutterable thoughts.

Very pathetic is his account of his father's and mother's deaths. At the former he was not present; but he notes down the details with loving accuracy, mourning that he was not 'found worthy to be with him at his end;' and his brief description of the death-bed, and the old nurse rousing herself, as she saw that the soul was passing, to trim the lamp and drone out St. Bernard's dying hymn, is vivid as one of his own sketches. This was in 1502.

In 1503, he seems to have had an illness, of which no mention is made; for a drawing of the Lord's Head crowned with thorns, in the British Museum, bears this date, with the inscription, 'I drew this Face in my sickness.' That Face, which 'in his sickness' first came to him, was also the last thought of his life, left unfinished on the easel.

In 1505, or the next year, he went on an expedition to Venice, which he already knew, and where he probably hoped to increase his connexion, and make his name better known. The three great Venetians were all painting there at the time of Durer's visit. Giovanni Bellini, then an old man, and having perhaps outlived the reverence which his exquisite Madonnas had won him, amidst the insolence of the new school; but 'the best among them,' Durer tells us, 'and a good man.' 'He praised me much,' he adds. Giorgione and Titian were then at the height of their brilliant fame. In one of his letters to Pirkheimer he tells a story, which shews his wonderful power of drawing, and the esteem in which he must have been held at Venice. Bellini paid him a visit one day, and being much struck with the fineness of Durer's touch, asked him as a special favour to give him the brush he used for such delicate lines. Durer offered him a number to choose from. Bellini explained that the one he wanted was that which Durer used for long fine lines. Durer then took up one of them, and painted a long tress of hair before Bellini, who said that he 'could not have believed it, had he not seen it.' The Venetian artists seem to have treated him badly on the whole, and to have been jealous of him; but he appears to have been very happy, notwithstanding, amidst the beauty and the splendour of the glorious city, beyond the reach of the daily worries of his Nürnberg life, and satisfied that his household was well cared for by Pirkheimer in his absence. 'Here I am a gentleman,' he writes, half-jestingly, to Pirkheimer; 'at home I am only a parasite;'—shewing the different positions which Italian and German artists respectively occupied in their own countries. He is never forgetful, though, of his home responsibilities, and reminds his friend, in one of his letters, to look after his young brother, who he fears will be 'lost among the women-folk.' In 1507 he returned, refusing the offer made him by the Republic of a pension of two hundred ducats. Probably it was somewhat of a temptation to him, to stay in the beautiful city where he had spent two such pleasant years, with a prospect of success greater than Nürnberg appeared to

offer at that time; but duty, and affection for his native city, both called him home, and he refused the offer, and returned, to be thenceforth the master of German Art.

About this time he began to occupy his leisure time by writing verses, in which, however, though he wrote a good many, he does not seem to have attained much success. There was, in fact, more force than beauty in his rhythms, although such verses as those on the Hours of the Passion are beautiful from their simple earnest devotion. They are too long to quote here, but they end thus, as freely translated by Mr. Scott:—

'O Almighty Lord and God,
Who the martyr's press hast trod;
Jesus, the only God, the Son,
Who all this to Thyself hast done,
Keep it before us to-day and to-morrow,
Give us continual rue and sorrow;
Wash me clean and make me well,
I pray Thee, like a soul from hell.
Lord, Thou hast overcome; look down;
Let us at last to share the crown.'

His mother, whom he had taken to his home since the old man's death, died in 1514, and with her probably passed away the last sympathy of his home life. She had buried fifteen out of her eighteen children; had suffered 'poverty, scoffing, spiteful words, and great reverses;' yet it would seem she had tried to fight the battle of life bravely, to 'keep her children from sin,' and to 'do all in the Name of Christ;' and mournfully tender as are Durer's reflections, he does not regret her departure. 'And in her death,' he concludes, 'she looked still more lovely than she was in her life. . . . . God the Lord grant that I also make a blessed end; and that God, with His heavenly hosts, and my father, mother, and friend, be present at my end.'

Various causes probably led Durer finally to adopt engraving as the vehicle for his thoughts. Public attention was being turned to the new method of drawing, which the Emperor Maximilian largely patronized, and which was yearly placing Art within the reach of all persons of moderate means. The immense and increasing sale for engravings made this branch of Art a more certain way of gaining a livelihood; while at the same time, it gave, by its rapidity, free scope for an inexhaustible imagination like Durer's. With such a reputation as Durer possessed throughout Germany and Italy, he would probably have rapidly become wealthy from the sale of his engravings, had not fraud grown up side by side with the new invention. One Marc Antonio, an Italian artist, copied Durer's wood-cuts so perfectly, that it became impossible to distinguish these from the originals; and by the sale of his own impressions made large sums of money on Durer's reputation. Foreign governments gave little or no protection against this system; and the only promise which Durer could extract from the Venetians was, that his monogram should not appear in the pirated wood-cuts.

The earliest engravings bearing Durer's monogram are the series of sixteen on the Revelation, dated 1511—wonderful in their imaginative powers, wild and weird, and impossible to describe, even if we had space to do so. The second series are a life of the Blessed Virgin, for whose history Durer always seems to have had a special sympathy and devotion. Entirely realistic as these drawings are, Durer's own innate reverence has struck a chord of devotional tenderness which removes them far above the representations of other artists of the same school and period. In the same year were published the twelve engravings of the 'Great Passion,' and also the series of thirty-seven, called the 'Little Passion,' but really representing the history of the Redemption, from the Fall to the Resurrection Day. These last are well known in England, having been printed in a popular form, with letter-press from Scripture, from a set which the British Museum possesses. The title-pages of both these Passion-sets are similar, and seem intended to symbolize our Lord as the Man of Sorrows. The moment is chosen when, stripped of the 'gorgeous robe,' He sits alone and despised, with the reed still in His Hand, the Wounds in His Feet and Hands, anticipating the consummation of the Sacrifice.

Best known, perhaps, of all his engravings is that typical representation of German mysticism, known as 'The Knight and Death.'* Fantastic in conception, unfathomable in thought, suggesting many things to many minds, a grave morality to all, the secret of its fascination perhaps lies in its mystery. It is the type of the Teutonic mind, grotesque, mysterious, and grand. None know now the meaning of that stalwart figure, with its grim companions; yet the thoughts which it suggests have found an echo far and wide. Death, as a dread personality, comes often before Durer's mind. He meets the soldier, ready for him, in the churchyard; looks from behind a tree at the knight and lady absorbed in their conversation; stands behind a young lady as she sits at her looking-glass. It was an idea which the morbid German imagination easily fastened on, and it grew and strengthened, as year by year the faith of Christian Europe, in the religion which had ruled the world for a thousand years, became obscured. Death was among the few unquestionable facts; death, the strong man armed, the mocking skeleton, the avenging fate. And the Resurrection stands no more in the world's Campo Santo, side by side with the Triumph of Death, proclaiming its unending victory.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all Durer's engravings is that of St. Eustachius. Most of our readers know the legend of the young man, sometimes called St. Hubert, sometimes St. Eustace, who went hunting on Good Friday, and to whom a stag appeared, bearing on his horns the image of the Crucified One; how the Lord spoke and reproved him;

* For the best explanation of this picture—intended, it is supposed, by Durer to have been called 'Fortitude'—see *Modern Painters*, Vol. V., part ix., chap. iv., p. 242. We recommend our readers to read the whole chapter called 'Durer and Salvator.'

how he worshipped, and resolved thenceforth to become an earnest Christian, and, as the story goes, was martyred under Trajan. Looking at this lovely group—the kneeling figure surrounded by horse and hounds, and frame-work of sweet wooded landscape and distant scenery throwing a glamour over all—none can doubt that Durer's sympathies in drawing it, were with the loving faith of mediæval Christendom.

In 1511 he painted the Adoration of the Trinity—one of his best efforts at painting, it is thought. It was executed as an altar-piece for the chapel of a small alms-house in Nürnberg, whence it was taken possession of by Rudulph II. a century after, and carried to Vienna. God the Father is enthroned in the midst, sitting on a rainbow, and holding the cross, on which hangs the Saviour of the world, outstretched for the adoration of mankind; the Holy Spirit above, surrounded by Seraphim. All around are the representatives of the Christian world. Emperors, kings, nobles, burghers, peasants, in one part; popes, bishops, cardinals, and religious, in another. On one side is a beautiful group of saints, led by the Blessed Virgin, with palms and crowns and distinctive symbols, fading gradually off into a multitude of waving palms and glancing crowns; on the other side are the Prophets, Apostles, and Fathers of the Church. The writer cannot notice the colouring of this picture, never having seen either it or any coloured representation of it; but the motive and design of the picture are remarkable, as shewing, in a more marked degree than any other of Durer's, his appreciation of, and sympathy with, mediæval religious Art.

Durer was first employed by the Emperor Maximilian in 1512; but although he did a great deal of work for the Emperor, involving much time and labour, and was appointed a pension of one hundred florins, he had the greatest difficulty in getting his money; and altogether the office of court painter was a very unprofitable one to him. In 1515 and two or three succeeding years, Durer was summoned to Augsburg by Maximilian, to paint the palace there. Here he made many interesting sketches of historical characters, and drew for the Emperor the borders of the celebrated Prayer-book now at Munich. About this time also, whether at Augsburg or after his return, he began to etch; some attributing to him the discovery of using acid in the engraving of the plates, others claiming it for Lucas van Leyden.

In 1519 the Emperor died; and this event seems to have decided Durer to take the Netherland journey, of which he has left us a full record in his journal, and which he had probably contemplated for some time, as a means of advancing the sale of his works. His nominal object in hastening to Antwerp was to be present at the new Emperor's reception, and to press his interest to be nominated as court painter to Charles V. He started in the summer of 1520. At Antwerp he seems to have had a pleasant time, honoured and courted by all. Here he met and made acquaintance with Erasmus, who offered him, he says, 'a Spanish mantle, and three drawings,' Durer giving him in return a

Passion set. It was at this time that he made the sketch for a portrait which Erasmus refers to in several letters. The splendour of the churches and services seems to have struck him much, and with an almost childish delight he describes minutely a procession of Notre Dame—'an enchanting spectacle.' It must indeed have been a wonderful sight. It was two hours, says Durer, in passing the house. All the guilds of the city were in it, splendidly arrayed, the goldsmiths occupying the place of honour; and all the religious and secular orders and professions were represented. There were also persons dressed to represent different saints; and legends, such as St. Margaret and the Dragon, and events of sacred history, acted. 'There were so many things,' concludes the single-minded artist, 'that I never could write them all down even in a book, and so I let it alone.' The same child-like delight in beautiful things breaks out in his enthusiastic admiration for the rare things from the new 'land of gold,' 'as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful; ... I have never in all the days of my life seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these things, ... and I do not know how to express what I think about them.' Towards the end of the year he obtained, 'with great labour and much ado,' through the interest of his Nürnberg friends, the ratification of his office as court painter to the new Emperor. In one part of his diary, and in the same entry of expenses, are the curious items of 'Luther's tractate for five white-pennies, one for the condemnation of that mighty man, and one for a rosary.'

In the next year, leaving his wife at Antwerp, he made an independent expedition to Zealand, where, it would seem, were sown the seeds of the disease, whatever it was, which ended fatally a few years afterwards. 'A wonderful illness came upon me,' he records afterwards, 'which I had never heard of anyone having before.'

His calm strength of character comes out in an accident he describes as taking place in one of his short voyages in Zealand. They were just about to land, all the sailors except the captain having left the boat, and Durer being still in the boat with him, the cabin-boy, and two old women, when a ship ran into them, and their cable breaking, they were drifted out to sea. The captain lost his head, and resigned himself to despair. But Durer, in his quiet way, told him to take courage and put his trust in God, and try with his help to hoist a sail; and thus the boat was saved.

On returning to Antwerp at Whitsuntide, the tidings meets him that Luther is taken—as it was then thought, to his death—on his way from the Diet of Worms. A passionate sorrowful cry from the depths of Durer's earnest soul finds vent in his diary at this, as it was thought, tragical end of the man to whom Catholics yet looked as the successor of St. Thomas and St. Francis, inspired to preach an unalloyed Gospel, and inaugurate an era of uncorrupted religious life. A national Church, freed from the tyranny of Rome, yet one with all Churches in Christ, governed with equity, purity, and moderation, was the dream then, as now, of the best and noblest sons of the Catholic

Church. It might even have been fulfilled, spite of the iron grasp of the Papal power, had Luther been true to himself and his mission. 'Lord Jesus Christ,' prays Durer, 'call Thy sheep from all lands now wandering, some in the Roman Church, some among Indians, Muscovites, and Greeks, separate from each other by the pretensions of Popes. . . . . Give us a new Jerusalem, clothed with the beauty written of in the Revelation; a new Gospel cleared from human commentaries.' He cannot understand why Erasmus, committed to the same cause as Luther, should be silent now, and marvels that he shrinks back from the championship of the Reformation, and is not so eager as his own burning spirit would have been in like case, 'to win the martyr's crown.' We at this distance of time can better appreciate the vastness of the distance which separated the two Reformers. Erasmus, coming to England in 1497, had been received with open arms at Oxford by the brilliant little set then gathered there—Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, and the young More; and had stayed there to learn at Colet's feet, fascinated alike by the depth of his knowledge and the beauty of his holiness. For Colet had travelled in France and Italy, and studied theology deeply in both countries. He had also seen the awful wickedness of the brilliant court of Alexander VI., and the licentiousness of Florence: he had heard the burning words of Savonarola, and marked the gathering hatred of the Roman Church for the great Reformer; and he had come home with a fixed and solemn resolution to give up the brilliant career which awaited him at court, and reform the English Church, while yet there was time. A man of such learning, culture, and piety, as could hardly have been matched in that age, no wonder that he formed the character and decided the work of Erasmus' life, and that carrying the remembrance of Colet and his teaching through all his long life, Erasmus recoiled from the noisy demonstrations and revolutionary efforts of Luther, as fatal in their tendencies to the interests of religion. Year by year he withdrew more from the strife which, watching wearily and hopelessly, he knew must end in irrevocable disaster; and Durer, marking his silence, and looking out through the darkness, longed, as doubtless did many another soul in that terrible struggle, for some watch-word, some banner round which to rally. 'Watchman, what of the night?' must have been the eager cry of many earnest souls like Durer's. No answer came then. The darkness had yet to fall over the twilight, and another morning should dawn on their dying eyes, before the question should be set at rest to them for ever. Happier those called home, amidst whatever of perplexity and doubt, still clinging to the faith of their forefathers, than those of the next generation, who knew no other spiritual home than the restless waves of the Reformation-flood, in the Germany of twenty years later.

We pass quickly through the few uneventful remaining years of Durer's life. His journal ends abruptly, and we do not know the exact date of his return to Nürnberg. He seems to have been more prosperous

during the latter part of his life; for although he records the fact that he has lost rather than gained by his tour in the Netherlands, we find him writing to the Council after his return, asking them, for his good service as a citizen, to take a thousand florins and give him good interest for them. He has been offered, he pleads, by the Doge of Venice a pension of two hundred ducats, and by the Antwerp authorities three hundred florins and a horse, and he refused both offers for love of his native city. The interest which the Council gave him, with the sale of his engravings, brought him in a sufficiently good income to enable him now to paint at his leisure. It was during these last years that he completed several well-known portraits; Melancthon, Erasmus, Pirkheimer, and others. He also made several engravings of the legend of St. Christopher and other saints. His last great work was the painting of the four Apostles, which he bequeathed to the citizens of Nürnberg as a memorial of himself. They were treasured by the city for about a hundred years, at the end of which time the Elector Maximilian took possession of them and carried them to Munich, where they now hang. Four majestic life-sized figures, free from the crudeness and irregularity of earlier work, solemn and beautiful, they stand as a type of the finished earthly work of the grand and noble mind which conceived them. The last of his own portraits was finished about the same time, the long curling hair and beard and moustache gone—probably cut off during his illness, since in his picture painted at Antwerp by Tommaso Vincidore he still wears them. So that we may trace the face of the great German master from eager wistful childhood to the dawn of splendid manhood, on to premature old age, when the delicate melancholy face wears the shadow of coming death.

So, in his beautiful native city, for love of which he had refused the wealth and luxury which other lands had offered him, he passed almost imperceptibly towards that rest for which he had begun to look and long. Far away now, the time when his young buoyant spirit had chafed and fretted against the dreary home life, the low-minded wife, the childless house. Patience had done her perfect work in the beautiful character, so lofty in imaginative power, so simple in faith and love, so mighty in its influence, yet so confined in its apparently petty outward conditions. He could look forward now with unalloyed peace to that 'blessed end' with the unseen presences of father, mother, friend, and angels, around him as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death. We may well think that the din and tumults of conflicting opinions have faded from his ears as he hears the voice which calls him to the Land where faith is lost in sight. The broad calm faith which has carried him safely through the stormy night in which so many others have made shipwreck of their spiritual lives, is not likely to fail him as the morning dawns for him over the fields of Paradise.

A rare soul was that of Albert Durer. One of those priceless characters his, which no sorrow embitters, no lovelessness chills, no evil overcomes,

no enthusiasm withers into fanaticism. Fresh and young to the last, he is always learning, ever receiving new impressions, and gathering in new sympathies, to throw them out again through the light of his own broad mind. 'With the hands of a craftsman and the soul of a king,'* had his lot fallen in an age and country such as Giotto's did, his work might have been as matchless.

In that last Lent of his life (1528) Durer had occupied his failing strength in painting a Christ bearing the Cross. Figure, dress, hair, all were finished; the Face he had lingered over, leaving it for his last meditation. But ere that Passion-tide was quite over, the tired hand was at rest for ever; the eyes, whose last earthly task had been to gaze on the Thorn-crowned Head, had re-opened their weary sight on the Vision of Beauty. His prayer had been heard, and he taken home to keep his Easter in the 'New Jerusalem.'

Along the 'Way of the Cross,' under the shadow of those wonderful 'Stations' of Adam Kraft's, they carried him to his rest in the ancient cemetery of St. John. Pirkheimer wrote the short inscription, which marks the grave of his 'dear friend, now dead in the Lord.' Scarcely two years after, he was laid by Durer's side.

(To be continued.) A. C. Owen.

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER XI.

The heartiest of welcomes awaited Sir James Brooke on his return to Saráwak, in 1848. The people, in large numbers, met him far out at sea, and the hand-shakings and friendly greetings were overpowering. Then came a great day, when the country gathered to receive from their Raja a national flag; and as its device—a red and purple cross on a golden ground—unfolded before their admiring gaze, to listen while he told them his earnest hope that it might prove to them a glory and a protection, as for so many years the flag of England had been to her; that by the help of England he would make their seas as safe as the Channel of his own land; and that he looked forward to the time when Saráwak should be still more prosperous than she had yet become, and have abiding peace in all her borders. Loud acclamations followed the speech, every man in that vast throng feeling himself raised in the scale of humanity, no longer a unit, but linked in a bond that united him to his fellow, and met and centred in his Raja.

Appreciated at home, and idolized in his adopted country, Brooke

* See an Article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1861, on Albert Durer.

threw himself heart and soul into the now enlarged sphere of his work, fearing, meanwhile, nothing worse than a lukewarm support from the Government of England, which would inevitably cramp his efforts, and hinder the full benefit that his continually growing influence over the native races might otherwise effect. It was not long before this fear was justified; and his letters contain complaints that will come home to many a man who has been stationed on the world's outpost duties. Orders, he says, are sent him to visit certain localities, and it is essential that he should do so; but he can get no vessel to go in, and yet without one he is helpless. As long as there was a mere flag-staff at Labuan, force was at hand; but as soon as it became a settlement this was withdrawn, and the defence left to half a dozen marines and a few sailors. It would be better, he thinks, that Government should do nothing, than attempt measures good in themselves, but ruined by the weak and imbecile execution.

In January, 1849, there being no naval force to check them, the pirate communities again held up their heads; and early in March news reached Saráwak that one hundred prahus had captured six or seven boats, slaughtered the crews, and then entered Sadong river, where they had killed upwards of one hundred men, women, and children, making in all about three hundred innocent lives sacrificed in less than three months. Collecting what force he could among the natives, the Raja started in pursuit; but he was not strong enough to carry on more than what he terms a *peddling* war, until July, when H. M. S. Albatross, commanded by Captain Farquhar, and H. M. sloop Royalist, were sent by Admiral Collyer to his assistance, together with the Nemesis. On their arrival, the whole force of Saráwak, eighteen prahus, mustered; and together they left Kuching, being joined, as they proceeded, by the native allies from Lundu, Linga, Samarahan, and other places. On the night of the 31st, they fell in with one hundred and fifty pirate prahus, returning home with plunder and captives, when a fierce combat ensued; for the pirates, finding their retreat cut off, fought with desperation. Overpowered at last, some two thousand contrived, under cover of the darkness, to reach the shore, taking refuge on a narrow isthmus where every man could have been destroyed. The Malays were urgent on the Raja to let them do so; but his object was to deter, not to exterminate, and judging the punishment to have been severe enough, he resolutely stayed the pursuit.

These pirates were chiefly from Sarebus; but some also came from Sakarran, where the old spirit, though much changed, still occasionally broke out. The result of this chastisement was all that could be wished; and early in 1850, the Raja wrote from Labuan to his sister, Mrs. Johnson:—

This great evil, (piracy,) thank God, appears to be drawing to a close; and all along I have been so resolute to crush it, that I have risked life and borne

with malicious tongues to effect a great object. I have all along known the extent of the mischief, and the utter folly of expecting to do by preaching what could be only done by force. You might as well preach the Emperor of Russia out of his ambition, or stop a predatory horde of Tartars with a tract, as turn these pirates from their love of plunder and blood (renown they call it) by gentle means. *Now* I can afford to be merciful without sacrificing the innocent to the guilty; and you, my sister, know that by nature I am neither harsh nor cruel, nor likely to misuse the power I possess by over-severity. I am convinced that men, however strong their impressions of justice and mercy may be intuitively, rise in their notions and apprehensions of these qualities, by practice on a large scale, and become less apt to confound them. I really hope I improve, and perceive more clearly what is due to my fellow creatures, and that I have nerve and firmness to do now what I should have shrunk from a dozen years ago. I hope, too, that I improve in being more regardless of the consequences which may accrue to myself from acting rightly, and less inclined to follow my bent of adulterating justice by a mixture of spurious compassion. Justice should be tempered by mercy, but should never be warped by it.

We must now turn to the 'malicious tongues' alluded to in this letter. Shortly after the Raja's return to the East, he had reason for renewed dissatisfaction with his agent, Mr. Wise, who, as principal director of the Eastern Archipelago Company, appeared totally unable to account for a large sum of money, that had gone on accumulating year after year, from the sale of antimony ore and other produce. Added to this, and more serious in the Raja's eyes, was the fact, that owing to the mismanagement of this company, an Englishman's word began, for the first time, to be doubted in Saráwak. With that under-current of chivalry, that so strongly pervaded his nature, he deemed himself responsible for every European who had to do with the country; and now, when appealed to, he wrote to Mr. Wise, pointing out, but in the kindest manner, the harm that was being done, and finally requesting him to make over his accounts, &c., to another, and to consider the connection with himself closed. On receiving this letter, Mr. Wise only waited to make sure that the decision was final, before he threw off the mask of friendship for the bitterest hostility. The money in question was never accounted for.

Long before this, Mr. Templer's distrust of the man had been aroused, and again and again he had tried to warn his friend. But the Raja was habitually unsuspicious; with him it was enough to fight an enemy when he appeared openly as such; a fair combat was not unpleasant, and he did not, perhaps, sufficiently remember that Europe, as well as Borneo, might have its Makotas. He felt under obligations to his agent for many exertions in his behalf; and bearing these in mind, he made allowance for what seemed to him peculiarities, and even heard unmoved that Mr. Wise was secretly giving out, in various quarters, that his opinion of the Raja was entirely altered, and that the country was deceived.

It is evident that Mr. Wise himself was a disappointed man. He had pushed and struggled to bring his client into notice, had praised

him as more than human, and Saráwak as a Paradise Regained. Brooke was a good speculation, and to be treated accordingly. To a great extent he had succeeded; the attention of the country was aroused, confidence in the Raja acquired; money would now be a matter of course, and as it flowed in he (Wise) could hold the purse. Nothing, in his judgement, was wanting, save that Brooke should behave with common prudence; and to refuse to join the Company was simple madness. Why need the Raja trouble himself about possible risks to other people's money—it was everybody's business to look after his own, and not at all necessary to worry himself about his neighbours—possible harm to reputation, possible injury to Saráwak from a too speedy influx of wealth? Why need he be always insisting that certain courses, which all the world allowed, were not perfectly straight-forward and entirely honourable? If he chose to set up for himself an impracticable standard, he had, at least, no right to be a mar-plot in the way of one who had so slaved for him; and the mere fact of his standing aloof from the prepared speculation, would deter many from joining in it.

We have seen that from the beginning there was no absence of remonstrance from the Raja. In vain were all warnings; Mr. Wise shut his ears, and reiterated his assurance that he would make him 'one of the wealthiest commoners in England.' Brooke would hardly have been human had he not felt the temptation. He had the natural ambition of an able and vigorous man, who finds himself in a position of power and influence, and that position a self-made one. Wealth for its own sake, was in his eyes a very poor thing; but wealth that could be employed for the happiness and advancement of others, had an attraction that to some minds would have proved overwhelming. But through years of anxiety, crippled continually by the want of means, he struggled on, and never

> 'Sold the truth to save the hour,
> Nor paltered with eternal God for power.'

You may rightly reap an advantage from this or any other enterprise of a similar nature, (is one of his many replies to Mr. Wise,) but so essentially different is the position in which I am placed, that I could not do so without the loss of reputation, not only in the opinion of the world, but likewise in my own estimation. I am pledged to the good government of Saráwak, and I am bound not to risk the welfare of this people for any motives, whether of cupidity or of ambition. I repeat again, I can in no wise participate in profits which may arise out of the formation of a company, or any other project which may be started in England, for it is incumbent on me to remain independent.

Writing in February, 1850, to Captain Mundy, we find him looking back on the past.

Luckily I have preserved the correspondence between us (himself and Mr. Wise) for some years; and this alone will explain, to the satisfaction of every man of honour and common honesty, his objects, *my temptations*, and my conduct. If I thought it necessary to raise myself in the good opinion of my

friends, I would shew them a correspondence not uninteresting in itself, and which might serve as a beacon to all men who may be placed in such a situation. Thank God, I was not caught by the golden bait; and yet a man more eager and sanguine than myself might have been caught without guilt. He might have been caught by the prospect of an enlarged sphere of usefulness, by the desire of doing good, mixed by an ambition of no evil kind. I escaped, partly from my indifference to money, partly from some peculiarity of opinions, and partly and principally from taking a very decided view of my real position.

In November, 1849, Mr. Wise broke ground by a formal letter to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, accusing Sir James Brooke of complicity in proceedings 'not more inconsistent with his previous profession as a Christian philanthropist, and unjustifiable on the ground of justice and humanity, than they are unwise, impolitic, and mischievous, as affecting commerce and civilization, and the high reputation of this country.'

It is not necessary to dwell long on the tortuous course of Mr. Wise's further proceedings. The whole matter is laid bare in the *Private Letters of Sir James Brooke*, edited by Mr. Templer, published in 1853. One specimen shall be given of the tactics resorted to. In 1846 a packet of the Raja's letters fell, through a great inadvertence, into his agent's hands. Written in the openest confidence, as one friend will do to another who he knows will understand the words because he understands the writer; men and matters were alluded to in these as the feeling of the moment dictated, and in the confidence that strong expressions would be discounted by the character of the man who employed them. Desired by Mr. Templer at once to give up the packet, Mr. Wise made answer, that finding himself mentioned unfavourably, he considered he had a right to retain it, and only under a threat of immediate legal proceedings yielded. Writing at the time to the Raja, he simply complained that such letters should be shewn about. On this, Brooke expressed his surprise and regret, and begged his friends to be careful, and not to say or do anything that would imply distrust of his agent. The matter seemed to pass over, and Mr. Wise went on as before; but he had surreptitiously copied these letters, and five years later they were made to serve his purpose. Through the medium of a newspaper at Singapore, that set itself to write down Sir James Brooke, sentences torn from their context, and playful allusions to the peculiarities of public men, were published as occasion served, and at times most likely to aggravate. Such was the man whom Mr. Joseph Hume and others, in and out of Parliament, suffered to stir them up to the attack.

The charges brought against the Raja, in the House of Commons, by Mr. Hume, on his motion for a Commission of Inquiry, were briefly these:—

I. He had destroyed the Sarebus and Sakarrans as pirates, when they were not pirates, but merely indulging in harmless intertribal wars.

II. He exercised undue influence over the officers of the Royal Navy, to aid him in his designs.

III. As a Government servant he had been improperly engaged in trading speculations, to the detriment, rather than to the advancement, of British commerce.

The hot blood of those days has cooled now, and judging by the tone of the various biographical notices of the Raja, it would seem as though one doubtful point alone remained, and quietly imbedded as this now lies, it proved, at the time, no ineffective weapon in hands that scrupled at nothing. By Act of Parliament, prize-money was given for each pirate killed; and it was not difficult to lead the misinformed to the conclusion that Sir James Brooke had a pecuniary interest in the matter.

That the system of granting prize-money, other than in time of war, is liable to abuse, we cannot well deny, with the cries of certain poor Red Sea pearl-divers, mistaken for slavers, ringing in our ears, not to speak of various other uncomfortable stories that crop up, although not admitted into our newspapers. But in the first place, it was proved beyond all doubt, that in every action sanctioned by the Raja, the men attacked were pirates in the strictest sense of the word; and in the second place, not one farthing of this head-money, as it was called, was ever claimed or received, by him or by anyone about him. It was the privilege of the officers and men of the Royal Navy, and of none besides.

There are so many of his letters written during these years, that shew the spirit in which he bore his troubles, that selection is somewhat difficult. The following are, however, fair samples:—

Do not imagine that this (clamour) disturbs my repose properly so called. No man conscious of right motives is likely to be chicken-hearted; and for my part I am no tame lion, to be cowed by the baying of a pack of hounds, or the shouts of the huntsmen, and I would turn round and rend my pursuers, or give them such gentle pats with my affectionate paw as to teach them truth and manners; but the misfortune is, they are baying on the other side of Lake Atlantic, and won't take water, whilst I cannot. What would you advise me to do then? Do you advise patience, or ferocity, or facts, or an action-at-law?

I am supported by the consciousness of being of use to thousands of my fellow-men, and I can judge the difference between the good and the bad amongst whom I live, in the same way as the erudite philanthropists distinguish the police from the swell-mob, or the Lord Chief Baron from a felon. My astonishment is that all this outcry is raised in the name of philanthropy. We really must have some new names for the virtues as opposed to the vices, for fear of their becoming utterly confounded.

I do not doubt the good sense of the country; but I begin to feel there is no distinction, no wealth, no sphere of usefulness, which can repay a gentleman for the disgrace of his name and character bandied about in the mouths of demagogues.

I sincerely desire to see my way clearly, and to do my duty without being influenced by passion or any other base motive; and I am quite certain that the sort of ambition which would influence the multitude, and be attractive to

men of my class and rank, would not sway me for an instant. As long as I am out of the world, I can set a right value on its distinctions and applause. I would not answer for myself, if drawn into the vortex of paltry ambition or personal rivalry, for I have passions strong enough to mislead me, and an imagination vivid enough to convert tinsel into gold, and to deck the struggle of faction or opinion with the halo of principle. Lucky, therefore, I esteem myself that I am far from the scene of petty strife, and able to devote myself to the performance of actual and tangible good in Saráwak and its neighbourhood.

The time will come when no gentleman will serve the public, and your blackguards and your imbeciles may have a monopoly of appointments; though I believe there is not a cozy demagogue amongst the pack who would lead the life I lead for double the lucre I receive. It would not suit any of these ranting lovers of peace and popularity, either in its exposure to danger and climate, or its monotony. What do they know of the jungle—its sights, or its sounds, its intense quiet at mid-day, or its noisy waking at daylight and at set of sun! Away with them, dear Jack, let's banish their worldly ambition, their love of pelf, their noisy excitement, the breath of their declamation, the shadows they pursue in the midst of empty sound and turmoil, their calculating heads, and hard hearts—let us banish all these far from us, and look for peace and beauty and God in this lower world.

And so indignation struggled with philosophy, while softer feelings too found utterance, and a warmth of gratitude to the friends whose staunch affection seemed to him to overbalance a thousand-fold the pain of the most virulent attack. To Mr. Templer he wrote—

I do not attempt to thank you, for I am unable to do so; but I feel that I like to be obliged to you.

And in a later letter:

I often think what would have been the end had I not had you to advocate my cause, and to arrange a defence against this unworthy and malignant persecution. I should have been condemned unheard—too proud to volunteer a defence, and too careless and too ignorant to seek the means necessary for rebutting false accusations. *And this would have been justice!* I often ask myself, How can these men, Hume and Cobden, reconcile it before God to their own consciences to denounce an absent man, or to condemn a man unheard? And this is what they call fair play, and manly English feeling! They preach of peace, whilst they banish charity from the earth.

Worse abuse than even that he received would have had no power to turn him from his purpose. What that purpose was we have partly seen. The seas of the Eastern Archipelago should be made safe to the unarmed trader of any nation; treaties of friendship and commerce be entered into with all Eastern States willing to do so, and once entered into, be religiously kept. England should be a real power in those quarters; not necessarily increasing her territory, but gathering influence everywhere from a policy at once vigorous and generous, and using that influence for the benefit of all. The whole coast of Borneo should be civilized, and advances made into the interior; and this by peaceful measures, now that the rough work was done.

Thwarted, opposed, fettered, he laboured on to these great ends, now and again half repenting that he had ever undertaken to do England good against her will, and almost determining to throw up his appointments and confine himself to Saráwak.

Remember (he writes) my love of books, of quiet, of the society of a few friends, the joy I have in nature. Why should I sacrifice these pleasures and feelings for anything short of a positive and tangible life of usefulness? Men often deceive themselves with the idea of their usefulness and the value of their services, and cloak under it a warm spring of ambition; but I do not deceive myself. If I am ambitious at all, it is on such a grand scale as to scorn stars, garters, and coronets. I feel very like simple *honest J. B.*, though I am an acknowledged sovereign by the United States.

In 1851, failing health, and the wish to be on the spot to rebut accusations, brought him home. The continued strain on mind and body had proved too much.

I try to bear as well as I can, (he wrote to his friend,) and not to complain; suffering is good for us all, for it lifts the veil which hides eternity, and makes us desire an existence better and beyond this one. . . . . Tell your father to talk to me—*i. e.* my likeness—sometimes; the idea gives me pleasure.

He reached England in May; and in July Mr. Hume brought on his motion for the last time, when, after a debate of seven hours, it was, as before, thrown out, this time by 230 to 19.

Triumphant as was the victory, it yet served to increase the rancour of his enemies; the press war raged more violently, and his character was assailed in unmeasured terms; while Mr. Hume, backed by Mr. Wise and his co-directors of the Eastern Archipelago Company, gave Government no peace.

Later on in life, when broken by long sickness, and weary with the heat and burden of the day, the Raja would liken himself to George Eliot's old miller, who found 'the *raskills* too many for him;' but at this time any amount of *raskills* were welcome to come on; and the E. A. Co. found, before long, that they had better not have ventured within reach of the lion's paw. 'Let us have a look at their charter,' he said one day to Mr. Templer; 'don't you think we may find a hole in their armour?' And a hole indeed his quick glance discovered, in the unfulfilled condition that £30,000 should be subscribed. They have never subscribed £30,000, not £3000; I'll vacate their charter for them!' he exclaimed; and in fact, the Court of Queen's Bench did vacate the charter for breach of condition, the decision being affirmed in the Exchequer Chamber by the majority of eight Judges to one. Sir James was the principal witness against the Company; but they did not dare to cross-examine him, and he gave his evidence so quietly, and with such point, that few could have guessed at the resolute will that prompted the answers.

Happily, it was not all reproach and opposition. A large body of

London merchants, wishing to mark their sense of his great services, gave him a public dinner on April 30th, 1852. There is something painfully touching in the closing words of his speech on this occasion. 'I have only now, Gentlemen, to implore you, not only in my own name alone, but in the name of those who, like myself, have suffered from the license of men's tongues—I implore you not to believe what is said of an absent man, unless it be proved. Pause long, consider well, before you give ear to a slander affecting a man of integrity. Do not disgrace your public servants by inquiries generated in the fogs of base suspicions; for, remember, a wrong done is like a wound received—the scar is ineffaceable. It may be covered by glittering decorations, but there it remains to the end.'

In April, 1853, the Raja was on the eve of return to Saráwak, when, ten days only before the date of departure, of which he had previously informed the Government, information reached him through an indirect channel, that Ministers had decided on granting the Commission of Inquiry into his conduct, without further appeal to Parliament. From himself there had evidently been a studious concealment of this intention; no fresh light whatever had been thrown upon the subject, but Mr. Hume had gained his point by simple dogged pertinacity, and Government gave way to a cry. The inquiry had been decided on three weeks before; but apparently none had been willing to acquaint the Raja with the fact.

To delay departure was useless, and he sailed on the appointed day, resigning his post of Governor of Labuan, and retaining those of Commissioner and Consul General, only for the convenience of Government, until they could appoint a successor. He could not see on what basis he could in future serve, unless his position was defined, and some assurance given of return of confidence.

I know nothing of the Commission, (he wrote from Singapore,) as it puts me in a fever of indignation; for though reason comes out in the market-place, and convinces me that it is the best thing that can happen for myself, and perhaps for the poor people, yet men are blessed or cursed with feelings and passions, and an injustice is hard to bear and hard to forgive, particularly when it is accompanied by every circumstance of concealment and of needless disgrace and pain—disgrace, so far as the opinion of the world can inflict it.

With such feelings as these, but yet clinging to the hope that old England was better than she seemed, and that sooner or later she would wake to the consciousness of her injustice, the Raja reached Saráwak. He had not felt well on the voyage, and within sight of the country, what appeared to be a slight attack of small-pox shewed itself. His first care, on landing, was to send away all who had not had the disease; but Mr. Arthur Crookshank, and three of his old followers, were not to be so easily disposed of. Instead of a slight attack, it proved a very severe one. There was no European doctor then in the country, and the only resource was an Arab, who followed the native treatment.

For many days the Raja lay between life and death, unconscious of the voice of slander, unconscious equally that from every soul in Saráwak that knew of his state, a cry was going up to the Unknown God, that in mercy his life might be spared; while alms were given, and solemn vows made, for his recovery. Night and day, unweariedly, Mr. Crookshank watched over his friend, till the fever and delirium subsiding, the Raja woke to find himself covered from head to foot with the terrible disease, and to strive, though feeble as an infant, for resignation to a higher will.

The steadfast love of the people, that shewed itself in all manner of ways during this illness, was very soothing; and at a distance from the strife of tongues, he grew to be able to regard the Commission with more calmness. There was everything to cheer him as he looked around and marked the peaceful advancement; while, even in the piratical settlements, so great a change had taken place, that in a few years no force to check depredations ought to be needed.

In September, his health being partly restored, and his appearance, according to his own account, 'not hideous, only simply ugly,' he went to Brunéi. The old Sultan was dead, and Pangeran Mumim the nominal ruler. Rumour, of course exaggerated, of the distrust and displeasure of the English people towards the White Raja, had reached the place, and been circulated widely by the old piratical party; but Brooke's influence was too well founded to be easily shaken, and inviting the chiefs to come together, he had a satisfactory talk with them all. At Saráwak, on his return, a gathering of a similar kind took place, when the old Datu Patingi remarked that the white men in England must be fools, and were giving themselves a great deal of trouble about nothing.

The Commission of Inquiry, appointed through the Bengal Government, and under the presidency of Mr. Prinsep, met in 1854, at Singapore, where a party bitterly hostile to Sir James Brooke then existed. On his side, however, were some of the most respected and influential merchants, foremost among whom was Mr. William Read.

At home, Mr. Templer finding all attempt to stop the Commission useless, indignantly told the Government that he could not undertake to say that his friend would appear. Though a British subject, he was also an independent ruler, and it was possible he might refuse their jurisdiction. Were this the case, it would, of course, be open to them to take Saráwak; they must please themselves in that matter.

Whether he could be at the same time a British subject and independent, was a question the Raja had often pressed on the Government, but no decided answer was ever given. He had no thought of refusing to appear; on the contrary, matters having gone so far, he was only anxious that every inquiry should be made; but as Singapore was chosen, and he had no vessel at his own command, he hoped the British Government would allow one to take him. Would it be proper, he asks Mr. Templer, to make such a request? I do not know how this was

arranged, but to Singapore he came, and the inquiry began. Every charge was disproved, amply and thoroughly; but by way, perhaps, of doing something, the Commissioners recorded their opinion that the position of Sir James Brooke was an anomalous one. During the progress of the trial, a Dutch gentleman high in office in Java, who happened to be at Singapore, came forward of his own accord, and gave the most unqualified testimony to the atrocities perpetrated by the pirate hordes, and to the boon conferred on all European commerce by the Raja's measures and influence. Evidence, that came with no small weight, from one of a nation that had all along looked on Sir James Brooke's presence as opposed to their interests, and whose representations to the British Government had been one of the many obstacles in his career.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VII.—CULTURE.

After all, the true way to make lessons interesting, is to let the young people fall naturally in the way of cultivated conversation. When 'George Eliot' shews Mrs. Holt curtseying to a cast of a satyr under the impression that he was an eccentric ancestor of the family, she shews that vast difference in culture which renders instruction so very shallow in those who do not belong to families where matters of art or literature come into daily life. Anyone who has tried to teach poor children history or geography perceives this. They can apprehend the facts with as much intelligence as their contemporaries of higher rank, but they forget them instantly, because there is nothing connected with them in their daily life, and no one at home would care to hear of them; and this indifference prevails a good way above poverty. If the parents and the society care for cultivation, nothing is so good for the intelligence of their growing girls as to be allowed to hear interesting conversation, not necessarily joining in it, but being taught to think it a privilege to sit and listen, and being summarily prevented from chattering among themselves. This, by-the-bye, when begun as a school-girl habit, adheres for life, and becomes a nuisance, with the best intentions. Some of the best and kindest ladies in the world imagine that a person sitting silent must feel neglected, and will rush across to occupy, with some improvised commonplace, the ears that were eagerly listening to an interesting discussion. These are generally either people who have been secluded in the school-room all their girlhood, or else who have

belonged to large families, and been accustomed to keep up an undercurrent of whispers, while their parents and their guests were talking. Those who have never lived out of the school-room, nor shared their parents' interests, but have depended for conversation on a governess, who herself has no range beyond theirs, are often marvellously ignorant of common things, and the ways of ordinary life, not so much for want of having learnt them, or read them, as for want of seeing them put into practice.

Story-books are very apt, unkindly and mischievously, to make the governess disagreeable, by continually calling the children to order for their slip-slop speech, and by administering bits of information in the dryest manner. Now, if there is to be the culture of scenery and association in our lives, surely it is better to represent it as pleasant instead of oppressive to be shewn the curiosities, and taught the history of our cathedrals and ruins; and a person is hardly to be called properly educated who is bored by the real peculiarities of the sights she sees. Who does not know the difference between shewing a lion to an appreciative observer, and one to whom it is only gape-seed and an excuse for an expedition? And this power of intelligent observation can best be cultivated in children, by heedful attention; not tormenting or oppressing the holiday, but encouraging and following up the observations they are quite willing to make for themselves, though generally not at the time nor in the way their elders would cut out for them. Be content to accept their lead, and you can make a great deal of them—even though in the very midst they may turn into fairies, or anything else that is wholly irrelevant and frivolous. 'How to see sights' is no inconsiderable part of education.

There are two classes of intelligent seers: one whose bent is to what, for want of a better name, may be called the romantic; the other, to the scientific. Sometimes these meet in the same person, but not very often. The same, whether young or old, who is excited about the baron who defended the ruined castle, or the monk who built the abbey, will probably be uninterested in the curve of the arch that has defied time, or the plants that wave on the battlements; but provided there is some real notion carried away, what it is must be left to nature. Such a habit is important, not only for the actual information derived, (in itself a thing of small importance,) but because intelligent pursuits are among the minor distractions of grief or suffering, and no small aids in bearing up through many of the troubles of life.

Some good clear book on matters of natural science ought at some time to be read with the children, to prevent flagrant ignorance. 'Pictures of the Heavens,' or some other easy astronomical treatise, supplemented by the pointing out the constellations at night by the help of a celestial globe or Mr. Proctor's star maps, will spare the horrible blunders to be seen even in print—such as Mercury being detected near the top of the church tower in the middle of the night, new moons

shining at midnight, or full ones coming twice in a month. And what is far more, there is no study that so stretches the mind to the conception of Infinite Majesty. Wilson's 'Five Gateways of Knowledge,' and Macé's '*Morçeau de pain*,' translated by Mrs. Gatty, open the way to what it is expedient to know about our own bodies. Some sensible little book on botany should also be read, *not* one on the Linnæan system, as this only gives much machinery to be discarded; and some other on geology. I refrain from names, because these sciences are in a state of growth, which makes their rudiments change. If the child have a taste for any of these, it will be sure to pursue them; and the natural love of collecting may stimulate the latter. Botany and palæontology have this great merit, that collections involve no slaughter nor cruelty. My own feeling is strong that girls at least should be taught to feel life too sacred, even in a butterfly, to be sacrificed to their childish love of collecting. The strange delight of killing grows by gratification, and children get pitiless to the insect if once slaughter is permitted. Of course man's right over creation permits the killing of animals for use; and a scientific collection made when there is sense, capacity, and power to inflict death painlessly, is perfectly justifiable; but a child under fourteen or fifteen is not old enough to prove whether the desire to collect be merely imitation or greed of possession. I have known a family where caterpillars were nursed into chrysalides, and drawings taken of them in every stage, after which the butterfly was released. The collection so made is far more valuable and less perishable than if it had been of impaled butterflies. This mode of collecting should be cherished and assisted; but, in girls at least, the other should be stopped to the utmost; and with boys there should be strong restrictions against wanton destruction and needless cruelty, even if it be found impossible to prevent what they see others do. But the feminine creature should shrink from causing death for her pleasure.

Natural science must in its first laws be taught, but in the detail never forced on children, or they get a distaste for it. To be teazed with botany in walks leads to a dislike to it, though, if the child have a turn that way, she will be grateful for any wonder shewn to her in the flower she gathers.

Next come accomplishments. Of music I can say, because I know, little or nothing; but I believe the rudiments should be well taught, whether taste and ear exist or not. Afterwards, if talent be lacking, it surely is waste of time and money to insist on a girl's playing. And if she have the power, surely correct practice of real classical pieces, and study of the science, ought to come before the desire to amuse drawing-room guests with the *newest* thing. Thoroughness in music, as in everything else, is required, and all the more because it is often the readiest means by which a lady can assist in Divine Service. Her music is worth something when she consecrates it by playing the instrument or training the choir. Nor is it without its blessed use when it refreshes her wearied

father, or attracts her brothers to a safe and happy amusement, softening and elevating. The power of giving voice to praise is so precious, that it should ennoble the whole study, and be its prime object. The playing or singing to a party should be viewed as merely an incidental mode of giving pleasure.

It is not so hard to learn to draw properly as it used to be, now that few large towns are devoid of schools of art. It ought to be a universal art to be able to draw a straight line, to shade, and to produce a correct copy of an object. This is merely learning to see. Without some such training, the eye has no appreciation of what is before it, and unless naturally gifted, does not know how to look at a landscape or picture. This power of looking is much more important than the manual power of producing a drawing. That is to many an exquisite pleasure, but not to all alike; and those who do not care for it need not pursue the study further than is practically needed. Those who have a talent or taste will do wisely to work either at a school of art, or from models and simple copies. The old-fashioned girls-school drawing-master is happily nearly extinct. He was apt to be rather worse than no teaching at all. The wisest way for those out of reach of instruction is to get some good simple manual, such as Marcus Ward's, and work as exactly as they can; and as in common life as well as in greater things, 'to him that hath shall be given,' good instruction is likely to be attained by some chance that the diligent learner will thus be in condition to profit by.

Intelligent knowledge of art is a part of culture given indescribably. There is no good young person's history of art that I know of; and indeed, it would require illustrations that would make it too expensive. Londoners have opportunities in the public galleries; and when girls visit town, pains should be taken that they really see the National Gallery. The sight of the Royal Academy is an infinitely less useful achievement, and however desirable to their elders as food for conversation, can in the nature of things be only bewildering instead of instructive to unformed tastes. The National Gallery, well gone through, and *not* treated as gape-seed, is a key to volumes of art, and opens the mind to a sense of real beauty and greatness. Photographs are bringing the general form and distribution of the greater pictures home to almost everyone; and it is well to encourage collections of them; but the children should be taught to discriminate between real beauty and mere sentimental prettiness, such as will be apt to take their fancy; and if there are good books of reference within their reach, they should hunt up the subjects, and the histories of the artists, and by this means they may acquire a very tolerable knowledge of art.

Many children will produce exceedingly clever drawings when very young, but lose their taste for it when the drudgery of regular learning sets in. It is a curious thing that an exceedingly bad drawing (technically) will often be full of spirit and expression, which it is

impossible to repeat, even by the most complete transcript, which only gives the faults without the character. The lesson generally drives away this fire. The child who has carried out its idea of countenance or gesture with fashions of its own, is disgusted to be set to draw a box or an egg, and when next it betakes itself to the delineation of a battle or a beauty, it finds its newly acquired knowledge of the rules of drawing hamper its powers of expression. Unless duty and perseverance be strong, it 'does not care for drawing any longer.' Then it is well that the work should be compulsory, long enough to bear the pupil over the practical difficulties; and then if genius be really in him, it will come back, and the correct execution will be inspired by it. '*Cette vilaine bête est vivante et la mienne est morte*,' will often be true of the works of untaught talent and uninspired skill; but let talent never imagine that, in these days at least, fire and expression can be preserved without accuracy of drawing. It is a matter of conscience, to be *true* and painstaking in every point of a performance. And thus it is that the most conscientiously diligent children are often the least enterprising. They have an indolence of will, that shrinks from the trouble they know anything new will cost them; and so they hang back, while the slighter workers are ever beginning with zeal, and not considering the end. Nothing needs to be more carefully impressed than this perseverance. Either in an annual or the 'Contributions of Q. Q.' I remember a contrast between the little girl who did a few things thoroughly, and one who undertook many and completed none. To the one, a few perfectly finished gifts were awarded; the other, many more, but all useless because deficient in some member. Each was to be repaired as she finished.

Perhaps the conscience of thoroughness is the most important intellectual acquisition of early education.

(*To be continued.*)

LIGHT.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS AND ITS DISCOVERIES.

SINCE the beginning of this century Science has made rapid progress, and in every branch of it new theories have been started, new discoveries made, and new methods of investigation adopted.

With regard to the study of light, especially, much has been done, and success has gloriously rewarded those who have devoted themselves to the discovery of its nature and properties. The object of this essay is to give a short account of the results which have now been obtained, and of the aid which astronomy and chemistry have received from these researches.

The whole universe is pervaded by an 'elastic medium' called ether—a medium infinitely rare and subtile, which fills all space, and enters into the pores of every substance. The undulations of this ether produce light. The 'light waves' are set in motion by luminous bodies of a very high temperature, (such as the Sun,) and they differ in length, in intensity, and in velocity, from one another.

A certain number of vibrations must reach the eye in a second in order to produce the sensation of light, and if these impulses are fewer or more numerous they fail to produce it. The length of each wave or vibration of visible light varies from about $\frac{1}{39000}$th part of an inch, to $\frac{1}{57000}$th part. We know that light, though to us it appears white or nearly so, is in reality composed of all the colours of the rainbow, and these colours are due to the differences we have mentioned in the undulations. Sound and light are in many respects analogous; for as sound is transmitted through the air from particle to particle till it reaches the ear, so light passes on through the undulating ether till it reaches the eye. Light then, like sound, has no real substance, but is given out by a luminous body, as sound is by a sonorous one. But the ether being a far rarer medium than the air—rarer, in fact, than we can imagine—the velocity of light and the number of its vibrations are infinitely greater than those of sound. Light travels at the enormous rate of 186,000 miles a second, and its visible rays vibrate from 480 billion to 800 billion times in a second, the waves which vibrate most rapidly being also the shortest. The course of light when unimpeded is in a straight line, but it is *reflected* back from any hard or polished surface which it strikes, and it is *refracted* or bent aside, in passing from one medium, such as air, into another, such as glass or water. Its direction is parallel on emerging from the medium interposed, though not in the same straight line as before. When light is made to pass through a prism or three-sided wedge of glass, its refraction is changed. In this case the ray is bent towards the thicker end of the prism, and emerges more or less at right-angles to its entrance. All the light waves, as already shewn, are not alike; some are more refrangible than others: the longer and less rapidly vibrating red waves are less easily turned aside than the shorter violet ones; hence they are separated from each other, and instead of the single white ray which entered the prism there appears a coloured band of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, spread out at right angles to it. Newton was the first to discover this, and he termed the ribbon of light thus produced, the spectrum. By closing the shutters of a room and only allowing a single ray to pass through a vertical slit, and then interposing a prism in its path, this spectrum may readily be examined; but if a round aperture were made, the different colours would overlap each other. The separation of light into its different colours is termed the 'dispersion of light,' and it varies according to the width of the slit that is made, while the purity and brilliancy of the tints, which in the Solar spectrum are unrivalled, decrease as the

width of the slit increases. It is not possible to decompose any of the colours farther; for instance, orange cannot be reduced into yellow or red, and the supposition that there are only three primary colours is therefore untenable. Besides the visible rays of light, there are others which are invisible to us; these extend as far beyond the violet in the spectrum as the whole length of it from the red, and are called the ultra-violet rays, while those at the other end are known as the ultra-red ones. They may be divided into three kinds; the heat rays, the light rays, and the chemical rays.

The heat rays lie in the red, the ultra-red, and the orange, losing themselves in the yellow and green, and being most powerful in the ultra-red. The light rays lie chiefly in the yellow and green; and the chemical rays, or those which have the power of uniting or decomposing chemical substances, lie in the blue, indigo, violet, and ultra-violet portions of the spectrum. In parts of the spectrum two of these forms of action exist simultaneously; but it does not follow therefore that there is any difference in kind between rays of the same refrangibility, or that it would be possible to separate the red rays of light from the red rays of heat, for instance, although the entire group of red rays might be shut off.

It is not the sun's light only that emits rays of every degree of refrangibility. All solid or liquid bodies when in a state of incandescence do the same; and this may easily be proved by examining the rays given out by a candle through a spectroscope. But when the light of a glowing gas or vapour, or of a solid body reduced to that state, is examined, the result is very different; instead of a bright band of colour, there are only a few bright vertical lines here and there, varying in position according to the nature of the gas in question, for each gas or vapour emits rays of its own peculiar degree of refrangibility. Thus there are two kinds of spectra, the continuous one of solids and liquids, and the discontinuous one of gases. Before going any farther, it is necessary to explain what is meant by the absorption of light. Light is absorbed differently by different substances. The effects of colour are produced by its absorption by natural objects. In flowers, for example, the brilliant tints that we admire are not due to the flowers themselves, but to some inherent property in their substance, which causes them to absorb certain rays and to reflect others. Should the flower be blue and its leaf green, the former absorbs every ray but the blue which it transmits to us, and the latter all but the green rays. If the spectrum of light be seen through a liquid, its brightness is deadened in parts by it, according to the nature of the liquid; a greenish liquid partially absorbing all rays but the green ones, and so on. Colourless gases, like oxygen, only weaken light in its passage without absorbing any rays; but coloured ones absorb them in narrow dark bands, varying in position according to the nature of the gas.

The great discovery of Spectrum Analysis was made by Kirchhoff, an eminent German astronomer. He found that the dark lines which are

seen when light passes through any vapour, are precisely the same as those which the vapour emits when luminous. In consequence, each gas or vapour has the power of absorbing rays of its own degree of refrangibility, although it is perfectly transparent for any others. Sodium vapour absorbs the light given out by luminous sodium; iron vapour, the light given out by incandescent iron, &c. This phenomenon of changing the dark lines of the spectrum into bright ones, is called 'the reversal of the spectrum,' and on it are based the discoveries which follow. In 1802 Dr. Wollaston had ascertained that the Solar spectrum was broken by numerous dark lines, hardly perceptible to the naked eye, but easily to be seen through a microscope, and that the position of these lines never altered. Fraunhofer in 1814 made an exact map of more than six hundred of these, and called the principal ones after the letters of the alphabet from A to H. He proved besides that the same lines were present in sun-light, whether it was direct or reflected, while those in the spectra of the stars differed from one another, and from the Sun, in position; and he concluded from this that our atmosphere had nothing to do with their formation. Kirchhoff followed out Fraunhofer's investigations, and by comparing the absorption lines of various vapours and gases with the dark lines in the Solar spectrum, he was led to believe that substances such as compose our Earth were also present in the Sun. Taking sodium as an example, he found that the bright line given out by it when luminous, took the precise place of that dark line in the Solar spectrum, with which the absorption line of sodium vapour exactly corresponded. He inferred from this that sodium in a state of incandescence exists in the Sun, but that the light given out by it is arrested on its way to us by the sodium vapours that surround that luminary. Pursuing his researches with regard to other metals, he came to a similar conclusion respecting iron, potassium, calcium, barium, magnesium, and many more, and adopted an entirely new theory as to the Sun's physical condition. From its continuous spectrum, it is known that the Sun is a solid or liquid nucleus in a state of incandescence, emitting every kind of light; but owing to its extreme heat there extends around it an 'atmosphere' containing all the substances of the nucleus in a gaseous state. To reach us the rays must pass through this atmosphere; each vapour then absorbs exactly the light which it emitted when luminous, and thus the dark lines are produced. The Sun and the Earth then resemble each other chemically; and the fixed stars have spectra analogous to theirs, although varying extremely in the number and position of their dark lines; thus they differ in their chemical structure. Many of our terrestrial substances have been found by analysis to exist in them, while many absorption lines of unknown substances also appear. The different colours of the stars are now known to be owing to the differences in their physical constitution. For instance: in an orange star metals must predominate whose absorption lines lie in the blue and violet, and in a blue star those whose lines are in

the red, orange, and green. Huggins has proved this to be the case without exception.

There is still another discovery of Spectrum Analysis regarding the Sun. At the time of a solar eclipse, flame-like projections of a bright rose colour are seen around it, and these projections extend sometimes to a height of ninety thousand miles. The changes in their shape are so rapid, that they are noticeable even during the short period of an eclipse, and of late years much attention has been paid to them.

Without entering into a detailed account of these prominences, or of the method of observing them, it will be well to mention some of the results which have been arrived at by means of the spectrum. These projections are found, when examined by the spectrum, to consist of glowing gas, and principally of hydrogen, which envelopes the whole photosphere, or light-giving surface of the Sun. This gaseous envelope is called the 'chromosphere,' and by its frequent 'local accumulations' produces these immense flame-like projections. By the use of a greater number of prisms, and of coloured glasses to absorb all light but the red, a method is now known of examining the prominences in full sunshine, instead of waiting for the eclipses, as in former days; and thus our knowledge of their form and nature has been greatly increased. Their shape is usually either eruptive or vaporous, and it is proved by the wider lines in their spectra that they are more fiercely hot at the limb of the Sun than they are at their farthest extremity, for hydrogen has the property of increasing the width of its lines with an increase of temperature. Secchi supposes that between the chromosphere and photosphere Kirchhoff's absorptive vapours lie; but Lockyer, whose views differ entirely from Secchi's, considers that one rests immediately on the other. Besides shewing us the nature of any substance, be it a gas or a solid, the spectrum tells us whether that body is in motion or not, and whether it approaches or recedes from us. This is perhaps the most glorious achievement of modern science. It is found that the light received from a body which is moving towards us, differs from that of a body which is leaving us, much in the same way as sound varies whether it comes to or goes from us; and by following out this principle, Huggins shews that the star Sirius is at this moment receding from us at the rate of twenty-nine miles per second. Lockyer by a similar method has observed storms in the solar prominences.

There are many lines or 'bands' in the Solar spectrum which are not due to the Sun at all, but which are caused by the absorptive power of our own atmosphere. Brewster first noticed these in 1833, and found that they became darker and more numerous as evening approached, varying according to the position of the Sun in our heavens. It has since been proved, by the most careful observations, that the 'bands' are due to our atmosphere, and also that many of them are owing to aqueous vapours contained in it. Janssen, some years ago, by the help of the apparatus of the Paris Gas Society, was able to ascertain that light when made to

pass through an enormous column of steam, would produce many absorption lines identical with those in the Sun's spectrum; and he thus concluded that the 'atmospheric' or 'telluric' bands are due to aqueous vapours. As the Sun sinks in the horizon, these bands appear first in the violet and blue parts of the spectrum; the latter disappear, and the absorption lines advance toward the red. Dark bands are seen at the other side in the red, then in the orange, and at last the only part free from them is the greenish yellow. May not these absorption bands in our atmosphere explain the often-studied phenomena of the changes of colour in the glowing sky at sunset, better than all the ingenious theories hitherto imagined?

Now that the advances in astronomical knowledge owing to Spectrum Analysis have been sketched out, it would be well to consider the advantages which chemists derive from it. In the first place, it is the most exact method known of discerning the component parts of any substance; for as each emits its own peculiar light only when incandescent, a glance through a spectroscope will determine its nature. Till the use of the spectrum became known, many errors were necessarily made respecting the properties and distribution of metals; sodium, for instance, was considered rare, and lithium was only known to exist in four minerals. It is now known that the former is as common as the air we breathe, that it is present in almost every substance, and that it is difficult to produce a spectrum free from it. Lithium, too, is a widely distributed element. The spectroscope has shewn its presence in many substances, in which the large amount of sodium or other metal united with it, had hitherto prevented its detection when examined by means of a flame. Now the minutest grain of lithium can be discerned by the red light which it emits. Four new metals have been discovered by examining the spectrum—cœsium and rubidium in mineral waters, and thallium and indium in iron pyrites and zinc blende. When the use of the spectroscope becomes more universal, it will be doubtless of the greatest use with regard to physiology and pathology, and in medical investigations.

F. A.

THE WILBERFORCE MEMORIAL FUND.

He, for whom many hearts are sore,
Gone from so many places,
The great cathedral's crowded floor,
A hush of upturned faces;

The village church where children knelt
Beneath his hands' o'ershading,
And rugged men sweet comfort felt,
Or tender true upbraiding.

W. Alexander, D.D., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and C. F. Alexander.

THE writer is well aware that the honoured name which stands at the head of this paper carries in itself far more weight than words of hers

could ever do; yet still she would offer a short explanation of what seems but too little known or understood—the Wilberforce Memorial Fund.

It is intended to be the national, the pre-eminent memorial amongst the many which loving hearts would erect to the dear memory of Bishop Wilberforce.

The scheme of the Committee is—

I. To raise a Fund for the maintenance of a body of Clergy for Home Missionary work in the Diocese of Winchester, *especially* for the South London portion of it, to be chosen and appointed by the Bishop of the diocese, and under his direction to carry on such Missionary work there, as he, with the consent of the Incumbents of the several districts, may appoint them.

II. To provide a suitable house for the Missionaries in South London, to be called the WILBERFORCE HOUSE,* as a centre for their work.

Such a scheme as this would meet a great and pressing necessity†—the population of the Surrey side of London has increased, and still increases at a rate more than double that of the East of London; in the ten years from 1861 to 1871 the increase has been of 127,593 souls, for whom no Church privileges, no spiritual care whatever, has been provided, as in 1861 the Church had not yet overtaken the increase of population in the previous ten years.

The Surrey side of London, less known even than the East to the more wealthy and better cared-for part of the Metropolis, has a teeming, struggling population, consisting chiefly of the very ignorant and the very poor, amongst whom the Clergy, planted singly here and there, in districts of thirty-nine thousand and twenty-six thousand inhabitants, carry on the great battle; though single soldiers can hardly do more than hold each their posts against the armies of evil. To carry the war into the Enemy's country is the needful point, to recover by great efforts what long neglect has let slip. The Bishop of London's Fund confines its operations to the *Diocese* of London, and does not, as many think, extend to the southern part of the city. Southwark, Lambeth, Battersea, Brixton, Bermondsey, and other great districts, with their poverty, their narrow streets filled with a well-nigh heathen population, their few churches and their over-worked clergy, all belong to the Diocese of Winchester. Well may they cry to us across the Thames, 'Come over and help us.'

The late Bishop of Winchester, ever ready to start a great venture for Christ, opened a fund for the South of London, by the agency of which eight Missions were set on foot there, and are doing a good work.

The Bishop threw himself into this work with the energy, the zeal, the love, and the rare skill which were peculiarly his own. He spent himself for this portion of his diocese, preaching in it, visiting it,

* The house is bought, and ready for the work.

† See the speech of the Archdeacon of Surrey, now Bishop of Guildford, at the meeting held at Willis's Rooms, December 2nd, 1873.

confirming in it, holding meetings for it, cheering its over-pressed clergy with his sweet and ever-ready sympathy.

On its behalf he preached one of the last sermons that those who hung upon his words were, alas! to be permitted to hear. On the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, July 6th, he preached in St. Mark's, (North Audley Street,) on behalf of a Mission in Southwark, such a sermon as he, and he only, could preach, on St. Luke, xv. 7.

Should any see this paper who heard him then, I would ask them to read no further, but to recall his words, and once again hear the Bishop speak.

Thirteen days after that sermon, he, who all his life 'walked with God, was not, for God took him.'

How hard, and at what cost to himself of fatigue, illness, and ceaseless toil, he strove for that neglected, disheartening portion of his great diocese, none can fully know, but the Master Whom he served so entirely.

Now that he who was the mainstay as well as the founder of the South London Fund, he in whom everyone had an instinctive trust that whatever he set going he would carry through to a prosperous issue—now that he is gone and we are left behind, the duty belongs to each and to every member of the Church to take up and continue this work which he had at heart. To those especially who have ever been permitted to learn from him, of whom it may be well said, 'Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,' is this duty pressing. Above all, it has a near and urgent claim upon those—and there must be many amongst the readers of this magazine—who owe to the Bishop an undying gratitude for words spoken at their Confirmation. It would be well if the hundreds whom he confirmed raised among themselves sufficient money to take some special part in the Memorial—as for example, to give the Chapel of the Wilberforce House; I do not doubt that, whether for this special object, or for the general Memorial, a large sum would easily be forthcoming, and that those on whom he poured out, at that critical time of their life, the treasure of a matchless eloquence and love, would gladly embrace an opportunity of shewing their thankfulness for the high privilege of having been confirmed by Bishop Wilberforce.

The principle of the Wilberforce Memorial Fund is one of which the Bishop himself always approved—a principle of growth; its general scheme is one which is known to have been after his own heart, he having suggested a similar plan for the memorial to Mr. Keble.

Should the answer to the appeal of the Committee be as liberal as they have a good right to expect, the Wilberforce House would extend its sphere of labour beyond South London and Winchester over all England. Nay, more—it is hoped that it may become a house from which Missionaries may be sent to foreign parts also; thus rendering it in truth an apt memorial of him, whose labours for the Church abroad can only be matched by his labours for the Church at home.

At present the subscriptions reach only (on a rough calculation) to £10,000, while the sum required is £50,000; this sum would surely be

raised, were the Memorial more widely known, and its scope better understood.

Subscriptions and donations may be sent to—Messrs. Herries and Co., King Street, St. James's; Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith, Lombard Street; Messrs. Deane, Littlehales, and Co., Winchester; or to Mr. H. G. Heald, Secretary, Office of the Wilberforce Memorial Fund, 21, Regent Street, on account of the Wilberforce Memorial Fund.

Even were it not connected with so great and so beloved a name, a work thus needful on a plan thus wise would at once commend itself to all who sincerely pray, 'Thy Kingdom come.' Linked as it is to the Bishop's memory, it appeals with a close personal interest to the earnest gratitude, the reverent love, the deep and enduring sorrow, of the entire English branch of the Church Catholic.

L. P.

RECOVERY.

How is it—for 'tis surely so—
  When, after days of grief and pain,
With languid limbs, and eager heart,
  We tread Thy lovely world again:
When prostrate 'neath th' ancestral trees
  On grass-green walk of garden fair,
We taste a blessedness and peace
  That in 'wild health' was never there;
That never tun'd our hearts to sing
  More than the notes of fav'rite song,
Or passing rapture, stifled quick
  Our ruder, earthlier thoughts among?
What is this transcendental joy,
  The stricken frame is trembling thro',
Till tears have wet the pallid cheek,
  Like the first fall of ev'ning dew,
When on the convalescent world
  With love reviving touch it cheers,
So we have made ourselves rejoice
  Less by our laughter than our tears?
What is it but the touch divine
  Our feeble flesh can scarce endure;
The sacramental grace of life,
  Too rich for souls so weak and poor;
The glorious signs of nature's God
  In nature's lineaments serene,

The creatures shewing forth the Love
Of God Beloved and Unseen—
Foreshadowing of the ecstasy?
If tears shall then our joy express,
When life's long day of sickness o'er,
We have no words our God to bless,
When in that garden's shadowy groves
We bask beneath the Saviour's smile,
Earth's pain one moment past and o'er:
Shall *Te Deums* then our hours beguile?
The first strange hours when, wond'ring, we
For very love would fain be still,
Nor yet could trust our dazzled eyes
With vision of That Face to fill!

M. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Madam,

In your excellent article on the education of girls, in the May Number of your Magazine, you speculate on the possibility of establishing good day-schools for girls, with boarding-houses attached, so as to unite the advantages of school and home life. I hope you will permit me to inform your readers that this plan has been already tried, and is found to work admirably.

The Cheltenham College for Girls, under the superintendence of Miss Beale, has now been established for many years, and has met with very great success. The College hours are from nine till one. The girls are divided into divisions, or classes, and each of these is under the supervision of a class-mistress, who teaches certain subjects, and sees that the pupils committed to her charge attend the lectures which are given by professors in the College. The pupils are examined by University examiners, who speak in the highest terms of the excellence of the teaching. Boarding-houses, sanctioned by the Council of the College, receive girls from a distance.

The Camden Road School for Girls, London, is on much the same principle as the Cheltenham College—only that there is no restriction of class among the pupils; while at Cheltenham, the daughters of gentlemen only are received.

Schools on the same plan have recently been opened at Chelsea, Manchester, and some other towns; and it is to be hoped that they will meet with such success, as to encourage the extension of the system to every large town in the kingdom.

No education can be so good as home education, where the governess is really a talented woman, has free access to a large and good library, and is willing and able to teach her pupils how to profit by it. But the cases where both these advantages can be combined are rare. Happily for themselves, most clever women can find some more congenial sphere for the exercise of their talents than teaching, which is, it must be confessed, a stupefying and depressing occupation; and in most private houses there are few books that are worth the trouble of reading. Children, too, are apt to despise that which use makes common; and however clever their governess may be, they will think more of the lessons of someone who does not

live in the same house with them than of any which she can give them. Then, too, as in these new day-schools all the lessons are given in the morning, the teaching is not the continuous grind which it is in home school-rooms, and the pupils are delivered from the dreadful sleepy afternoon lessons, which both teacher and taught in general regard with equal dislike and disgust. But what can a governess do? If she does not give her five or six hours daily teaching, the parents are sure to think she is not doing her duty by the children. It is useless for her to attempt to explain that more is gained in a short time of brisk work and close attention than by a whole day of droning.

May I be allowed to add a few words on the relations between governesses and the families in which they teach, (which at present are anything but satisfactory,) from the governess point of view. Speaking from my own experience, I should say that there is no infliction more painful after a long day's teaching—which implies, if the teaching be worth anything, some six hours constant speaking—than having to spend the few precious evening hours, the little shreds and patches of one's life that are all that one can call one's own, in helping to amuse a drawing-room full of people with whom one has no points of interest in common. How can a woman with a serious occupation be expected to find amusement by mixing in a society composed of men whose chief objects in life are shooting pheasants and sitting in judgement on poachers, and women who have no ideas beyond their visiting, their dress, and the state of their health? Then, too, it should be borne in mind, that the mere fact of dressing every evening where one has no maid to assist one, implies a considerable loss of time, trouble, and money. I think, for my own part, that it ought to be an understood thing that the governess should have her evenings undisturbed for reading and self-improvement, without which she would surely soon be unfit for teaching; and that when her employers wish for her society in the evening, to amuse either themselves or their guests, they should invite her to join their dinner-party, as they would invite any other lady of the same birth, breeding, and education.

One word more about the mother's place in the school-room. I think that most mothers would do well to spend most of their mornings there, if possible. By that means they would gain some knowledge of their children's characters and real abilities, as to which in general they are lamentably ignorant. They would also see how the teaching is carried on. At the same time, I do not see why a governess should be supposed not to know her own business, and to require help or supervision from the parents, any more than the housekeeper, the gardener, or the cook. Of course, now that the Universities examine and grant certificates to women, any governess who continues to teach without one does so at the risk of being thought half-educated or incompetent. In general, however, the salaries paid in private families are not such as to encourage well-educated or talented women to take up teaching as a profession; for it should be borne in mind that it leads to nothing, not even to an independence for old age, and that governesses are for the most part cut off almost as entirely from their own old friends as from the possibility of making new ones, or of establishing themselves by marriage.

In hopes that you will excuse me for thus trespassing on your space,

I remain, Madam,

Yours very truly,

MAGISTRA.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1874.

PSALM XIII.

(Usque quo, Domine?)

How long? how long? The months and years
  Move silently across the sky;
By day, by night, with sighs and tears
  I count the moments dropping by.

How long, O Lord! while thus I grieve,
  Time seems eternity; and yet,
I cannot make my heart believe
  That Thou, my Saviour, dost forget.

Consider how, in days gone by,
  The first meek breathing of Thy breath
Shook into light the sleeping sky,
  And startled all the shades of death.

And suffer not my watchful foes,
  Who think Thou wilt not, canst not save,
To have their triumph, more than those
  Who watched Thee in Thy garden grave.

Because in Thee I put my trust,
  I know I shall not weep too long;
Be merciful as Thou art just,
  And flood my grateful heart with song.

M. C.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER XIII.

St. Luke, iii. 23–38.

23 And Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli, ...

27 Which was the son of Joanna, which was the son of Rhesa, which was the son of Zorobabel, which was the son of Salathiel, which was the son of Neri, ...

31 . . . . which was the son of Nathan, which was the son of David,

32 Which was the son of Jesse, which was the son of Obed, which was the son of Booz, which was the son of Salmon, which was the son of Naasson,

33 Which was the son of Aminadab, which was the son of Aram, which was the son of Esrom, which was the son of Phares, which was the son of Juda,

34 Which was the son of Jacob, which was the son of Isaac, which was the son of Abraham, ...

38 Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.

St. Matthew, i. 1–17.

1 The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham.

2 Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren;

3 And Judas begat Phares and Zara of Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; and Esrom begat Aram;

4 And Aram begat Aminadab; and Aminadab begat Naasson; and Naasson begat Salmon;

5 And Salmon begat Booz of Rachab; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth; and Obed begat Jesse;

6 And Jesse begat David the king; and David the king begat Solomon of her that had been the wife of Urias; . . . . .

12 And after they were brought to Babylon, Jechonias begat Salathiel; and Salathiel begat Zorobabel; . . . . .

16 And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.

17 So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

'Have you done reading?' said Mr. Dalton, as he came in.

'We have been waiting for you,' said Cecilia, 'to tell us about the genealogies.'

'Oh, is that all?' he said, much to his daughters' disappointment. 'There is very little to tell.'

'But can you not tell us what makes the difference between the one here and that given in St. Matthew?'

'The one given here is that of Mary, not Joseph, is it not?' said May.

'Those who have most closely investigated the subject have come to the conclusion that they are both the genealogy of Joseph, and probably of Mary as well. She was certainly descended from David, and probably nearly related to Joseph, perhaps his first cousin; and if so, their ancestors, up to the last generation, would be the same. The Evangelists, who record what they had either seen themselves or heard from eye-witnesses, probably drew these genealogies from the Jewish archives, where the genealogies of men only were preserved, and were faithfully kept; and it is worthy of remark, that in the first days of Christianity, when these records were still in existence, the enemies of the Christians did not question the truth of both "genealogies."'

'But what makes the difference between the two genealogies, if they are both of Joseph?' said Cecilia.

'The best explanation I can find is, that the genealogy given by St. Luke is the actual descent of Joseph by birth; that of St. Matthew gives his descent, by inheritance, from the throne of David; the names which precede his, are not his actual ancestors, but those from whom he would have inherited the throne.'

'I do not quite understand,' said Cecilia.

'I will give you another instance. It is as if anyone were to give two genealogies of our present Queen; from James I., or still more remotely from Henry VII., (omitting those princes who were set aside at the Revolution,) the one would be traced downwards, naming the sovereigns who in turn succeeded to the throne, and as whose heir she has inherited it; the other would be traced upwards, naming her father, grandfather, and ancestors, by birth, many of whom were far removed from the English throne, till the two lines met in James I. when they would diverge again, to meet in Henry VII. The first of these methods is followed by St. Matthew, and proves that Joseph was the heir of David's throne; the second, by St. Luke, shews that he was lineally descended from David. This is the best explanation I have met with, the only one that really gets rid of the difficulties, and is so in harmony with the practice and feelings of the Jews, that I can see no reason against it. It would be no use taking you through all the names, many of which are difficult to identify, as the Old Testament names varied so very much; but I will point out a few.

'From Abraham, when St. Matthew begins, to David, are the same in both; if you look in the sixth verse of St. Matthew, you will find that Solomon is put down as the son of David, while in the thirty-first of St. Luke, Nathan is named. Nathan was probably the actual ancestor of Joseph, Solomon was the heir to the throne. This divergence would, of course, make a difference in their descendants. At length, in the twelfth verse of St. Matthew, we read that Jeconiah begat Salathiel;

in the Prophet Jeremiah it is foretold, that Jeconiah shall be childless; (Jer. xxii. 30.) the only way of reconciling St. Matthew with St. Luke, and with the prophecy, is by supposing, as I have already told you, that Salathiel, the descendant of Nathan, was the heir to Jeconiah, who would have ascended the throne had that ever been restored; and this method will explain any other differences you may find.'

'St. Luke traces our Lord's descent up to Adam,' said Ellen.

'He wrote for the Gentiles,' said her father; 'St. Mathew for the Jews, the descendants of Abraham.'

'I never could understand,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'why the genealogy of Joseph is twice given, and not that of Mary, when our Lord was, in reality, not the son of Joseph.'

'It has often puzzled me,' replied her husband; 'one reason of course is, that only the genealogies of men were preserved by the Jews; some have asserted that Mary was his cousin, and that therefore their ancestors were the same; and as the Jews so commonly married their near relations, this seems likely. Mary was, without doubt, descended from David, as Christ was certainly of the seed of David according to the flesh. A reason has occurred to me—namely, that these genealogies were given for the sake of those who believed, as most of those who knew Jesus did, that He was the son of Joseph the Carpenter, in order to remove any prejudices against Him on account of His lowly birth, and dwelling at Nazareth and in Galilee, by shewing that His reputed father was the heir of David's line; while those who knew the real story of His birth must recognize, at once, in Him, the Virgin-born, Immanuel, God with us.

'And remember, my dear girls,' he added emphatically, and looking earnestly at them, 'that we are descended from Adam, and partake his nature, not only in its sinfulness and corruption, but in its original creation, when God made him in His own Image. Most men take their tone, and habit of thought and action, in great measure from their parentage. If a man who is descended from honourable ancestors, who is the son of blameless parents, lead the life of a reprobate, such conduct in him shocks and startles us; though of another man, acting in the same manner, we might say that one could expect nothing better. This descent of good qualities is so constant, that a good name is a passport; and a man's character is taken on trust for its sake, till he has forfeited it. The members of a family are generally imbued with some common characteristics derived from their common ancestor; and again, many a man is kept back from evil almost instinctively, by the feeling that his father would not endure it. Then to what height of purity, of holiness, of likeness to God, ought we to attain, every one of us, who are descended from "Adam, which was the son of God"?'

'And now,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'we have come to the end of the chapter, and must leave off.'

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXVIII.

MÁTYÁS AND THE EMPEROR.

A. D. 1479 TO A. D. 1490.

As has been already said, Mátyás had made peace with Poland early in the year; and, having notified to the Teutonic Knights that they must expect no further support from him in their contest with that country, he felt that his northern frontier was thus secured from all danger, and that he might safely again turn his attention to the Emperor, who had long overpassed the time allotted to him for the payment of the war indemnity, though he had raised the money by the imposition of a heavy tax on the Austrian States. This of itself would not have been a sufficient cause for war; but Mátyás was also irritated by the Emperor's obstinacy in still protecting the traitor Beckensloer, who was to receive the Archbishopric of Salzburg as the promised reward of his treachery. The fact was, Beckensloer was too useful to be parted with; for he had furnished the Emperor with money for the Archduke Maximilian's wedding outfit, and had advanced considerable sums on various other occasions. Two Austrian Bishops, one of them the Archbishop of Salzburg, who had incurred the Emperor's displeasure by opposing Beckensloer's elevation, fled to Mátyás for protection, offering to receive Hungarian garrisons in their towns and castles; and of this proposal the King gladly availed himself, as a retort on Friedrich for his refusal to permit the conveyance down the Danube of certain war *matériel* required in an expedition to Bosnia.

All the towns belonging to the see of Salzburg were accordingly occupied by Hungarian troops, early in the spring of 1480; and the Emperor, though he complained loudly, found it impossible to obtain any redress or assistance, inasmuch as the German States seemed quite satisfied with the explanation given them by Mátyás, and made no response to his appeal for help. The Hungarian Queen, who was jealous of anything which diverted her husband's attention from the dangers which threatened her beloved Naples, succeeded in inducing him to enter into negociations; but to make these issue in a settlement of the quarrel was beyond her power. The Emperor was obstinate, and peace was impossible.

While this petty war was going on in Styria, Mátyás was also involved in a quarrel with Venice and the Pope, both of whom had withdrawn their subsidies from him, and had entered into a league against his father-in-law, Ferdinand of Naples. Venice had moreover

added yet another injury, by taking possession of the island of Veglia, lately bequeathed to Mátyás by the last Count of Frangepan. The King, however, might remonstrate as he would; his complaints made no impression in Rome, where Pope Sixtus was engaged in enriching his family, and in adding to the States of the Church, utterly regardless of Hungary's incessant struggle with the Infidel. But he was suddenly startled from his lethargy. Mohammed's fleet appeared on the coast of Apulia; twenty thousand men were landed: the town of Otranto was besieged, and on the 11th August taken by storm. In his first paroxysm of terror, the Pope would fain have fled from Rome and taken refuge in Avignon; and when he had a little recovered himself, he commanded the Italian States to make peace among themselves, and combine against the common foe. In his hour of need, he of course turned to the King of Hungary, who was besieged with urgent entreaties for help, and received many fair promises of support, if only he would attack the enemy. Nothing could be more welcome to Mátyás than this invitation; and very heartily he began his preparations, concluding a truce with the Emperor, entering into a league with the Princes of Italy, and at once despatching such troops as were at his disposal, with a promise of reinforcements, so soon as he should receive some of the promised subsidies from Rome. The remainder of the year 1480, and the first months of the succeeding one, he spent in the district bordering on the Danube and Save, collecting men and war *matériel*, and sparing neither trouble nor expense, while he daily looked for the money which was to enable him to deal such a blow at the Turkish power as should cripple it for ever. But he waited in vain! the short-lived energy of the Pope and the Italian States passed away, as if it had been due merely to the shock of a galvanic battery, and neither men nor money made their appearance. The disappointment of Mátyás was deep and keen in proportion both to his own enthusiasm, the reliance he had placed on the promises made to him, and the great schemes floating through his mind. There was an end, for the present at least, to all the possibilities of driving the Turks from Europe, of which he had been dreaming; and as the truce with the Emperor was drawing to a close, he determined if possible to settle matters with him, inasmuch as the see of Gran could not be filled up until Beckensloer had either resigned it or been formally dispossessed. Mátyás besieged Marburg in person; but just as the town was on the point of surrendering, a month's truce was brought about by the instrumentality of the Queen and the Papal Legate.

Meanwhile, in the night of the 5th May, Mohammed II. had died; and as his two sons Bajazet and Dzsem were fighting for the throne, the Pope enjoined peace on all the Princes of Europe, that they might seize this favourable opportunity of attacking the Turks. Mátyás was by him appointed leader of Christendom; but though he declared himself ready to accept the post, his bitter experience of the selfish indifference

of the European Princes forbade his indulging in any very hopeful anticipations of success. Nor was it long before he found his mistrust, at least of the Emperor, fully justified. At the intercession of the Pope, Mátyás had offered to bestow the bishopric of Raab on Beckensloer, and to allow him to retain the archiepiscopal title; but this concession did not satisfy the traitor, who required that the King should either reinstate him in the see of Gran, or else permit him to be made Archbishop of Salzburg without further opposition. This Mátyás refused; and in revenge, Beckensloer's troops fell upon the small Hungarian garrison left near Marburg, drove them out of Styria, and began plundering the border counties of Hungary. It was impossible that this breach of the peace should have occurred without the knowledge and connivance of the Emperor, and consequently the war broke out afresh. Still Mátyás did not lose sight of the Turkish campaign. The subject was brought before the Diet assembled at Buda in July; and the Bishops were bidden to see that their banderia contained the full complement of men, properly equipped for service. The Pope, in order to raise funds for the crusade, permitted the sale of an indulgence; and as, next to Hungary, Germany was especially exposed to the attacks of the Infidel, Mátyás sent messengers to the German Diet at Nürnberg, empowering them not only to enter into a league against the Turks, but also to conclude a peace with the Emperor. Nothing, however, came of this step. The Pope's Legate—in consequence, either of some secret instructions from Rome, or, as the King believed, of a bribe received from Friedrich—mismanaged matters to such an extent, that the Hungarians had not even an opportunity of making their proposition; and so far from joining with Mátyás in a league against the Turks, many of the German States promised the Emperor help against him. So far as the feeble Emperor was concerned, Mátyás was not greatly disturbed; but he gave vent to some bitter complaints against the Pope, even adding, in a letter to his ambassador at Rome, that his Holiness must not hold him guilty if he were driven to take a step which would startle and distress not only the Emperor and the Princes of Europe, but the whole of Christendom. Meanwhile, however, Italy and the Pope had been relieved from their immediate cause of terror; for the Turkish garrison of Otranto being left to itself, had surrendered the town to the King of Naples, and had sailed home to Turkey; and no sooner were they gone, than the Pope's zeal visibly cooled. Moreover, the favourable moment for striking a blow at the Turkish power was now past; but to understand this, we must at least glance at what had lately been taking place in the East.

As we have already seen, Mohammed II., the most heroic of the Sultans, died in May, 1481. For thirty-two years his glorious reign had lasted; he had taken Constantinople; he had crushed the power of the Eastern Empire; and he had died in the conquered capital—the only great European capital, be it remembered, which can boast a

Christian origin.* He was an extraordinary character, thoroughly understood by no one. At one while he was noble-hearted, at another false and deceitful; now he was gentle even to tenderness, then pitiless as a wild beast of prey. Besides the name of Mohammed, by which the nations had learnt to fear him, he was also known by that of Anni, the Helper. Mohammed was the warrior who inspired the world with terror; Anni was the poet, who wrote love-songs, and sang of the blossoming flowers. The same two-fold character was observable in his countenance. His eyes were kind and gentle, but his eye-brows were fierce and threatening; his smile gave life, but his word destroyed. As he himself was accustomed to say, 'If a hair of my beard should know the thoughts of my heart, I would pluck it out and cast it in the fire.'

The Sultan had two sons, each of whom seemed to have inherited one portion of the characteristics of his father. Dzsem, or Zizim, as the Eastern poets prefer to call him, was noble-minded and gentle, a poetical dreamy youth; while Bajazet was pitiless, and eager for conquest: Zizim inherited the bright complexion, gentle eyes, and pleasant smile; Bajazet, the fierce eye-brows, the commanding forehead, and the hooked nose. Bajazet was five-and-thirty, and Dzsem scarcely two-and-twenty, when their father died. All their lives they had dwelt apart—so far, that any quarrelling during Mohammed's life would have been impossible. But in proportion as the people had learnt to hate Bajazet, with his cold commanding face, so had they come to love the knightly figure of Zizim.

The vacant throne of course belonged to the first-born—he inherited all the titles; and as for the younger prince, the first act of the new Sultan was to condemn him to death. Fratricide is the most ancient law of the Osman State philosophy; for according to the words of the Koran, 'Two caliphs cannot dwell in one kingdom.' The brave men and warriors who loved Zizim, were unwilling to see him perish so miserably; and after consulting together, they declared that Bajazet could not be heir to the throne, because when he was born, Mohammed was not yet Padishah; and they drew their swords in support of their argument. They unfurled the banner of insurrection, and swore to acknowledge and guard Dzsem as their Sultan, and none else. The brave youth placed himself at the head of his enthusiastic army, and marched against his brother, who was waiting for him at Brussa. Here, before the ancient Osman capital, the two armies did battle: the Karamanians performed prodigies of valour; the enemy fell like grass before the sword of Zizim, who fought in a manner becoming the first hero of an army. Bajazet was defeated, and Zizim became lord of Brussa. One half of the empire was already his; the other belonged to his brother, and there was only a narrow strait to divide them. It was not long before their swords were again called upon to decide between the two. Then an aged woman came into Bajazet's presence, the royal

* Surely our contributor means, then existing. Madrid and Petersburg had Christian founders.—Ed.

Princess Seldzsukátun, a daughter of Mohammed I., she who for many a long year had been the good genius of the Osman Princes. Her white hairs forbade her throwing herself on her face before the young Sultan; but she embraced him, and with tears in her eyes, besought him not to shed the blood of his relations, but to put an end to a war, in which, whoever were the victor, the Osman must perish. 'Let him make peace with his brother, and be satisfied with having Europe for his own share, while he permitted Zizim to retain Asia.'

But the proud Bajazet repulsed the aged Princess. The Osman Princes acknowledge no relations but in the grave. A second battle made Zizim a fugitive. With a few faithful followers he fled into Egypt, whence it is said he made a pilgrimage to Mecca; and then in a year's time he returned at the head of a fresh army. Once more the fortunes of war smiled upon him; and after his first victories, he asked his brother to give him some provinces. But Bajazet's only answer was by the sword; and Zizim fled from a bloody field of battle now quite alone. With the pitiless enemy dogging his footsteps, he wandered on till he came to the sea-shore, where he was taken on board a vessel belonging to the Knights of Rhodes, who had promised him protection; and when his pursuers gained the shore, the vessel was already beyond their reach. Zizim was standing on the deck; and as they came up, he let fly an arrow bearing his last farewell to Bajazet—'May Allah repay you in your children!' the heaviest curse a Mussulman can utter. Bajazet was not bold enough to go and fetch his brother from Rhodes, for the swords of the Knights had already written many a dark page in the Osman history; but he made an arrangement with them, by which they promised to keep Zizim in honourable captivity, for the consideration of forty-five thousand pieces of gold annually. Both parties were satisfied with the treaty; but there was a third party, who had not indeed been consulted, but who made very serious objections. This was no other than the Turkish people. The Pashas were horrified at the idea that their nation, ruling as it did in three quarters of the world, should be made a contributor to the support of a mere handful of people, a monastic state, whose whole possessions consisted of an island and a convent on the main-land. The aged Achmed, who had been among those who scaled the walls of Constantinople eight-and-twenty years before, told the Sultan to his face that his treaty was an insult to the Crescent. Bajazet did not dare to kill him on the spot, but he caused him to be assassinated in the street on his way home.

And now, having thus disposed of his brother, Bajazet turned his attention again to the conquest of Europe, first making an attack upon Dalmatia, and compelling Venice to renew the treaty she had made with his father, and then arming for a vigorous onslaught upon Hungary. Mátyás, however, was beforehand with him, and before he could do anything, Kinizsi had inflicted several defeats on his troops; while Rozgonyi, the Governor of Belgrade, had overpowered the Turkish

flotilla on the Danube, sinking twenty-four vessels. Mátyás himself remained at Belgrade during Kinizsi's campaign, intending to prosecute the war if he should succeed in making peace with the Emperor; but finding that the latter, relying on the support of the Princes of Germany, would enter into no negociations, he declared war against him early in 1482. Troops were at once collected—less, it should seem, with a view to military operations, than with the hope of intimidating the Emperor, to whom Mátyás himself addressed a letter, besides communicating with him through the Legate, the Queen, and the Pope. Finding all to no purpose, however, he at length besieged Haimburg and Bruck; but the Hungarians suffered a defeat—owing, it would seem, to the King's having begun the campaign before his preparations were complete, a thing so unusual with him, that it can only be attributed to the contempt he felt for his foe. General Zápolya himself fell into the enemy's hands; but on his way to Bruck, he contrived to wrest a sword from one of the two soldiers who guarded him, disabled them both, and made his escape by circuitous roads to Presburg, where he was soon joined by as many of his troops as had survived.

Meanwhile, Mátyás sent to Buda for the various machines still used for besieging purposes, and especially for one gun, of calibre so enormous, that it required eighty horses to draw it; and he was soon after so greatly delighted by the arrival of five thousand armed men from the Bishop of Raab, that he exclaimed, 'In all the length and breadth of Hungary there is hardly such another man as Dóczy once in a hundred years.' The attack on Haimburg was now renewed with better success; the town soon surrendered, and the Hungarian troops made their way without much difficulty into the very neighbourhood of Vienna. Their further progress was, however, for the time checked by the approach of winter, and having recovered certain Hungarian places which the Emperor still held in defiance of the treaty, they encamped near Oedenburg. The campaign had been successful, though not brilliantly so; but it had been dearly paid for with the loss of the Herzegowina, which the Turks had captured, thereby imperilling the safety of all that remained to Hungary of the once large dependency of Bosnia, and endangering her union with Ragusa. It is true that Kinizsi had not been idle in the least, and had even sent into the King's camp trophies of a victory which he had gained over the Pasha of Szendrö; but nothing could disguise the fact that Hungary had lost another province in consequence of her war with the Emperor, and any rejoicings must have been marred by the reflection that much more might have been done had she and her heroic king been free to devote themselves exclusively to war with the Turks. Once more all attempts at negociation failed; this time owing to the invincible and not unnatural mistrust felt by Mátyás of the Emperor and his promises. The war was re-commenced early in the spring, and the Emperor fled to Grätz; but Mátyás did not fight with his usual vigour, and was secretly longing for peace, that he might

turn his arms against the Turks, for which there seemed to be a better opportunity than usual, if he would espouse the cause of the unhappy Prince Zizim, who had sent messengers to him from Roussillon, where he was held captive by the Knights of St. John, begging that he would set him free, take him to Stamboul, and place him on the throne of his fathers, promising in return that he would restore to Hungary her lost provinces of Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria. Zizim still had a party in Turkey; and one of the Pashas who favoured him, and had fled to Buda, supported the Prince's proposals, by the assurance that it would be easy to dethrone Bajazet—that the Sultan was hated, and that both Pashas and troops would desert to the Hungarians as soon as they knew that Prince Zizim was in their midst. Mátyás was much disposed to listen. Zizim was gentle, and capable of cultivation; what might not be made of him, and through him of the Turkish nation, were he taken under the guardianship of Hungary? Christendom relieved for ever from war with the Infidel; the Crescent brought by gentle influences to yield to the Cross—such was the possible future of which Mátyás dreamt; could he have foreseen the actual future which awaited his much-loved country, maybe he would have made yet more strenuous efforts to realize his dream. As it was, it occupied his thoughts for some time.

Towards the middle of October he received a visit from the Bishop of Castella, who had been despatched from Rome to mediate between the King and the Emperor. The Bishop had been first to Grätz, where Friedrich had tried to convince him of the justice of his claims upon Mátyás, and had assured him that Hungary was so impoverished that her king would soon be obliged to make peace from sheer inability to carry on the war. Mátyás protested that he longed for nothing so much as peace; but that the Emperor by his frequent breaches of faith had compelled him to make war, to the disastrous interruption of his struggle with the Turks. As for his poverty—by way of answer to the hint which the Bishop gave of what he had heard in Grätz on this head, Mátyás ordered out seventeen enormous guns, each of which required eighteen horses to draw it, and sent them off to Austria before the Bishop's eyes; then he led his guest into the treasury, and shewed him his coffers well filled with gold and silver; and finally, to convince him of the sincerity of his desire for peace, he told him of the proposal made to him by Prince Zizim and some of the Pashas of European Turkey, ending with a request that the Pope would at once bid the Grand-master d'Aubusson to set his captive free. The Bishop promised to do what he could in the matter, and then redoubled his exertions to bring about a peace. He was supported in his arguments by the Queen, Báthory, and other of the Magnates, and was at last so far successful, that Mátyás declared himself ready to place all his Austrian conquests in the custody of the Pope, on condition that Friedrich and the Empire would pledge themselves to furnish, and maintain for three years, ten thousand troops to fight against the Turks. The conditions were hard; but Mátyás,

warned by previous experience of Friedrich's deceit, insisted on them; and it was finally agreed that the whole matter should be referred to the Imperial Diet. Writing to Rome to report progress, the Bishop, who was acquainted with nearly all the Princes and courts of Europe, speaks of Mátyás in terms of the highest praise, saying, 'He is a wise and learned king, whose discourse is always energetic and dignified. In understanding, power of speech, and demeanour, he surpasses all the princes I know.' Shortly after, the Bishop set out for Grätz, to gain the Emperor's consent to the above arrangement, concerning which Mátyás himself was by no means sanguine. After twenty-five years experience of the way in which Friedrich avoided all binding engagements, and evaded such as he could not avoid, Mátyás did not expect to come to terms with him; nor, considering the indifference hitherto shewn by the German States to the Turkish war, was it very likely they would accept the conditions he offered.

The King's dream of the future had in the meantime vanished; d'Aubusson, not caring to lose the yearly income which he received from the Sultan, refused to set Zizim at liberty; and the Pope, dreading the idea of an alliance with the Osmans, either could not or would not insist. It seemed, moreover, that the idea of Bajazet's unpopularity had been, if not entirely mistaken, yet founded only on a passing fit of discontent, for he had lately been received in Philippopolis and Sophia with loud demonstrations of loyalty, and it seemed evident that he had no cause to fear any insurrection among his subjects. As for the unhappy Zizim, whose hopes were thus dashed to the ground, he dragged out a melancholy existence among the mountains of Dauphiné, writing poems, in which he bewailed his vanished dreams of glory. A few years later, the Knights of St. John resigned their prisoner into the keeping of Pope Innocent VIII., who treated him kindly; but Innocent was succeeded by Alexander VI., and during his pontificate Zizim had to make acquaintance with the famous white powder, which was the invention of the Borgias, and died a tragical death. Bajazet had his brother's remains brought to Brussa, and buried with his fathers. In the grave Prince Zizim's relationship was at last recognized. The ship which bore him back to Asia, brought three hundred thousand pieces of gold from Bajazet to the Pope. It was the price of his brother's blood. *

But to return to King Mátyás, who, soon after the defeat of his plan

* The malediction which Zizim had launched against the Sultan, was miserably fulfilled. Bajazet had three sons, each of whom rebelled against him; one was drowned, another poisoned, by his orders. Selim, the third, was twice defeated, but the third time he was victorious, and drove his father from his throne. Sultans who had lost their thrones, were, however, never very long-lived. There was some of Borgia's white powder for him too. Bajazet had collected all the dust which adhered to his boots and dress during his wars with the Christians, requesting that at his death it should be sprinkled on his face, to make his 'grave more odoriferous than the spices of Arabia;' and this injunction was dutifully obeyed. Bajazet sleeps forgotten among his ancestors; but Zizim the Poet lives for ever in the memory of the people, and the Arab maidens sing his songs.—*Jókai.*

for an alliance with Prince Zizim, received a letter from the Sultan Bajazet, proposing a five years truce. The Magnates and Bishops of Hungary were for the most part opposed to it; but, whether it was that he still indulged in the dream of a lasting peace between the two nations, or whether he was anxious to devote his whole attention to the war with the Emperor—the King insisted on accepting the Sultan's proposition, and commanded the Chancellor and Archbishop Várday, one of its most vehement opposers, to write an answer to the Sultan. This had just been done, when the Bishop of Castella returned from his mission to Grätz, bringing from Friedrich the conditions of a treaty, which were very different from those drawn up by Mátyás. With horror he heard the news that there was to be peace with the Infidel; and finding, on his first interview with the King, that there was no chance of altering the fiat that had gone forth, he hurried back to Grätz to advise the Emperor of the altered state of affairs, and to warn him that his wisest course was to submit to the terms first proposed.

As the year 1483 drew to a close, came an urgent letter from the Pope, entreating Mátyás to proceed to Bohemia for the protection of the Catholics; who, having first provoked, were now suffering from, the resentment of the Protestants. But the King's youthful days were over; the flattery and the promises of Rome were taken for what they were worth; her support was no longer essential to him, and he had no intention of again drawing the sword at her bidding.

A second letter received in March from the Pope, and admonishing him to make peace with the Emperor, was treated with the same degree of consideration. Mátyás was bent on depriving Friedrich of all further power of annoying him, and he renewed the war with greater fury than ever. Bruck was soon taken, and the Emperor with his daughter and his treasure retired from Vienna, leaving his generals to defend the capital as best they might. They carefully avoided any decisive battle with the enemy, but could not hinder the Hungarian troops from shutting Vienna in on the east. Korneuburg, the last bulwark of Lower Austria, fell in December, after several months siege; and thus ended the year 1484, during the course of which Mátyás had been much annoyed by hearing that the Turks, notwithstanding the truce, had invaded Bessarabia. On his return to Hungary, he addressed a remonstrance to the Sultan, who courteously replied by referring to the conditions of the truce, and pointing out that Moldavia and the territories bordering on the Black Sea had not been included in the treaty; adding, however, that he would give his generals strict orders not to disturb Moldavia henceforward while the truce lasted. The King's wrath was now turned upon the unlucky Chancellor, the Archbishop of Kalócsa, who had unwillingly drawn up the treaty, and whose carelessness was regarded as intentional treachery. He had before incurred the King's displeasure by complaining of the war-taxes, and was altogether so out of favour at the court, that the King's anger blazed up furiously against him. He

was imprisoned in Visegrád, where he remained in spite of entreaties and admonitions from the Pope, till the King's death released him.

Meanwhile Vienna was being slowly but surely isolated. Communication by land was already cut off, and chains were drawn across the Danube; but sixteen vessels laden with food and arms managed to break their way through the latter; so that when, on the 15th January, Mátyás summoned the city to surrender, the commander Wulsko sent him a refusal, as he daily expected relief from the Emperor. Measures were, however, soon taken to prevent the passage of any more ships; the suburbs fell one after the other, and Vienna itself was completely cut off from the outer world. While waiting for famine to do her work on the luckless city, Mátyás attacked Ebersdorf; and here he had a very narrow escape of his life; for, while he was dining one day as usual in a fisherman's hut, a cannon-ball passed through it, only just missing his head. It seemed that a mark had been made on the outside wall to shew the place where Mátyás usually sat; and a Bohemian in the King's service, who was employed as a special messenger, being suspected of having been bribed to this deed of treachery by the commander of Ebersdorf, was accordingly put to death, though his guilt cannot be said to have been proved. Ebersdorf soon after fell, and the distress in Vienna rose to a terrible height. The Leopoldstadt was burnt down, and preparations were made for a general assault, when the garrison and the citizens opened negociations with the King, who seems to have allowed the troops to march out free, and to have confirmed the town in her privileges.

On the 1st June, the eve of the Ascension, Mátyás rode into the city at the head of eight thousand troops, surrounded by his most distinguished generals as well as by a brilliant train of Hungarian and Bohemian barons. On the 5th, the Queen made her entry in great state; and on the same day, Mátyás received, in the Church of St. Stephen, the homage of the municipal authorities, and an address from the University, which he answered in the most elegant Latin, promising to do his best to promote its welfare. Friedrich no longer felt himself safe at Linz, which he left for Innsbruck, stopping at Salzburg to issue a manifesto, in which he forbade the Austrian States to obey the summons of Mátyás to attend a Diet, and promised that his son Maximilian should speedily come to their relief. He himself wandered through Europe without a home, but comforting himself with this memorable and characteristic saying, 'Happy he who can resign what he has irrevocably lost,' which he wrote and scratched on all the windows and doors, by way of not forgetting it. On Midsummer day, however, most of the Austrian States assembled in Vienna to do homage to Mátyás, and to grant the taxes which he asked. The Archduke Maximilian was busy in the Netherlands; Friedrich travelled from the Rhine to Nürnberg, seeking help in vain, and Mátyás extended his conquests into Upper Austria.

Meanwhile the Hungarian King was thinking anxiously who would succeed him on the throne. He suffered much at times from gout, and his general strength was much impaired by the state of restless activity in which he had lived all his life. The Queen Beatrice had no child; and Mátyás grieved as he thought how speedily the glory of his house might be extinguished. Was it possible that the Hungarians could be induced to accept as their future King, Corvinus János, the son borne to him by the daughter of the burgomaster of Breslau, who had been brought to Buda when four years old, acknowledged by his father, and carefully educated? or would the stain on his birth be an irremediable obstacle? The older he grew, the more devoted did the King become to this child. He made him Count of Hunyad, Duke of Liptau; gave him the estates of the Gara family, now extinct, as well as the great possessions of his mother, Szilágyi Erzsébet; secured him the possession of several principalities in Silesia, and the succession to others; gave him the highest rank at court, made him sit on his right hand when he received foreign ambassadors; and in fine, did all in his power to accustom the people to look upon him as his heir. Moreover, for fear he should die before he had accomplished his wishes, he caused Zápolya Imre, a man in whom he had great confidence, to be chosen Palatine; while at the same time the powers of his office were so greatly increased, that, having the first voice in the election, he would be able to raise János to the throne.

By the end of the year 1486, nearly the whole of Lower Austria was in the hands of the Hungarians; Maximilian, now King of the Romans, having too much to do in defending the Netherlands against Charles VIII. of France to be able to come to its assistance. In the following year, the Emperor sent a few troops under the command of Albrecht der Beherzte, Duke of Saxony; but they were not able to do much, and the Duke was so offended with Friedrich for blaming him for the fall of Wiener-Neustadt, that he entered into negociations with Mátyás, and in spite of the Emperor's protests, concluded a treaty with him, by which the whole matter was to be referred for arbitration to the Pope, and settled by him before All Saints' Day in 1488. Mátyás was in want of money, and the anxiety he felt for his son's marriage with Bianca of Milan must have induced him to enter into a treaty which is otherwise inexplicable, considering the utter helplessness of his adversary. Mátyás had enriched his son, and bestowed on him enormous estates; but Ludovico Sforza, the bride's uncle, insisted that János should receive the title of King before the marriage took place; and it was towards the procuring of this title that Mátyás now turned his attention. If he could not make him King of Hungary, he might get him the title of King of Bohemia, through his possession of Moravia and Silesia; but to do this, it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the Emperor, and to appease the Silesian Dukes, who were in a state of revolt, owing to the way in which they had been deprived of their territories for the

enrichment of Corvinus János. A short campaign, however, reduced them to a state of quiescence; and the Emperor being obliged to take command of an army raised for the release of his son from captivity in the Netherlands, commissioned Beckensloer to ask for the once despised truce, and if possible to negociate a peace. Beckensloer had not the face to appear in person; but on the 22nd September, the truce was prolonged till Ascension-tide in the following year. Styria and Carinthia meanwhile did homage to the Hungarian King, and the truce with the Sultan was renewed for five years. Thus far all went well with Mátyás: but his own health had not improved; on the contrary, the gout increased so much in the winter of 1488, that he could scarcely stand without support; and when he returned to Buda in the spring, he went not on horseback as usual, but by water. His first care was to secure votes for his son's election, before bringing the subject of the succession before the Diet; and at first it seemed that his efforts were likely to be crowned with success. Many of the barons, and some of the towns, promised to accept Corvinus as their King; but Queen Beatrice, who had always strenuously opposed the scheme in the hope of being herself chosen as her husband's successor, now joined with some of the nobles in frustrating it altogether. Of course there were some to whom the King's strong government was distasteful, and who were therefore not well disposed to the son; and they either left the court under various pretexts, or put off taking the oath on the score that there could be no need for it while Mátyás was still in the prime of life. As for the Queen, she wearied him with prayers and tears, but she gained nothing. Mátyás was inexorable. He was convinced, in the first place, that the Hungarians would not like her, and that she was in fact asking what he had no power to grant, even if he had the will; and secondly, past history seemed to shew that Hungary was not likely to enjoy prosperity under the government of a queen. However, he postponed for the present bringing the matter before the Diet; and, not knowing whom to trust, forbore to propose another Palatine in the room of Zápolya Imre, lately dead. He continued, nevertheless, to do his best for his son István, making him Governor of Visegrád, placing the crown and treasure under his care, and causing the commanders of the most important fortresses, and the Captains of the Black Legion, to swear allegiance to him. Secretly also he warned his most trusted friends that the best thing for the Queen herself, as well as for the country, would be to send her home to her own land so soon as he should be dead.

Another attempt at making peace between the Emperor and King, this time on the part of the German States, resulted only in a prolongation of the truce for another six months. Mátyás had offered to give up Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Krain, for an indemnity; but the Emperor would not hear of such terms, and even suspected his son Maximilian of being bribed by the Hungarians, because he thought of

entertaining them. The fact was, the Emperor's astrologers had told him the King would not live out the year, and therefore he was by no means disposed to enter into any treaty. It was, however, arranged that the two monarchs should have a personal interview at Linz, so soon as the King should be able to travel; and very eager and anxious was he to set out, not only to meet the Emperor, but also to see his son proclaimed King of Bohemia at Breslau. Fifty waggons stood ready packed for three months in the court-yard of the royal castle in Buda; but the King's health grew worse instead of better, and the astrologers seemed likely to prove right. However, the months of November and December, which had been deemed especially fatal, passed away, and the fever decreased. After Christmas the waggons were ordered to start for Vienna, and the King himself set out thither early in the new year. As the spring came on, his health improved, though his old enemy the gout still plagued him. On the 5th April, which was Palm Sunday, he went to St. Stephen's Church fasting, and remained there for six hours. On his return to the Palace, as the Queen was still absent visiting several other churches, he sent for some figs to appease his hunger, ate a few of them, but found them bad, and flew into a violent rage. The Queen on her return tried to soothe him, and tempt him to eat first one thing and then another; but he could touch nothing, complained of giddiness and dimness of sight, and desired to be taken to his own room. There he was seized with a fit, which deprived him of the power of speech, and he lay on his bed suffering agonies of pain, surrounded by his wife, his son, his friends, relations, and physicians, who tried in vain to give him ease. During the night, his loud groans testified to the intensity of his pain; and the next morning, the great King, whose word had been obeyed by millions, lay motionless and speechless, looking first at his wife, then at his son, and struggling in vain to give them his last advice. At eight o'clock he breathed his last, still in the prime of life, being only forty-seven years old, and having reigned thirty-three years.

In the sympathy of their first great grief, the Queen and Corvinus embraced one another affectionately, and received conjointly the oaths of allegiance of those members of the State-council who happened to be in Vienna. The funeral obsequies were performed first in the Church of St. Stephen, amid the loud lamentations of the Viennese burghers; and then on the 12th April, the Queen, Duke, and court set out for Buda in fifty black-flagged ships, accompanied by demonstrations of the deepest grief from the people who assembled on either bank of the Danube to view the melancholy procession. The Castle of Buda was at once given up to Duke János by the commandant, in accordance with the last instructions he had received from Mátyás.

On the 26th April, the funeral took place in the Church of the Blessed Virgin at Stuhlweissenburg, in the presence of a vast assemblage of people of all classes; and when, at the end of the ceremony, which was

made as imposing as possible, twelve men in armour threw down on the ground before the high altar the royal insignia and arms, a foreboding may have arisen in many a heart that the glory and greatness of the fatherland had come to an end.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

II.—VOCATION.

HAVING laid down the conditions necessary for the intending founder of a Sisterhood to exact from all possible candidates, the next question to be considered is this: Given a certain number of women, suitable in age, in health, in circumstances, in education, in capacity, in religious sincerity, to become members of a Society of the kind, which of these should be selected?

It may appear to those not conversant with the subject that the requirements already stated must needs limit the choice sufficiently, if not even too narrowly; but this is very far indeed from being the case in practice.

We have to keep in mind from the outset, that active Sisterhoods, from their first origin in the Guilds of Widows in the Apostolic Church, have been the female clergy, and that they are the hereditary successors of those Deaconesses of primitive times, who were formally ordained, and ranked apart from the laity. Therefore another element comes in when considering their case, as well as that of young men aiming at the Christian ministry. The difference between that ministry, and any other profession or occupation, may be simply stated thus: that in every other pursuit no higher sanction needs generally be looked for than the personal bias of the individual, and his reasonable prospect of success in the occupation he selects. But for the Christian ministry there is a further requirement—that of Vocation. There must not merely be in the candidate a union of qualifications fitting him for the purely professional discharge of clerical duties, but over and above all this there ought to be a divine *calling;* a Voice speaking within, urging the hearer to offer himself for that honour which no man can take upon himself, the honour of direct official service of God.

Vocation, then, is a pre-requisite for Sisterhood life. And it is perfectly distinct, as well from external suitability, as from a feeling of preference and even eager desire for that life. In broad general terms, the most suitable candidate for a Sisterhood is the same woman as will make the best wife, mother, and ruler of a household; but it is needless to point out that most of this stamp find their places naturally and fitly

in the family, not in the convent. And a very strong desire for Sisterhood life is no proof whatever of vocation. That desire may be due to merely secondary causes; may be an exaggerated and romantic idea of the poetry and mystery often supposed to surround a life which is in most respects common-place and routine in its events; may be nothing but a longing for change, through distaste for nearer duties; may be the reaction of disappointed affections; may be the sudden impulse of a heart unexpectedly wakened to a sense of the nothingness of the world, and the supremacy of faith, but too bewildered as yet by the total change of mental horizon to have recovered its sight and balance; may be the result of loneliness, poverty, or sorrow, making the secure haven of the Religious Life very welcome: and yet in all these there may be no true vocation whatever.

On the other hand, true vocation may exist where there is not only no present liking or intention for the life, but a positive repugnance to it, and entire alienation from all its ideas and habits. The call may be entirely rejected, or be answered and obeyed only after many struggles and long delay; or it may be given suddenly, in the midst of circumstances seemingly most unfavourable to its being heard and followed. Thus, it is impossible to say with certainty that a woman of devout and benevolent character who aspires to become a Sister will be found in time suited for the life; or to assert, on the other hand, that one noted only for worldly and even 'fast' ways may not become an admirable Religious. In truth, a woman who is 'fast' because of high spirits and temper, joined with injudicious training, but not from coarseness of mind and vulgarity of tone, may be disciplined into a much more valuable Sister than a sluggish and phlegmatic person can ever become. Nevertheless, it is not suited to the scope of these papers, which have to do solely with the foundation and first working of new Sisterhoods, to take account of cases which cannot be dealt with properly save in a fully established community, with its tone, method, and traditions, already defined and familiar. It would be impracticable for a House only just being started to take fiery and undisciplined spirits in hand for training; since not only must the proportion of failure in such cases be very large, but the surrounding conditions are not fixed enough to give the experiment a fair chance of success in even a single instance; while the infant Society would be seriously compromised by any levity or misconduct on the part of one of its inmates.

The projector of a Sisterhood, therefore, must needs restrict his choice of raw material by further rules than those already laid down; and foremost amongst the qualifications he must demand, is a temper under control. It is not necessary that the temper should be naturally a calm one, because calmness may possibly be due to dullness or apathy, and be in that case rather a disqualification, but it is of the first necessity that it should be well in hand. And that for two very sufficient reasons: first, that the candidate will have to live in close family union with women

whom she has perhaps never even heard of before, each of whom has peculiarities which the others will certainly find unfamiliar, and possibly unpleasant. In a family united by ties of blood, the angles may be, and very often are, rubbed smooth by the daily and hourly friction of intercourse during several years, though there are too many instances to the contrary; but in an artificially formed family, the temptations to mutual criticism, partizanship, and disunion, are much stronger, and need a more disciplined temper to resist them. The other reason is, that the work of every active Sisterhood necessarily brings it into frequent contact with human stupidity within and without its own borders; and stupidity is made more stupid when met with anger instead of patience. A hot-tempered woman will consequently be a difficulty at home, and a hindrance to work abroad, and must be passed over in making the earlier selections. Later, when the tone of the House is assured, such an inmate may be received, with a fair prospect of taming without breaking her spirit. But there are other varieties of temper which should at once and permanently exclude from membership, because they are rarely curable without an expenditure of time and pains which cannot be fairly expected from a body with its hands more than full of other work. These are the querulous, the nagging, the underhand, and the desponding characters. It needs no explanation to shew how mischievous any of these must be (no matter how counterbalanced by other qualities) to the healthy working of any Sisterhood. Frivolity may be steadied, gossip may be silenced, though both are hard tasks; but there is far too little prospect of mending the four I have singled out, to make it worth while risking the experiment. Indolence may be matter of health, or matter of remediable habit, and is not such a certain disqualification, though if it prove inveterate it becomes such.

Another class which must be refused consists of flighty women. It may appear superfluous to set down such an obvious remark; but in truth no people are more likely to be accepted by inexperienced managers, because the flightiness is apt to take the form of religious exaltation and seeming enthusiasm, accompanied by a hot fit of activity in some needful but difficult and disagreeable work. It looks at first as though a few faults of manner and gesture could not be set for a moment against so much piety and zeal; but all this often proves a mere fire of straw, whose very ashes are cold in a moment, and incapable of being rekindled.

There is a further caution of primary importance. It will not very infrequently happen that amongst the candidates for admission to a Sisterhood with no true vocation, a woman of large independent means presents herself. There is an extremely strong temptation to let her purse outweigh herself, because funds are so urgently needed for every part of the work—to put the dwelling in habitable repair, to hire a room for schools or meetings, to obtain delicacies for the sick, and so forth. But it does not answer in the long run, even financially; for the presence

of an unsuitable member in the community cripples its work in many ways, and deprives it of sympathy and help which would exceed the value of the one inmate's contributions to the common stock.

Yet again, there is a further reason than those stated in the first paper against admitting women of the uneducated classes as original members of the new Society, with a share in the government, and full rights of intimate companionship. It is that the poorer stamp of Englishwomen are unfortunately much below their French, German, and Italian sisters in the essentials of true refinement. It is not merely a question of manners, rough and uncouth as they too often are; but it is a certain fundamental coarseness of tone, and low standard of minor morals, which is almost universal, and due in a great measure to the conditions inseparable from a population crowded into unwholesome and insufficient dwellings.

Certain it is that the sort of refinement which one naturally looks for in all persons of strong religious feelings, and which one certainly does find in a devout French or German peasant woman, is rarely discoverable in the same rank of society here; though exceptional instances of natural ladyhood and delicacy will occur to many memories. However, there is no question at all that the code of high and honourable feeling, which is looked for as necessary amongst men, has been unhappily lowered amongst women even of the educated classes, and is almost unheard of by those of a lower grade. Thus, if introduced at first into a community on equal terms, women of this stamp, however active and pious, and even passable in manners, will have a perilous tendency to lower the tone of their companions on all such points as are rather matters of tact and good feeling than of direct moral right and wrong. And this cannot be afforded; simply for this reason, that it is an entire mistake to regard the Religious Life as something entirely apart from, and unlike in kind to, the ordinary Christian life of people living in the world. It differs, and that often very importantly, in *degree*, but the *kind* is the same. And this I may bring home to my readers very clearly by a brief digression.

Any person desirous of tersely stating the most salient distinction between the conventual theory of life and the domestic one, would probably single out the three vows of monasticism, the obligation to poverty, chastity, and obedience, as forming the barrier of separation between the cloister and the world.

But in truth, these three vows are simply the three promises in Holy Baptism, transposed into a higher key. If a religious enthusiast of some ethnic creed, Mohammedanism, Brahminism, Buddhism, or Zoroastrism, were to have the Baptismal pledges read to him without note or comment, and with no information as to the current view amongst Christians concerning the nature and extent of their force, he would certainly interpret them in a fashion but little differing from that of St. Benedict or St. Francis. The renunciation of the devil and all his

works would be interpreted as an acceptance of the service of God and all His works, involving a stringent rule of obedience to a fixed code; the abjuration of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world would be construed, as ascetics in all ages have construed it, as the adoption of voluntary poverty and mortification; and the avoidance of all the sinful lusts of the flesh would certainly be held to involve the remaining monastic vow. It is only our conventional way of looking at what is to us so trite, that prevents our seeing all this as devout Pagans would see it, and recognizing that the enjoyment of personal liberty, moderate ease and comfort, and marriage ties, is, so to speak, a mitigation and dispensation granted by God to souls which are unable to carry out the Counsels of Perfection to their legitimate conclusion.

Therefore, the Religious Life means simply that certain persons, having the option before them of accepting the lower or the higher standard, voluntarily choose the harder of the two, and decline the proffer of relaxation. They are, to use an obvious metaphor, the candidates for honours in God's University, not content with the mere pass degree; and to cite one significant item of their customs, the Canonical Hours and other frequent services of the Convent represent the nearer approach made to fulfilling the Apostolic precept enjoined on all Christians, 'Pray without ceasing.'

Thus we see that if the Religious Life be nothing else than the ordinary Christian life brought up from flat discord to concert pitch, it follows that all graces, virtues, faculties, which are useful and pleasant in the world, (using that term simply to denote ordinary lay and family life,) will be, or ought to be, found equally in the inmates of a convent, only their lives should be higher and their habitual aim nobler. Whatever is petty, mean, cowardly, base, coarse, rough, or bitter, in secular persons, will not be mended by introducing it into a Sisterhood and trying to mask it as a virtue, or at any rate as something not inconsistent with religion. Censoriousness does not lose its taint by being called holy zeal; sneaking cannot be made to pass for humility, nor coarse abruptness for sisterly ease and frankness. Wherever such faults are discernible, there, whatever may be the verbal professions of the offender, there is no vocation for the Religious Life. All these, and many similar defects, are simply various forms of selfishness; and consequently the first, best, and surest test of Vocation is Unselfishness. Let the intending founder of a Sisterhood take a silent and patient survey of those who from other circumstances seem not unsuitable for his purpose, and note carefully how they stand this test; how they will meet a sudden demand on their time and patience, how they will habitually act when any pleasure is to be had which is not enough to 'go all round.' The girl who will leave her pleasant book or chosen work to help a younger sister over the difficulties of scales or sums; who stays behind when a promising excursion is on foot, lest someone else should be sacrificed; who sits back from the fire on a cold day, that others may enjoy the warmth;

who rises early and goes to bed late, that no one may suffer from the neglect of others: such a one as this, if she profess a desire for Sisterhood life, is almost certain to have true Vocation, especially if she be willing to wait patiently for the removal of obstacles to her entrance upon it. Not so she who is incessant at daily services and foremost in church decorations, but leaves an invalid mother or young sisters to the care of servants; however glibly she may talk about the holiness and peace of the cloister, and what Red-Indian war-trappings, in the shape of crosses, medals, beads, and badges, she may habitually carry dangling from her waist-belt. Orderliness and method form another useful test, because *rule* is of the essence of the Religious Life; and there may be much true unselfishness and piety without this additional gift. And there must also be some measure of enthusiasm; which is in religious matters compared with average piety, what love is in marriage compared with esteem. Where these three qualifications are united with an expressed preference for the Religious Life, and with an habitual tone of cheerfulness, nay even of merry brightness, there, most probably, is true Vocation.

(*To be continued.*) R. F. L.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNSATISFACTORY.

On the evening of the party at Strawyers, Mrs. Poynsett lay on her sofa, thinking, with a trying recurrence, of that unfortunate and excellent German Dauphine, who was pronounced by the Duchess of Orleans to have died of her own stupidity.

After a fortnight had brought no improvement, but rather the reverse, to poor Anne's wan looks and feeble languid deportment, Mrs. Poynsett had insisted on her seeing the doctor; and had been assured by him that there was nothing amiss, and that if Mrs. Miles Charnock could only be roused and occupied she would be perfectly well, but that her pining and depression might so lower her tone as to have a serious effect on her health.

There was no hope of her husband's return for at least a year, very likely eighteen months. What was to be done with her? What could be a more unpropitious fate than, for a Colonial girl, used to an active life of exertion and usefulness, and trained to all domestic arts, to be set down in a great English household where there was really nothing for her to do, and usefulness or superintendence would have been interfering;

besides, as Miles had thoughts of settling at the Cape, English experience would serve her little.

She had not cultivation enough for any pursuit to interest her. She was not musical, could not draw; and when Mrs. Poynsett had, by way of experiment, asked her to read aloud an hour a day, and selected the Lives of the Lindsays, as an unexceptionable and improving book, full of Scottish history, and even with African interest, she dutifully did her task as an attention to her invalid mother-in-law, but in a droning husky tone, finding it apparently as severe a penance as it was to her auditor.

The doctor's chief prescription was horse exercise; but what would a constitutional canter be to one accustomed to free rides through the Bush? And she would generally be alone; for even if Charlie, her nearest approach to an ally, had not been going away from home in a few weeks, it could not be expected that he could often ride with her.

It was plain that every one of the whole family was giving continual shocks to Mr. Pilgrim's disciple, even when they felt most innocent; and though the mother was sometimes disposed to be angry, sometimes to laugh at the little shudder and compression of the lips she began to know, she perceived what an addition this must be to the unhappiness of the poor lonely stranger.

'She must be set to some good work,' thought Mrs. Poynsett; 'Julius might let her go to his old women. She might get on with them better than with the old woman here. And there's Cecil's working affair, it would be just the thing to give her an object. I think I can get through this evening. I've made Susan bring my desk, with all Miles's letters, from his first voyage. Shall I suppress the ball?'

Therewith Cecil made her entrance, in glossy white satin and deep lace, beautiful to behold, set off with rainbow glistening opals. She made a quiet complacent show of herself, as one not vain of fine clothes, but used to an affectionate family appreciation of her best attire; and it was the most friendly child-like bit of intimacy that had yet been attained between her and Mrs. Poynsett.

And when she sat down to wait for the others, Mrs. Poynsett ventured on telling her the prescription and her own perplexity, hoping for a voluntary offer to employ Anne at Willansborough; but Cecil only pitied her for having 'no resources;' and when Mrs. Poynsett ventured to suggest finding a niche for her in the work-room, the answer was—'Our days are all disposed of.'

'You have two, I think?'

'True; but it would never do for me to give up one of my times. If I seemed to slacken, everyone else would.'

'What will you do when the Session begins?'

'I shall make some arrangement. I do not think Anne could ever take my place; she would have no authority.'

Anne herself here entered, took her knitting, and sat down, apparently unaware of the little pluming gesture by which Cecil unconsciously

demanded attention to her bridal satin. One white-gloved gentleman after another dropped in, but none presumed on a remark; Jenkins announced the carriages; but Rosamond had not appeared, and after an excursion up-stairs, Julius returned, declaring that the first carriage must not wait for her, they would come afterwards in the van, for there was something amiss in the dress, she had not had it on since the wedding.

'And she came in so late,' said Cecil.

'That was my fault,' he said. 'We came through the village to leave a message at the doctor's;' and he then insisted that the other pair should set off, taking Frank and Charlie, and prevent dinner from being kept waiting; at which the boys made faces, and declared that it was a dodge of his to join Jenny's party in the school-room, instead of the solemn dinner; but they were obliged to submit; and it was not till twenty minutes later, that in glided something white, with blue cashmere and swans-down over it, moving, as usual, with languid grace.

'Poor Julius!' smiled Rosamond, with her dawdling dignity. 'Every single thing turned out a misfit! As it is, there's a monstrous hole in my glove, which demands the benevolent fiction of my having torn it by the way. There, one second for the effect!—Good-bye, dear Mrs. Poynsett;—good-bye, Anne. Come, you monument of patience and resignation!'

For one moment she had slipped back her little mantle, then drawn it on, as, taking her husband's arm, she left the room; but that moment had set Anne's cheeks aflame, and left Mrs. Poynsett in a startled state of uncertainty, hoping her glance had been mistaken, wondering what could have been *more* amiss, and feeling incapable of entering on the subject with that severe young judge, of narrow experience.

Never had her eldest son failed to come and bid her good-night on his way to his own room: it was the great break in her long sleepless hours, and she used to call it a reversal of the relations of those days when he used to watch for her kiss on her way to bed. Nor did he fail her now, but came and stood over her with his fragmentary tidings.

'An immense party—oh yes, there was he persuading them not to wait. Mr. Bowater took Rosamond in to dinner, Cecil went with Sir Harry Vivian. Yes, Lady Tyrrell was there, wonderfully handsome, but her expression strikes me as altered; there is the sort of pathetic look that, as Cecil said, is like the melancholy Medusa—I wonder if it is genuine. She seems greatly disposed to cultivate Cecil—I wonder what she does it for.'

'Is Cecil attracted? I fancied she was.'

'Yes, a good deal; and I fear the Wilsbro' business will throw them together. It is unlucky on Frank's account likewise. I see we shall have it all over again there.'

'I have great hope in his office taking him away. How was it with them to-night?'

'What I should call arrant coquetry, such as even Camilla never indulged in. The girl kept out of his way—was absolutely chill and repelling half the evening—throwing herself at the officers from Backsworth, till at last Frank obtained a waltz, and after that they were perfectly inseparable.'

'If she coquets, she will soon disgust him! Did Cecil enjoy herself?'

'Oh yes: Phil Bowater opened the ball with her, and she dances very nicely—so quietly, Mrs. Bowater remarked it. As to Rosamond, she was in her native element—*is* indeed, for she would not hear of coming away when we did.'

'And Julius?'

'Standing in a door-way, with others of his kind, absently talking, and watching Rosamond out of the tail of his eye. I say, Mother,' lowering his voice, 'can't you give Rosamond a hint about her dress? Cecil says she can't go out with her again like *that*. Ah,' as he heard a sigh, 'I should not have worried you at night.'

'No, you have not. Tell Cecil I will see about it. Rosamond will take it best from an old woman like me.'

Mrs. Poynsett was quite conscious that Cecil had more high breeding and refinement than Rosamond, who was essentially the Irish Colonel's daughter, and that the cold temperament of the one irritated the warm nature of the other. More than one flash had revealed Rosamond's contempt for Cecil's assumptions and intolerance for her precision—besides, she was five years older, and had not an ideal in Dunstone.

After revolving what form of remonstrance would be least offensive during half the night and day, Mrs. Poynsett was not prepared for the appearance, about noon, of her son Julius, when, coming to what she termed the confidential side of her couch, he asked hesitatingly, and colouring, 'Mother, I want you to tell me, was there anything amiss in Rose's dress last night?'

'You did not perceive—'

'I'm not used to the style of thing. Is it not the way with what you call full dress?'

'To a certain degree—' she began.

He caught her up. 'And here has Cecil been putting my poor Rose into a perfect agony! It is only woman's censorious nonsense, isn't it, Mother? Mere folly to think otherwise! I knew you would set my mind at rest; and if you would tell Cecil that you will not have Rosamond insulted, it would be as well.'

'Stay, Julius,' as he was walking off complacently, 'I grieve; but I must confess that I was going to speak to Rosamond myself.'

He looked very blank.

'Mind, I am certain that it is only an innocent following of what she has been brought up to;' and as he signed a sort of hurt acquiescence, as if trying to swallow the offence, she added, 'when do you go out again?'

'Not till Monday, when we dine at Colonel Ross's. He is an old friend of Lord Rathforlane.'

'Then I am inclined to let in cool. Sometimes advice that has been resented does its work.'

'You don't think the interference justifiable?'

'Not from that quarter.'

'And can it be needful to attend to it?'

'My dear Julius, it is not a style of dress I could ever have worn, nor have let my daughters have worn, if I had had any.'

'Conclusive, that!' said Julius, getting up, more really angered with his mother than he had been since his childhood.

However, he conquered himself by the time he had reached the door, and came back to say, 'I beg your pardon, Mother, I know you would not say so without need.'

'Thank you, my boy!' and he saw tears in her eyes, the first time he was conscious of having brought them. As he bent down to kiss her, she rallied, and cheerfully said, 'I have no doubt it will all come right—Rosamond is too nice not to feel it at once.'

No such thing; Rosamond was still furious. If he disapproved, she would submit to him; but he had seen nothing wrong, had he?

'My dear Rose, I told you I was no judge: you forget what my eyes are; and my mother—'

'You have been to your mother?'

'My dear, what could I do?'

'And you think I am going to insult my own mother and sisters to please any woman's finical prudish notions? Pray what did Mrs. Poynsett say?'

The excuse of custom, pleaded by Mrs. Poynsett, only made Rosamond fiercer. She wished she had never come where she was to hear that her own mother was no judge of propriety, and her husband could not trust her, but must needs run about asking everybody if she were fit to be seen. Such a tempest Julius had never seen outside a back street in the garrison town. There seemed to be nothing she would not say, and his attempts at soothing only added to her violence. Indeed, there was only one thing which would have satisfied her, and that was, that she had been perfectly right and the whole world barbarously wrong; and she was wild with passion at perceiving that he had a confidence in his own mother, which he could not feel in hers.

Nor would he insist that Raymond should force Cecil to apologize. 'My dear,' he said, 'don't you know there are things easier to ask than to obtain?'

To which Rosamond replied, in another gust, that she would never again sit down to table with Cecil until she had apologized for the insult, not to herself, she did not care about that, but to the mother who had seen her dresses tried on: Julius must tell Raymond so, or take

her away to any cottage at once. She would not stay where people blamed Mamma, and poisoned his mind against her! She believed he cared for them more than for her!

Julius had sympathized far longer with her offended feeling than another could have done; but he was driven to assert himself. 'Nonsense, Rose, you know better,' he said, in a voice of displeasure; but she pouted forth, 'I don't know it. You believe everyone against me, and you won't take my part against that nasty little spiteful prig!'

'Cecil has behaved very ill to you,' said Julius, granting her rather over much; 'but she is a foolish conceited child, who does not deserve that Raymond should be worried about her. I foresee plenty of grievances from her; but, Rosie, we must and will not let her come between us and Raymond. You don't know what a brother he has been to me—I hardly think I could have got through my first year at school but for him; and I don't think my sweet Rose could wish to do me such an ill turn as to stir up a feud with such a brother because his wife is provoking.'

The luncheon-bell began to sound, and she sobbed out, 'There then, go down, leave me alone! Go to them, since you are so fond of them all!'

'I don't think you could come down as you are,' said Julius gravely; 'I will bring you something.'

'It would choke me—choke me!' she sobbed out.

Julius knew enough of the De Lancy temperament to be aware that words carried them a long way, and he thought solitude would be so beneficial, that he summoned resolution to leave her; but he had not the face to appear alone, nor offer fictions to excuse her absence, so he took refuge in his dressing-room, until he had seen Cecil and Anne ride away from the hall door together.

For the two sisters-in-law had held a little indignation meeting, and Rosamond's misdemeanour had so far drawn them together, that Cecil had offered to take Anne to see the working party, and let her assist thereat.

The coast being clear, Julius went down, encountering nothing worse than the old butler, who came in while he was cutting cold beef, and to whom he said, 'Lady Rosamond is rather knocked up, I am going to take her something up-stairs.'

Jenkins received this as the result of a dance, but much wanted to fetch a tray, which Julius refused, and set off with an ale-glass in one hand, and in the other the plates with the beef and appliances, Jenkins watching in jealous expectation of a catastrophe, having no opinion of Mr. Julius's powers as a waiter. He was disappointed. The downfall was deferred till the goal was reached, and was then most salutary, for Rosamond sprang to pick up the knife and fork, laughed at his awkwardness, refused to partake without him, produced

implements from her travelling-bag, and was as merry as she had been miserable.

Not a word on the feud was uttered; and the pair walked down to the village, where she was exemplary, going into all those more distasteful parts of her duties there, which she sometimes shirked.

And on her return, finding her long-expected letter from Miss M'Kinnon awaiting her, she forgot all offences in her ardour to indoctrinate everybody with the hopes it gave of affording Mrs. Poynsett a change of room, if not even greater variety. Unfortunately, this eagerness was not met with a corresponding fervour. There was in the household the acquiescence with long established invalidism, that sometimes settles down and makes a new-comer's innovations unwelcome. Raymond had spoken to the old doctor, who had been timid and discouraging; Susan resented the implication that the utmost had not been done for her dear mistress; and Mrs. Poynsett herself, though warmly grateful for Rosamond's affection, was not only nervously unwilling to try experiments, but had an instinctive perception that there was one daughter-in-law to whom her increased locomotion would scarcely be welcome, and by no means wished to make this distaste evident to Raymond.

Cecil would not have been so strong against the risk and imprudence, if her wishes had been the other way. Moreover, she had been warned off from interference with the Rector's wife in the village, and she did not relish Rosamond's making suggestions as to her province, as she considered the house—above all, when she viewed that lady as in a state of disgrace. It was nothing less than effrontery; and Cecil became stiffer and colder than ever. She demanded of her mother-in-law whether there had been any promise of amendment.

'Oh! Julius will see to all that,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'It is a woman's question,' returned Cecil.

'Not entirely.'

'Fancy a clergyman's wife! If Mrs. Venn had appeared in that way at Dunstone!'

'You would have left it to Mr. Venn! My dear, the less said, the sooner mended.'

Cecil was silenced, but shocked, for she was far too young and inexperienced to understand that indecorous customs complied with as a matter of course, do not necessarily denote lack of innate modesty—far less, how they could be confounded with home allegiance; and as to Anne, poor Rosamond was, in her eyes, only too like the ladies who impeded Christiana on her outset.

So her ladyship retreated into languid sleepy dignity towards both her sisters-in-law; and on Monday evening shewed herself, for a moment, more *decolletée*, if possible, than before. Mrs. Poynsett feared lest Julius were weak in this matter; but at night she had a visit from him.

'Mother,' he said, 'it will not happen again. Say no more.'

'I am only too thankful.'

'What do you think settled it? No less than Lady Tyrrell's admiration.'

'What could she have said?'

'I can't make out. Rose was far too indignant to be comprehensible, when she told me on the way home; but there was something about adopting the becoming, and a repetition of—of some insolent praise.' And his mother felt his quiver of suppressed wrath. 'If Rose had been what that woman took her for, she would have been delighted,' he continued; 'but—'

'It was horrible to her!' said his mother. 'And to you. Yes, I knew it would right itself, and I am glad nothing passed about it between us.'

'So am I; she quite separates you from Cecil and Anne, and indeed, all her anger is with Lady Tyrrell. She will have it there was malice in inciting her to shock old friends and annoy you—a sort of attempt to sympathize her into opposition.'

'Which had a contrary effect upon a generous nature.'

'Exactly! She thinks nothing too bad for that woman, and declares she is a serpent.'

'That's dear Rosamond's anger; but I imagine that when I occur to Camilla's mind, it is as the obstructive old hag, who once stood in her way; and so, without any formed designs, whatever she says of me is coloured by that view.'

'Quite possible; and I am afraid the sister is just such another. She seems quite to belong to Mrs. Duncombe's set. I sat next her at dinner, and tried to talk to her, but she would only listen to that young Strangeways.'

'Strangeways! I wonder if that is Susan Lorimer's son?'

'Probably, for his Christian name is Lorimer.'

'I knew her rather well as a girl. She was old Lord Lorimer's youngest daughter, and we used to walk in the Square gardens together; but I did not see much of her after I married; and after a good while, she married a man who had made a great fortune by mining. I wonder what her son is like?'

'He must be the man, for he is said to be the millionaire of the regiment. Just the match that Lady Tyrrell would like!'

'Ah! that's well,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'From your point of view,' said Julius, smiling.

'If he will only speak out before it has had time to go deep with Frank!'

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER II.

THE ENTAIL.

It was not till three weeks had passed since the accident that the doctors pronounced Osmond Lettridge out of immediate danger, and even then it was clear that months must be passed in the same position if there was to be a hope of entire recovery. Whilst it had been a question whether he could live through each day as it came, people had naturally thought little about the future; but when the danger subsided, and it was possible to look forward with something like confidence, the near prospect of months of tedious convalescence looked so dreary, that the spirits of the party did not rise as they had expected them to do, at the verdict 'out of danger.'

It was not therefore with a very cheerful countenance that Mr. Lettridge took his seat by his son's side that afternoon, and began the conversation by telling him that he had another brother.

Osmond brightened at once with great interest, asking questions, and seeming rather aggrieved at having been kept a whole week in ignorance of the fact. 'I am very glad it is a boy,' he said; 'it will be such a capital thing for Owen—but how Lady Mary must want you! Surely you are going to her. Why did not you tell me before?'

'I knew you too well,' said Mr. Lettridge, laughing, so much was he cheered by Osmond's interest in the subject. 'I was certain that as soon as ever you heard, you would be in a hurry to get rid of me, and I could not have left you as you were last week.'

'No, I am afraid I give a great deal of trouble. It has been the greatest comfort to feel you were here, though they would so seldom let you come to me; but you will go to her now? I am so much better.'

His tone was cheerful, and yet it was small wonder that it was with a piteous look the father surveyed the prostrate figure and worn face. He thought Osmond did not realize how near death he had been; and his own misery at the fear of losing his 'heretic' but very dearly-loved son, had been such as could only be experienced by a man sincerely persuaded of the exclusive rectitude of his own belief. He was not one who could easily rally from depression, and he had no idea of the effort Osmond always made in his presence, or perhaps he might have roused himself to be more cheerful.

'You *are* better, thank God,' he said fervently; 'but you are a long way from well yet, my poor boy.'

'Yes, of course,' said Osmond, smiling, though at the same time there was a painful expression about his mouth that he could not entirely control. 'Of course I know ribs and thigh-bones will not mend in no

time, and one cannot be smashed without being the worse for some months; but I hope you do not mean to keep away from Lady Mary till I am on my legs again, or she will hate me!'

'I wish you would not speak so lightly, Osmond. It makes me shudder to hear you; if you remembered all, you would feel it no laughing matter.'

Osmond did remember all; he had wandered sometimes in pain or weakness, but he had never been beyond the recall of a familiar voice. He remembered all, as even his father, great as his anxiety had been, could hardly do, and this half petulant reproof was unexpected.

'I am sorry I spoke too lightly,' he said, with a sigh. 'I hope I am thankful to be spared to you; but,' he added, changing the subject with the dread he never could shake off of a serious conversation with his father; 'you really must do as I wish. You will go home?'

'And leave you here amongst strangers?'

'They are not strangers now—their kindness is something wonderful, is it not? I am very sorry to give so much trouble, but both Mrs. Lockhart and Frank make one feel as if they liked looking after one. Of course they cannot really, but it is very good of them.'

'Mrs. Lockhart is beyond praise,' said Mr. Lettridge warmly. 'I have seen less of Frank—I cannot make out how he fits on to the family. He seems at home here.'

'Yes, he has been with the Lockharts for years. Herbert told Leonard that he was the son of an old friend of Colonel Lockhart's who died very poor, and that Colonel Lockhart adopted him out of charity. He keeps in the background as a rule, (I suspect it is rather difficult to manage with Herbert,) so that I had not seen much of him until he took to looking after me; but when you know him he is an uncommonly nice fellow.'

'He goes back to school in a few days, does he not?' said Mr. Lettridge.

'Does he? oh, I suppose so. How I must have spoilt his holidays! At any rate, I can truly say I did not do it on purpose,' Osmond added, with a little laugh, and an anxious glance, to make sure that his father would not again suspect him of levity.

Mr. Lettridge, however, was not attending to him. After a short silence, he said thoughtfully, 'Very kind of the Lockharts, but it is doubtfully prudent, I should say, to bring up a penniless lad in the house with those pretty girls. I have seldom seen a more perfect contrast than they are.'

'Yes—are they not!' said Osmond, kindling in spite of his fatigue. 'I never saw anyone so beautiful as Miss Lockhart.'

'Esther? I should have called Helen the prettier. Esther is very handsome, but she wants life and expression. She is too like a statue of Faith.'

'Do you think she wants expression?' said Osmond, in surprise. 'I

should have said her face was more full of tenderness and true womanly feeling than any other I ever saw.'

Mr. Lettridge smiled with a slight shade of derision. He supposed his son had idealized a handsome face, and perhaps fallen in love with it at first sight, (as he had himself done repeatedly in his time, though he had married before he was twenty.) He did not therefore consider Osmond's opinion on the subject as of any weight whatever. He had no conception that his view of Esther had been less perfect than his son's; after having been three weeks in the same house with her, he thought he knew her face thoroughly, and had no suspicion of what it could be when her womanly pity was stirred to its very depths. His idea of her was the quiet elder sister, who was always guarding May and Charlton from danger or mischief; Osmond's was the Sister of Mercy, who had watched over a stranger through that long terrible afternoon, unflinching whilst it was in her power to alleviate suffering.

It was well for Osmond that Frank came in soon afterwards, and seeing his flushed and weary looks, at once forbade any more talk, for Mr. Lettridge never saw when to stop. Frank had not intended to banish him, if only he would hold his tongue; but he chose to retire, looking so guilty as to puzzle the other considerably. Frank made no remark, and busied himself in trying to make Osmond comfortable, moving his pillows so as to lay him flat. Osmond thanked him, and tried to rest, but he looked so uneasy as to make his friend inquire anxiously what was amiss. Was he in much pain?

'Not more than usual, thank you,' he said, smiling; 'nothing but what can very well be put up with.'

'Then what is troubling you? Is a book upside-down in the darkest corner of the room, or one of the pictures crooked?'

'No, it is not one of those childish fidgets. There is nothing the matter exactly—only getting well one comes back to the old controversy.' And he gave a weary sigh.

'If he has been talking controversy—' began Frank indignantly.

'Hush, Frank, he did no harm—of course he can't help thinking about it. It is not so much anything he said, as the fact itself, and there is no help for that. It is always the greatest comfort to feel that his anxiety about it is after all a proof of love.'

'Perhaps,' said Frank, rather shortly; 'but you are not strong enough yet for anything of the sort.'

'Not strong enough to think about what is right and true! the great questions upon which eternal happiness or misery depend? If one cannot find time for such thoughts on a sick-bed, when will one?'

'Never mind the general question,' said Frank; 'he had no business to mention the subject to you—he promised Dr. Bruce he would not, and you had a right to stop him.'

'O Frank, I could not have done it. I have hardly seen him, and he

goes to-morrow,' Osmond said, little guessing there was a sound of relief in his tone.

'I go to-morrow too,' said Frank, by way of changing the subject. 'I hope you won't miss me.'

'Of course I shall; but you must be glad to go. You have been so kind, I never could thank you enough, but I know I must have spoilt your holidays shockingly.'

'Humbug!' said Frank, intensely gratified. 'It has been very jolly to be of use, and in a way that does not bother Herbert either. Now you must not say another word.'

'Indeed I must; if I don't, I shall think, which is far worse—or stay, could you read to me a little? that would be better than anything, if you don't dislike it. The Vine, please—the fifteenth of St. John, is it not? One does not follow it all, but it sings in one's head for long after. O Frank, you cannot think how I have longed that I dare let my own dear father come and read to me.'

Frank was by no means unsympathizing, but as he knew not how to respond to the confession of so unusual a trial, he only gave a somewhat gruff 'Poor old fellow!' and began to read.

Life at Alston went on more as usual after Mr. Lettridge and the school-boys were gone. Mrs. Lockhart had more time to devote to her children, for though Osmond of course still required both nursing and companionship, the trained nurse was now sufficient for the former, and in the latter Mr. Graham was a most valuable assistant.

He was one of those dry scholarly men, in whom it seems at first sight as if it would be impossible for anyone to confide; but he had known Mr. Lettridge nearly all their lives, besides having been Vicar of Ashmoor until he came to Alston, eighteen months ago; and Mrs. Lockhart fancied Osmond was perfectly unreserved with him about the home troubles, to which he never alluded in her hearing. In truth, to Mr. Graham, with whom he had grown up in the closest friendship, Mr. Lettridge's change of opinions had been the great sorrow of a life-time. Before that blow had fallen, he had not been what he seemed to the Lockharts now, and it was little wonder that he had much sympathy for the son of the man who was like a brother to him, in a trial which had almost equally affected the happiness of both. His courage had failed at last, he had exchanged cures and left Ashmoor, but there was no such escape possible for Osmond.

A day never passed during that long convalescence without the Vicar spending some time in the library at the Manor, talking or reading to Osmond, who, as soon as he was strong enough, eagerly employed him to provide him with books. He had set his heart upon studying the history of the Reformation, and knew exactly what books he wanted, and which of them were in the library at the Manor, with the eagerness of one who has thought much on the subject.

Mr. Graham looked out the books for him, and he set energetically to work upon them, rather to the dismay of Mrs. Lockhart, who did not think him strong enough to study as yet, without throwing himself back, but who felt unable to interfere beyond giving an occasional suggestion.

Before many days, however, when he was evidently more feverish and nervous, and only able to drive himself to study by an effort that was most undesirable, she pointed out the state of the case to Mr. Graham, who forthwith told Osmond that it was his duty to give up the attempt to do real hard work as yet.

Mr. Graham gave his advice without giving his reasons, but Osmond's instinct was always to do as he was told, and he did not dispute the fact —indeed, it had been forcing itself upon his own mind. 'I suppose so,' he said, with a half fretful assent; 'but it is such waste of time to be lying here like a log, and this is such an opportunity, where I can get the books and may read them.'

'But, my dear boy, I wish there was a chance of your moving for many weeks to come. I am not telling you not to read at all. Considering the pace at which you get through books, you will have plenty of time to read all you care for before you can go home, I am afraid.'

Mr. Graham was surprised to see a look of relief accompany the Yes, I am afraid Mrs. Lockhart will have me on her hands for some time to come.' He had taken it for granted that any young man would be tempted to fret at the long imprisonment that must be before Osmond, and had not realized how little he let himself look forward, besides not being sensitive enough, physically or mentally, fully to enter into Osmond's shrinking from a return to his home, with its constant arguments and petty persecutions.

And in spite of everything, Osmond was very happy at Alston. As no one but himself could fail to observe, he was far more at ease now that his father was not constantly there. He was very fond of Mrs. Lockhart, regarding her with a romantic gratitude, (that amused herself, but which no one else could have thought excessive,) and she was fond of him, though still feeling she knew strangely little of him. He never spoke of his home except in some passing allusion, usually to his sister, or little brother; and there was an all-pervading dread of stumbling upon painful subjects, that made her feel at a considerable distance from him, even whilst they were on playfully intimate and affectionate terms. Confidence, however, came at last, when she had begun to consider it a thing not to be hoped for.

It was one Sunday afternoon when every one else was at church. They had been silent for some time, and she was rather sadly watching the outline of the sharply cut profile that was turned away from her, as the eyes followed the motions of an active little robin who was singing his evening song on the naked stem of the wisteria outside the window. She was wondering whether she was right in her fancy, that there was a heroic soul in the prostrate figure by her side—a soul that was fighting

a battle more severe than falls to the lot of most people, with acute feelings and an overpowering yearning for peace and harmony, and without the aid of that strong clear judgement, which we English are too apt to regard as the one thing needful.

At length he turned his head, and met her eyes, as he nerved himself for an effort. 'I think I remember most things,' he said; 'but will you tell me—I know I talked nonsense sometimes—did I talk about any one particular subject, that you noticed?'

Mrs. Lockhart wished she could say No; but she thought she might at least save him an explanation. 'You said nothing that need trouble you,' she answered; 'nothing to be ashamed of, and one is on honour not to repeat things said under such circumstances.'

'Thank you. It is not that I mean. I know I can trust you, but will you not tell me? Am I not right in fancying that I talked about entail?'

'You did, but not intelligibly. You have let out no secrets, I assure you.'

'And you know nothing?' he said, scanning her face with a look of distress.

Again she wished she could answer No; but, thanks to Mrs. Giles, it was impossible. 'I cannot quite say that,' she answered; 'but I have paid no attention to gossip. Do not trouble yourself. I have no claim to hear the rights of the story.'

'You must, though,' he said, with painful eagerness; 'if you have heard anything you must hear the rights. Anything that is short of the whole truth will make you think ill of my father and Lady Mary, whereas it was my own doing.'

She let him tell his story, but did not see that he cleared his father thereby—indeed, her blood boiled at the idea of the injustice he had allowed to be done to him.

It was not for Osmond to dwell upon the broad acres that were his birth-right; he merely told how his father had felt it wrong to leave so large a property in Protestant hands, and had exacted from his son upon his coming of age a consent to cutting off the entail.

'I see plainly enough *now* that I was wrong,' Osmond said; 'his view was very natural, but I was wrong to consent. At the time I was so bewildered by their arguments, so doubtful whether it could be right for a son to oppose his father except in one case, that I could not see what to do, and I could consult no one, without— Well, it seemed so like complaining of my father, that I could not make up my mind to write to Mr. Graham even, till just at last, and I got no answer.'

'How strange! Why did he not write?'

'He never had my letter,' said Osmond, colouring. 'I have no doubt now that it was intercepted—not by my father, of course,' he added; but there is O'Brien.'

'Who is that?' said Mrs. Lockhart, entirely puzzled.

'O'Brien. I forgot you would not know who he was. He is such a mighty power at Ashmoor, that one takes it for granted his name requires no explanation. He is my father's man of business—a very clever fellow, but no friend to either Amy or me. We never liked or believed in him, and always used to wonder how he could contrive to humbug my father and Lady Mary as he has done. Lady Mary holds him to be so good a Catholic, that she will bear a wonderful quantity from him; I believe that is at the bottom of it. I am afraid *we* shewed our dislike pretty plainly when first he took the management of affairs; and I can't help thinking he has never forgiven either of us—but fortunately Amy is quite out of his power. He cannot hurt *her*.'

'And you think his spite against you caused him to have your letter intercepted?'

'I do; though it seems uncharitable to say it, I feel no doubt it must have been so.'

'And you consented, as Mr. Graham had not written?'

'Yes. I had promised an answer by a given day, hoping to have heard from him by that time; and when it came I had to decide for myself, and as I tell you I decided wrongly. I felt bewildered—and—forsaken. I only saw the matter selfishly then; I understood my father's conscientious scruples so well, as I thought, that I could not bear to oppose them; I did not see—what I see now clearly enough—that it was as much *my* duty to do my utmost to keep Ashmoor in Protestant hands, as it could be *his* to take it out of them.'

'Nothing could possibly be so terrible to me as a quarrel with him, so I am afraid it may have been partly cowardice, but I did not see it so at the time. I thought, too—' and his colour heightened, and his voice sank, 'I thought a refusal would be shrinking from the first real sacrifice that has been asked of me. I hoped to prove to them that, do what they will, they cannot change my faith. It has been a failure altogether, and a very grievous one. The poor Protestants at Ashmoor have a hard enough trial as it is, and I have given up all right to help them. I have been a fool for my pains—done harm instead of good, and people entirely misconstrue my father's motives. I could not bear *you* to think like the rest of them.'

What Mrs. Lockhart thought of Mr. Lettridge she was fortunately not called upon to say; there was no untruth or evasion in the encouraging words with which she met the sorrowful gaze fixed upon her. 'You may have judged wrongly in man's sight, dear Osmond, but yet your sacrifice has been so real a one, that I do not doubt it will bring a blessing in due time. We can hardly lay too much stress on the keeping of the first Commandment with promise.'

'Thank you,' he said gently. 'It is a great comfort to hear you speak so. You will forgive me for talking so freely, I hope. I have so few to whom I could mention such difficulties. At home I might have friends, I know; but I am obliged to keep people at a distance, for fear of

partisans. If they only knew a little more of me,' he added, with a short scornful laugh, 'they would think twice before they tried to make me out a champion; but you understand it all. You know my dear father, and how good and noble his views are, (though of course I think them mistaken.) I cannot help grieving over it all a good deal. I hope it is not that I am jealous of dear little Owen. I don't think it is—I feel as if I could not grudge him anything. What does grieve me is the sense of having, as it were, fought against my own side—weakened the cause for which I would give up anything!'

'My dear boy, may I ask you a question?'

'Anything you please.'

'Did you come to your resolution without earnest prayer for direction?'

He almost smiled at the inquiry. 'I hope not, indeed. How could I have decided at all in that case?'

'I did not doubt it. I only wanted you to recall the fact yourself, that I might warn you of the duty of trust. I do think you probably have been mistaken; but the case was a hard one, and I believe that in due season you will reap, *if you faint not*—remember, it is on that condition.'

It seemed to her almost presumptuous, that she, who was untried in the fire of persecution, should so speak to him, who had already passed years in it; but he thanked her heartily, if rather by look than word, and she felt that if she could be a help to him, she ought to esteem it a privilege.

When next she spoke, it was to ask a question about his little brother; and his face glowed, as he spoke of his strength and spirit.

'You see a great deal of him, I suppose?' she said.

'Yes; I am always at home, you know, and I can generally manage to be in the drawing-room when he is down-stairs. That is all. Lady Mary does not like me to be alone with him.'

'That must be a great trial.'

'It is very natural, you see,' he said, with a sigh. 'I do sometimes think she might trust me to keep my promise, not to try and bias the boy's mind; but she would not think it right either to make or keep such a promise herself, so it is not much wonder.'

'You feel no scruple about it?'

'I don't know that I can quite say *that*, but I think the promise the lesser of two evils. One could not do more harm than by teaching him to differ from, or in any way distrust, those to whom he owes obedience; and some time, I hope, a way may open, though I don't see how. Meanwhile, there is one way of influencing his life which no one can forbid.'

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY.

We went up the beach by the sandy down,
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow paved streets where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folks at their prayers,
And we stood without in the cold blowing airs;
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

Matthew Arnold. '*The Forsaken Merman.*'

The next day, Sunday, was just what Sunday ought to be, 'the best in all the seven,' so bright and clear, that Mrs. Myra *could*, or at any rate *did*, make no objection to her two charges going to church. The question was not whether they were to go at all, but how they were to get there. Miss Philly always rode, as the rheumatism, which had settled in her knee, made her unable to walk so far, and the numerous gates rendered driving, except for the honour and glory of the thing, quite as fatiguing, and far more tedious, than the walk itself would have been. A wedding, or a funeral, were the only two occasions on which a genuine Marsh man or woman would ever have dreamt of driving, and this more out of regard to the state and festival nature of their attire than from any other reason, for the marsh was guiltless of anything which bore the faintest resemblance to a road, unless the farm-tracks across the fields might be reckoned as such, and they were so deeply rutted, that if you attempted to follow them in any vehicle at all lighter than a four-wheeled waggon, you ran the risk of being jolted out for your pains. Mrs. Myra's bones still ached with the shaking she had got coming to Illium; and she remembered only too well the fright with which she had clung to the side of the waggonette, in momentary expectation of an upset, being too thoroughly terrified to be able to scold Miss Frances for laughing and saying it reminded her of being in a boat, or Master Algy for following up the joke by asking whether she felt sea-sick.

No, nothing would induce her to trust herself on anything but her own feet while she was in that neighbourhood, even Miss Philly's offer of the not long disused pillion was declined with thanks; and as she was manifestly unable to walk the two and a half miles which lay between her and her destination, and as she did not like Miss Frances to go without her, and as Miss Frances was quite determined to go, matters seemed likely to come to as dead a lock as did the travelling arrangements of the fox, the goose, and the cabbage. Of course, as soon as there was the slightest obstacle thrown in the way of his

church going, Algy became extremely eager to go, which was by no means the usual case, for at Lurgershall, where the church was in the quadrangle, and he was not allowed a choice in the matter, the difficulty was to find an excuse for staying away. Miss Philly, as was only natural, took his side of the question, and was of the church-going faction; for, besides the rights and wrongs of the case, she was not above a certain wish to exhibit her guests to the admiring eyes of the rest of the neighbours, and church was the only rallying-point in the thinly populated parish which measured fifteen miles acoss, though the acreage greatly out-numbered the inhabitants; Mrs. Myra being at length forced to yield, it was finally settled that the young people were to walk, and Miss Philly was to follow, like John Gilpin, 'on horse-back after we,' in order to see that no harm happened to them. Unfortunately, whoever else might have been consulted in the matter, her steed Dick had not; and as he had very decided ideas of his own respecting the pace which best suited his convenience, this arrangement could not be carried out to the letter; and after having twice narrowly escaped riding over Algy, who appeared to consider that being ridden over was likely to afford an agreeable variety to the monotony of the walk, and consequently took no trouble to get out of the way, she came to the conclusion that their safety would be better consulted by her performing the part of an advanced guard, and so the two were left to their own devices.

They were a pleasant sight to look at, this bright faced, well grown pair; so Miss Philly thought, as the ring of their laughter sounded in her ears, and she turned to watch them, with rather a pleasant sense of ownership and property in them. They did not see her; for Algy, having espied a water-rat or some similar *lusus naturæ* in the ditch, had felt himself in duty bound to investigate into the matter, and was now standing with a foot on either bank, Colossus of Rhodes fashion, vainly endeavouring to coax Frances to come and look at the interesting sight, and splashing the water far and wide round him, with utter disregard for, and to the irreparable damage of, her delicate white-and-blue Sunday garment.

Miss Philly had grave doubts whether they would be in time for church, and as she was always more than punctual, and indeed frequently arrived before the bells had begun to chime, she was rather uneasy, and was therefore much relieved to find, when she looked again, that Frances had persuaded Algy to leave the water-rat to manage his own matters his own way, and come on. They were talking very eagerly now, and the two faces were close together. How alike they were! If the black and white hats were to change places, the only distinction between the two would be the difference in their colouring, and even that was not so very far apart; for though nature had given Frances a good complexion to start with, it had certainly derived no additional assistance from art, as might be seen from the fact that the

unhappy parasol which she carried in her hand was very seldom put to its legitimate use, and indeed was only now unfurled because Algy had contrived to make it both wet and muddy in his attack on the privacy of the water-rat's domicile, and its owner had a wild idea that the sun might possibly contrive to dry and bleach it so effectually, that Mrs. Myra's sharp eyes should not find out that it had been put to any derogatory use—a work which was manifestly beyond even the sun's powers.

They were very good friends, this brother and sister, and met on terms of more perfect equality than most school-boy brothers and sisters; for Frances' two years superiority in age, the indulgence she met with from her father, and the greater importance she was made of at home, had taught Algy early to perceive that *sister* and *slave* were by no means synonymous terms, though it was through no fault of Frances' that he did not still continue to ride over her rough-shod. She spoilt him more than anybody in the household, which is not saying much, after all; for Mrs. Myra, devoted as she was to the children, was rather after the Mrs. Crabtree pattern of nurse, and the rest of the household followed suit, and were more inclined to admire Master Algy at a distance than to study his good qualities from a closer point of view, inasmuch as they one and all declared that their lives were made a burden to them, by reason of his 'terrifying' whenever he was within eye or ear shot. Frances was his constant companion in everything that would admit of her companionship, and in many things which Mrs. Myra most decidedly thought did not, and in return possessed more of his peculiar confidence than anybody else in the world, excepting perhaps a certain Adam Charteris, his school-chum, of whom she was secretly not a little jealous.

It was fortunate for all parties that there was no chance of their missing their way, for neither of them had paid much attention at the time to Miss Philly's directions, and they had now quite forgotten the 'pinnolds' they were to go over, the field they were to 'cater 'cross,' and the shore-way they were to follow, in order to avail themselves of the short cut which she recommended to their notice, but which they prudently avoided, thinking that, in their case, 'the longest way round was likely to prove the shortest way home.'

They had no need of either guide or directions now, they had only to follow the windings of the little tidal river, and that would be certain to bring them to their journey's end in process of time, though it might be by rather a circuitous—or what Miss Philly would call a circumbendibus—road.

A stranger, accustomed to a town, or to one of those pretty country parishes which we all of us know so well, with the long straggling village street made up of independent cottages, which seem built by the rule of contraries, since no two of them resemble each other in any point whatever, each standing in its own bit of garden 'gay-ground,' and all

leading up to that greenest of greens whereon stands the church, more than half hidden by the tall elms which entirely conceal the white rectory; while a little further on the great house towers over all, keeping watch and ward over the lesser dwelling-places, much as a hen keeps watch over her chickens; while the park, doing duty as a hen-coop, (to carry out the simile,) stretches far away in the distance. Such a one might have thought that Sawkett-in-the-Marsh was a most desolate dismal-looking place; but anyone who knew it must have loved it, and loved it all the better for the very loneliness that lent it its chief charm.

There were not many houses about, not more than one could easily count on one's fingers. First came a farm-house, about half a mile from the church, surrounded by barns, stables, and rick-yards, looking like a modern translation of the fortified keep of olden time, with the straw-yard (which for some inexplicable though no doubt good reason is usually in front of the front door) doing duty for a moat, and the pigeon-cote for a watch-tower. It would be well victualled too, in case of a siege, for animal life of all descriptions abounds there. You could never hope to come within hailing distance of the place without having your presence announced by a Dutch chorus of mooing, barking, quacking, crowing, cackling, and shouting—nor hope to effect an entrance therein without first tumbling over a score or more of children, puppies, lambs, calves, and chickens, all apparently brought up in a most promiscuous manner, the children, as was only natural, receiving the least attention, they being the least marketable commodity, and thriving all the better for the wholesome neglect.

Next in order came the shop, a veritable *multum in parvo*, where flannel and door-mats, butter and cheese, tobacco and tea, jostled each other in most admired confusion. It was 'the shop' *par excellence*, first because there was no other, and secondly because it could lay claim to no distinctive name. It could not be called a grocer's because it was a linen-draper's, nor a linen-draper's because it was a chemist's and a cheesemonger's and a baker's and a tallow-chandler's, and more other things than I can remember or enumerate, though five, or at any rate ten, shillings would have bought up the whole stock of articles which gave it a right to any one of these titles. Indeed, the little shrivelled old woman who kept it, so far from pressing you to buy her wares, would often entreat you to hold your hand and not make too large purchases, for fear that you should 'brozier' her, and so make her 'out' of any articles, if any more importunate customer should arrive before the carrier's weekly visit to Napinque should enable her to lay in a fresh stock. The drugs, however, were replenished after a much more primitive manner; for one day, being horrified at the sight of a huge bottle of laudanum standing on the counter, I asked Mrs. French if she was not afraid of killing some of her customers by dealing with it after such a wholesale fashion. 'Oh dear no!' she answered, with a good-humoured

smile of amused superiority. 'You aint no call whatsomdever to be afraid. I've had that bottle from year's end to year's end, and whenever it gets a bit low I just takes and fills it up with water, and it does every bit as much good as when it was span new; some one time I puts six-penny-worth of fresh to it, but I don't do that often, or I shouldn't be able to sell it cheap, and that's what the folk hereabout thinks most on.' I did not doubt this last assertion, and I found great comfort in thinking of the water, when I saw the immense doses the cottage mothers were in the habit of inflicting on their children, a tea-spoonful being thought nothing of. I don't think that there are many (if any) shops like this; I certainly never saw one where business was conducted in such a primitive manner. I have often gone to make some purchases, and been greeted by Mrs. French with an apologetic, 'Oh! I don't like asking you, but would you see to weighing the tea out for yourself, for what with the coals, and the butter, and the snuff, and the bacon, my hands is that dirty that I can't lay hold on anything.' Of course I was very willing to serve myself, but I fancy that everyone was not trusted so far; perhaps other customers were a little more knowing about the weights and measures than I was, for I never could understand Mrs. French's method of weighing, and as I was desperately afraid of taking too much, generally ended by cheating myself most egregiously. It may be that they had no objection to a slight flavour of coals or cheese being added to their original purchase; I think that this *must* have been the case, for I cannot otherwise account for the reason why I should so often have found foreign bodies in the tea, a snuffy odour clinging to the sugar, and an indescribably physicky smell about the sugar-plums, which may have made these articles more wholesome, but I question whether it made them more palatable.

Next to the shop came a little one-storied cottage, which looked all roof, wherein dwelt Master Farrall, the only 'gentleman' the parish could boast of. Not that poor old John, Squire Alard's *ci-devant* game-keeper, could lay claim to any gentility but that given him by an annuity of fifty-two pounds a year; but that was quite enough, for 'gentleman' is a title which is in the Marsh bestowed on anybody who is spared the necessity of working for his living—a distinction being drawn between such a one, and a 'real' or a 'real live' gentleman, by the addition of the adjective.

Then come two houses occupied by the carrier and the parish-clerk, rival kings of Brentford, each equally important in their respective spheres, each equally jealous of the other's claims to consideration, and each equally convinced that the other was most thoroughly incompetent, and that he and he alone was fitted to fill his shoes. In spite of this conviction they were very good friends on the whole, though their opinions on everything, both human and divine, were so diametrically different that they never met without quarrelling, and yet were never happy apart. Indeed, they always reminded me of those lines—

'Thou'rt such a touchy testy pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee
There is no living with thee, or without thee.'

Politics were the great rock on which they split. The clerk, as befitting his clerkship, was a strong Conservative, and supporter of Church and State, though I am bound to say that his Conservatism was of that primitive kind which dislikes all change simply because it is a change, and thinks that whatever is is right; while the carrier, who from his calling mixed more with such of the outer world as was to be found in that sleepiest of all sleepy towns, Napinque, held much more advanced views, adopted as his opinions *all* of those promulgated by the weekly Radical paper which he took in, 'The Napinque Mercury,' and further declared 'as how he thought that everybody ought to be just the same, except of course Irishers and Papists, and such like rubbish;' a dangerous and heretical doctrine, which did not meet with many supporters in Sawkett, where even the children would have been quite ready to set you right in your 'duty to your neighbours,' supposing you shewed such crass ignorance on the subject of your elders and betters. I am afraid that a good many of them confined themselves to this, however, and were therefore unlike 'the happy' in the dear old 106th Psalm—

'Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always *practise* what they know.'

A stone's throw from the cottages stood the school, a modern red-brick erection, built by Sir Francis Darell after the original temple of knowledge had fallen about the ears of the occupants. It looked somewhat out of keeping with its surroundings—as if, like Folkestone, it had been accidentally dropped in the Marsh *en route* for some more important place, and did not feel itself at home enough to take root. Not so the school-master, for he was a Marsh-man born and bred, who had never been more than twenty miles from home in the whole course of his life, and never wished or meant to go further, and could not possibly have existed in any place but Sawkett, where certificates were unknown, inspectors never penetrated, and if a *syllabus* had ever been heard of, it would have certainly been hopelessly confused with a *syllable*. Master Barnes had been brought up as a thatcher, but having broken his leg by a fall from an insecurely fixed ladder in early life, he became unable to pursue his trade, and was therefore unanimously elected to the post of school-master, which had been vacant for some time, waiting for a similar event; for he flourished in those charitable and good old times, when the only vocation or training you required for the office was to meet with an accident which rendered you unable to earn your bread after any other fashion. This was certainly fortunate for him, for he could not (and would not) have sat for a certificate, and if he had been prevailed on to make the attempt would not have had the ghost of a chance of passing; for he had not even so much as heard of

many of the subjects which he would have been expected to understand, not having, as he himself said, had his head broke by a brick from the Tower of Babel, like too many of the school-masters of now-a-days. Notwithstanding these small draw-backs, Master Barnes succeeded very well in his calling; for he was naturally a shrewd man, possessed of plenty of mother wit, and with that hearty love of religion which serves in lieu of romance to the poor, and so, with the aid of that valuable (but in the present day sorely depreciated) assistant, a thick stick, he contrived to drum into the muddled heads of his little pupils enough knowledge of the 'three Rs' to gain them a sufficient reputation for 'book-larning' to last them the rest of their lives. That is to say, they could read their Bibles, write a letter, and make shift to read one if needs must, though they infinitely preferred having it read to them, (and small blame too, for the hand-writing is apt to be by no means first-rate, and the sentences are confused enough to break Priscian's head with a vengeance;) while some of the more advanced could go straight through the multiplication-table as far as twelve times twelve without coming to an ignominious break-down, and answer that time-honoured puzzle so familiar to us all, 'A herring and a half for three half-pence, how many can I buy for six-pence?' without spending more than five minutes in the calculation.

'School-master' was much thought of in the neighbourhood; for though some of his former pupils pronounced him, and with some justice too, to be 'a terr'ble sour-headed chap, who kept himself to himself, and gave nothing for nothing, and very little for a half-penny,' yet this very reserve and prudence caused him to be respected by the elders, who naturally saw things from quite another point of view. *They* thought all the better of him for 'keeping his tongue between his teeth, and looking both sides at a penny;' besides, they could better appreciate his value. Why, the knowledge he had of herbs, (backed up by the possession of Culpepper's Herbal,) alone entitled him to be considered every whit as good as the 'certified doctor;' and as his neighbours did not scruple to employ him in this capacity, it was no unusual thing for his scholars, when they came to school in the morning, to find the doors locked, and the master away, having been sent for in haste to advise in a case of sudden illness. Nobody ventured to make any objection, however inconvenient they might find it to have the children 'on hand' all day, for no one knew whether their own turn might not come next; and as the professional doctor lived fifteen miles off, and charged a shilling a mile for his journey, it would be by no means politic to quarrel with his substitute, whose services were all the more acceptable because, if they were not quite gratuitous, they could be paid for in kind. In short, Master Barnes not only had a good word from everybody but those whose good word was not worth having, but was actually said to have forgotten more than any of the neighbours ever knew, by which somewhat back-handed compliment (the highest a

Marsh man can pay you) you were given to understand that he had a vast stock of unused wisdom still to the fore, and felt bound to look up to him accordingly.

Next to the school came the Red Lion, the quaintest and quietest of public-houses, which looked so intensely respectable that no one would have dreamt of mistaking it for an inn if it had not been for the wooden model of the lion, (the old Alard crest,) which ramped in front of it. There were very few people except old John Farrall who remembered the time when it had been the Alard Arms; but the name and the race were alike extinct, so no wonder the inn had followed suit. In spite of the promise of good bed and board, inscribed on the sign-post, a stray comer could not always reckon on receiving the warm welcome that he might expect to meet with in that out-of-the-way part of the world. Certainly, strangers did not often happen along, and Mr. and Mrs. Cluffe, though by no means inhospitable people, did not like being put out of their way to attend to them. Added to this, Mrs. Cluffe, being of a suspicious turn of mind, always felt it borne in upon her that the new comer was after no good, and indeed had only come to the Red Lion with a view of feloniously obtaining possession of the twelve tea-spoons, the silver tea-pot, and the two flagons, which were as dear to her as the apple of her eye; so that unless the unfortunate was willing and able to furnish her with a full, true, and particular account of his life, both past, present, and future, she held that she had proved her point, and consequently would not allow him to be for a moment out of her sight while he was in the house, and when he had at length departed—carrying with him—not the contents of the plate-chest, but the firm conviction that his hostess was out of her mind, (a genuine Marsh-man would have said 'not all there,') her fears were by no means allayed. They only took a new turn, for she became subject to nightly terrors, and made her husband's life a burden to him, by waking him up at all hours of the night in order that he might investigate into the cause of divers and sundry mysterious noises, which were made additionally aggravating by the fact that they were always to be heard in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the house. A noise in the parlour was legitimate excuse enough, it might require looking into; but when a scratching was heard in the apple-loft, succeeded in half an hour's time by a whispering in the back-yard, and a hammering in the beer-cellar, it was too much of a good thing, and more than human patience could stand without grumbling. With this exception, however, Mrs. Cluffe was a most sensible woman; one in whom the Emperor Napoleon would have had much comfort, for she had brought up and started in life fourteen children, to say nothing of the six that she had buried. None of the survivors were at home now; they were all scattered far and wide, finding out for themselves the truth of the proverb, 'East, West—Home is best.' Most of them (all indeed except the two sailors) were in the Colonies, for foreign lands seem to have a peculiar charm for the

Marsh-men, who are born with the migratory instinct as strong in them as it ever was in snipe or woodcock. This is the reason why you may spend a long day in that part of the world and meet with nobody between the ages of eighteen and fifty, and why those you do meet, though looking as if they had never gone more than a Sabbath day's journey from home in the whole course of their lives, can tell you strange stories of foreign countries, of hair-breadth escapes, of stirring deeds, by the side of which Baron Munchausen's own adventures lose some of their lustre, and which made your hair stand on end, and your breath came short, while you found yourself feebly wondering how any living creature could possibly have experienced so many dangers and yet remain alive to tell the tale.

Last of all came the church, which, if it could have found a voice, would not have been a whit behind any of the congregation in its adventures, for it could have told of the days when the smugglers, being hotly pursued one Saturday evening, filled the church with their brandy-kegs, and sent word to the clergyman that the church was wanted, so that there could be no service; or of the time when service was only held once a month, and the clergyman coming to do duty one day was coolly informed that he must preach from the reading-desk if he preached at all, for the old goose, who was sitting in the pulpit, had not hatched out, as she ought to have done on Saturday, and must not be disturbed; or how, when Mr. Grant, the present clergyman, was preaching, he felt the pulpit-floor giving way beneath him, and gradually disappeared from the eyes of the congregation into a disused smuggler's hide below. You could well believe any of these stories when you saw the church, for it was a quaint old solitary place, with low grey walls, supported by marvellously solid buttresses, with deep porches, and round Saxon arched door-ways and windows, with an immense extent of high-pitched red-tiled roof, covered with patches of green and yellow lichen, from whence sprung a little stone tower, surmounted by a tall octagon peaked steeple, covered with shingles.* It stood quite alone in its little square of enclosed graveyard, and looked not unlike an island floating in a sea of green, for it was built in the very centre of one of those great, many acred, pathless, green fields, where the sheep graze all the year round except when the floods are out, at which time the church looks more like an island than ever. In old times, before the sea-wall had been built, and draining had restricted the Loan to its own proper boundaries, the church might often have been seen standing in the midst of a world of waters; and it became necessary to give out after the one fortnightly service had been completed, 'If wind, weather, and tide permit, there will be service here on Sunday week,' which announcement was unintentionally turned into rhyme by

* Shingles are flat pieces of wood, cut out of the heart of oak, which the wood-cutters used to employ themselves making in the winter evenings out of the roots of the trees, which were their perquisite. As the shingles require four or five years seasoning, they are now very seldom used, or even to be met with.

the parishioners, who would always pronounce *permick* and *wick* as if they rhymed.

Why, it was still within the memory of man, when the floods were out —those great floods, when the sea-wall was broken down, and the clerk's house, and a good deal else besides, was washed away. Master Selman himself was away, but his wife and child were not, and they had to jump out of bed and fly for their lives to the church without even stopping to put on any clothes, or to take any food except the remains of the loaf which Mrs. Selman snatched off the table, where it was still standing, and which had already served for breakfast and dinner. For two days everybody thought that they were drowned; but on the morning of the third, as the waters were going down, a faint tinkle was heard proceeding from the belfry, and someone caught sight of a flutter of white from one of the belfry windows. Even then they did not know how to get to their assistance, for the water was still too deep to wade, and too shallow to float a boat; but Mr. Alard, 'the old squire,' as he was always called, no sooner heard that there were women-folk prisoned in the church, than he came down on his great black horse with Madam's pillion strapped behind him, and swam over to the church—yes, and up the aisle too, for that was six feet deep under water, till he found the two poor shivering creatures sitting perched on the long ladder leading up to the steeple. Mrs. Selman used often to say in after days how she had been like to go off her head with joy when she heard the Squire's voice; and how the Squire pulled off his coat and waistcoat to wrap round her and the child, and swore at himself for an old fool for not bringing any food for them with him, when he heard how badly the loaf had held out; and how when he had got her safely up behind him, and she began to cry for very thankfulness, he swore at her for a fool, though indeed he seemed like to cry at one time himself, when he took Janie in his arms, and the little maid looked up in his face and said, 'Art come, fader?'—for what with hunger and fright and cold, she was most-ways dazed.

She did not know what to do, or where to turn to, seeing that the neighbours were all in the same boat as she was; but the Squire, he says, says he, 'You haven't got a house to go to, but I have, so you'll just come with me and see what Madam can do for you;' and though she was most-ways ashamed to come before Madam in her night-gown, and knew that it was no-ways proper for the likes of her to be wearing the Squire's coat, yet he would not have it back again. And so they rode up to the door of Illium in that fashion—the Squire in his shirt-sleeves, with Janie in his arms, and she behind in the Squire's coat.

Madam herself came out at the door, and fell a-crying as she took the child. And as to the Squire, he was like one beside himself; he ran straight to the kitchen, and brought with his own hands into the very drawing-room, a loaf of bread and a sirloin of beef, and then he went for more bread and more meat—and more meat and more bread, till he had

brought all that there was in the house; and then he sent the butler to the cellar for brandy and wine, and fumed and fretted because he could not find them himself. It was very odd, he said, that he never could lay his hand on anything in his own house; and then he walked about with a bottle of brandy in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other, and seemed quite put out because she and the child could not eat and drink all that he had provided. Then he sent the maids this way and that for Madam's very own clothes; and at last he went up himself, and brought down the first thing that he could lay hands on, and that was Madam's span new brocade, that could stand alone of itself, and cost pounds and pounds of money; she (Mrs. Selman) was shocked, but Madam never looked nor said a word, only sat holding Janie on her knee before the fire, trying to feed her, and saying over and over again, 'Oh, the poor child! the poor child!'

Mrs. Selman never minded till she had herself been put to bed, and gone to sleep, and woke up again to find Madam standing by the bed-side watching Janie. Now it was said as Madam could not bear to look on the face of a child since her last child, (the last of seven,) Master Hugh, had been killed six months back by a fall from his pony, just a year after his sister, Lady Darell, had died. That was long long ago. The old Squire, and Madam, and Mrs. Selman—yes, and little Janie too, were all buried in the little square graveyard; and there were no such floods heard of now-a-days. But even now, the careful house-mothers always took the precaution of mounting themselves on their ringed pattens before crossing the church-field; and there was usually a pile of these articles left in the porch during service, which to an inexperienced observer, appeared as if they would be extremely difficult to identify, though I do not think they really were, for I never heard of anybody walking off in the wrong ones.

The church could be seen a long way off, though it stood on a level with the rest of the Marsh, for it had been built with a view to its being a landmark from the sea; and the tall shingled spire, surmounted by the stone cross springing from the crown of thorns, could be seen for miles off, both by sea and land, for there was neither tree nor hedge in all the grass-covered marsh to intercept the view, nothing except the great marsh sheep, which diminished in the distance, till at last they looked like a handful of carraway comfits scattered broadcast over the plain. At any rate, that was all that one could note in a bird's-eye view, for the Marsh was by no means over-populated. Indeed, you might spend hours or even days riding there without meeting a human being; but they could very well be spared, for there was no lack of other life to be found. Now and then a heron would get up out of one of the ditches in which he had been fishing, and would go languidly sailing away homewards, with his long legs streaming away behind him, and an unhappy eel dangling from his beak; or a party of gulls, followed by their satellites, the terns, would fly over your head on their way inland to prophecy

a storm, shewing now white, now grey, as you watched them wheel and turn in the sun; then a wedge of golden-plover would pass by in their V-shaped flight; and more rarely a flock of wild geese from the north; nay, even a wild swan, or an eagle, had been known to find their way south in a very hard winter, but these poor fellows were sure to fall victims to the extraordinary mania which most people possess for shooting any rare bird so soon as it appears. The great parson's rooks and Royston crows, however, were not so rare but that you could see them any day stalking solemnly about, too intently looking for worms to take any notice of you till you nearly rode over them, when they would get up with an injured expostulatory caw, which always made you think of

'By came a raven who thought it was folly,
He belonged to the witch that was called Melancholy.'

Sometimes you might see a flight of wild duck, or put up a woodcock or snipe, and long that they should not be wasted on a gunless creature—a most charitable wish on your part, since men-folk invariably decline to believe in anything of the kind as seen by their womankind, so that it is useless to carry home the tidings unless you can bring corroborative evidence, for otherwise they would inevitably declare that you had mistaken a woodcock for an owl, or a snipe for a wild dove. Then, too, you might chance to start a hare, to the great delight of the dogs, who always go off at score in hot pursuit, regardless of the fact that the further they go the further they are behind; the great charm probably being that they are not quite sure whether their proceedings are contraband or not, for they always come sneaking back in a very shamefaced and hang-dog looking manner.

'Then, too, in the summer time, when the marsh-mallows, the viper's bugloss, and the horned poppies were in bloom, and the baby larks and sand-runners ran like spiders up and down the sand-banks, and the martins poked their black heads out of their holes and chattered at you, and the rabbits sat in their door-ways uncertain whether to retreat or hold their ground, and the pee-wits *would* so persistently shew you where their nests were made on the beach. What could be more delightful? and the only thing left you to long for was that you had flourished in the fifth century, when the hermit was considered not only a praiseworthy person, but also to lead a highly desirable life, so that you might follow his example, and erect a hermitage for yourself among the Dutch grass on the sand-heaps, without running the risk of being thought a maniac for your pains; and you felt quite aggrieved when a carrier's van or a rippier's cart came along, for with the roar of the sea making a solemn accompaniment to your thoughts, you did not wish to be brought back to the realities of the nineteenth century, and the prosaic exchanges of fine days or bad days as the case might be.

This Sunday was a fine day, much to little George's delight; not that the weather made the slightest difference to his and 'father's' church

going, (for they, viewing it as their normal condition to be wet through, could not help regarding it as a strange and unnatural circumstance when they had a dry thread about them,) but because he hoped that he should see the objects upon which he had expended so much thought and so many words. Other people had apparently done the same, for there was an air of general excitement among the congregation. Even the bells seemed to peal their 'Come to church—come to church—come, come, come to church!' more cheerily than usual, as if they too shared in the general anticipation; and George thought that he had never seen such a crowd before, since the captain of the Spanish ship was buried by the Popish priest from Harting, an era from which he always dated anything of importance.

The church was full, which was not generally the case when the turn for service happened to be in the morning, for on an ordinary occasion, Mr. Grant, the clergyman, used to say that he gave each of his congregation five minutes apiece, and yet never found himself preaching for too long a time. To-day, however, it was quite different; indeed, most of the people were so determined to be soon enough, that they had taken time by the forelock with a vengeance, and had already seated themselves in their pews instead of gathering in the churchyard for a good gossip before churching began, as the custom was. Moses Edridge, the leader of the choir, (the before-mentioned carrier,) after holding a long whispered conversation with Jesse Harper and Master Brinkman, the clerk, went out of church, and returned, bringing with him the immense double-bass, which was the pride of his heart, and of which he was so choice, that it was never produced except at Christmas time, or when the clubs 'walked,' or on Holy Sunday. Master Brinkman, instead of going into the vestry to help Mr. Grant into his surplice, as he was in duty bound to do, left him to struggle into that alone, while he stationed himself on the look-out in the porch; by that means capturing three idle little boys who were intending to take advantage of Master Barnes's attention being otherwhere directed to play truant. Miss Henley, who was universally allowed to be the tastiest dresser in the parish, appeared in a completely new bonnet, a judicious combination of sky-blue and apple-green, which was the Napinque translation of the correct Paris fashions, and which would have excited great admiration and envy, if everybody's thoughts had not been fixed elsewhere.

As it was, only one or two of the girls, her contemporaries, whispered to each other that 'Tilda Henley had got a new bonnet—and didn't she look a fright in it! while the matrons calculated its value, wondered how Mr. Henley could let the girl make such a fool of herself, and were a'vised that he would find his mistake before many years were over his head.

It was certainly provoking that after all these preparations had been made for their welcome, the new-comers still did not put in an

appearance. Miss Philly became obviously uneasy, wild thoughts about their having fallen into the Loan and been drowned (an event which, if not absolutely impossible, was at all events highly improbable, and had not been known to occur within the memory of man) flitted through her brain, and she mounted on her hassock to look out of window. As, however, the window looked in exactly the opposite direction from that in which the visitors must come, she did not gain much by the manœuvre, and only set the example, which the rest of the congregation were delighted to follow.

The clergyman went into the reading-desk; and the singers, much against their will, were forced to strike up 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,' which went in so halting a manner, by reason of the performers' eyes being fixed anywhere but on their instruments, that poor Mr. Grant, who was afflicted with a musical ear, which even five-and-twenty years experience of the fiddles at Sawkett had not served to deaden, was driven nearly distracted. Fortunately for him, however, the last verse had just drawn to a conclusion, when steps were—or might have been—heard on the flagged path outside, the heavy green-baize inner door was pushed open, and Frances and Algy came in.

It is confusing enough at any time to come in too late for church, but when added to this the church is a strange one, you have no guide to shew you a haven of refuge, and you feel acutely that all eyes are fixed upon you, your embarrassments are increased a hundred-fold; and so the new-comers found. They would willingly have disposed of themselves in the vacant 'mothering' pew at the end of the church, but this would have suited nobody else's views, and so they were conducted in triumph up the aisle, colouring scarlet at finding themselves the observed of all observers, and only too glad when they were at last allowed to bury themselves in the comparative obscurity of Miss Philly's pew, from whence Algy, at any rate, was soon occupied in returning stare for stare, with hearty good will and no lack of interest.

Truth to tell, Algy's behaviour was by no means pattern, for he fidgetted grievously with his Prayer-book, with the hassock, with the cushion, with everything and anything that came within hand's reach, till Miss Philly was sorely exercised in her mind, and between her respect for the future lord of the manor and her sense of the decorum proper to be observed in church, she hardly knew what to do or which way to look. It certainly *was* a trial, which few people's gravity could have stood unmoved, when the musicians began tuning their instruments in the middle of the Litany—at least, so thought Mr. Grant when he saw Algy's shoulders shaking with suppressed laughter, and remembered how he had been similarly affected by it when he first came to Sawkett. Then he had fruitlessly endeavoured to make some alteration in the custom, but the musicians had one and all declared that if they might not tune their fiddles when they liked and as they liked, as their fathers did before them, they would go to chapel; and as Mr.

Grant knew that this threat, if carried into execution, would lead to the greater part of his flock going to no place of religious worship at all, for 'Bethel' was a good four miles off, he gave in, and submitted with the best grace he might to the irreverent practice.

Algy was very glad when prayers were over, and the sermon fairly begun, though he did not attend to that much more than he had done to the rest of the service. *I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,* was the text; and having at once jumped to the conclusion that there was nothing that could be at all applicable to him in the sermon, he had consequently absolved himself from attending, and began idly speculating upon the sayings and doings of the grim figure of Sir Roger Alard, against which he was resting his head. He could not make much sense out of the half-defaced Latin inscription, but he could make out enough to find that it was now more than four hundred and fifty years since he had been buried there beside Dame Anne, his wife, who knelt opposite him. Then he wondered what had been the history of the six sons and eight daughters who were ranged in order due behind father and mother—

> 'Devoutly kneeling side by side,
> As if they did intend
> For past omissions to atone,
> By saying endless prayers in stone.'

He wanted Frances to look at the monument too, but she was listening to the sermon, and only shook her head when he touched her; and his restless eyes wandered over the church in search of amusement, till they lit on the face of little George Southerden, who was staring full at him. Little George had not been thinking about the sermon a whit more than Algy had done; he had been quite as much interested thinking about Master Algy's habits and customs, sayings and doings, as the latter had been in those of his unknown ancestors. Now that the two pairs of eyes had met, they smiled; and when a little bird flew by the window, and perched for a moment to rest on the sill, that was quite enough to make the smile expand into something that was very near akin to a laugh. Miss Philly did not see, nor did 'father,' for he was listening to the sermon, and his face looked as sad as it did when he was standing by the graves. *I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,* said the clergyman again; but David's words seemed to carry no consolation to the old man, for he sighed heavily. The sigh and the laugh were almost simultaneous; and Frances raised her eyes, and followed the direction of her brother's. Little George saw that she was looking at him, and hung down his head; he was ashamed that she should have seen him laugh. What must she think of him? He did not look up again; and Algy, deprived of the amusement of watching the sympathetic eyes, betook himself to studying the mural tablets which covered the walls of the chancel.

Mr. Grant's sermon was a long one; but somehow, I do not think

that many people listened to it that warm August morning; that was scarcely to be expected when everyone's eyes and thoughts were busy with the two young occupants of the Illium pew. Algy did not know the interest he was creating, and was quite unconscious of the excitement about him, the future owner of these broad Marsh-lands; but he did think that he was glad to be named after the family which had no representative now of its own, but was merged in another equally old, Algernon Hugh Alard Darell.

The sun-light fell through the unstained east window on his bright fair hair, and made him a very goodly object, while the glimmer of the clasp of Frances' Church-service shone on his cheek, and little George thought that the sun-beams shone brighter for Master Algy than for anyone else.

Mr. Grant preached on and on; the sun-light shone on other heads besides Algy's before the discourse was finished. It crept to grey-haired old Southerden, and warm and glowing fell on his bowed head and clasped hands; it lit on Miss Henley's bonnet, and made Mrs. Paine's worn face look almost beautiful again by its rays; and it did not forget poor old crippled John Farrall, who had lost the use of his left hand, and well-nigh that of his right, by rheumatism, got by attending 'the young squire,' the last of the Alards, snipe shooting in the Marshes, in the good old days that were the golden times in his memory.

Poor old Farrall! he wondered if this young master or his brother, of whom he had heard tell, was e'er a one for a gun; he could not go follow them himself, but there was young Jack to do as he had done by their uncle—no, grand-uncle— (John's genealogy was faulty, and I question whether the Alard he was thinking of, the son of the old squire, who like all the rest of his family had died before him, bore even that relationship to Algy.) He did not think that this here boy was much of an Alard. No, no; they were all fine lusty personable upstanding men. You would not come across such as they in a day's march now. Times were sadly changed.

The sermon came to an end long before old John had finished his reflections on the degeneracy of the present race; and perhaps it was as well that he had not time to do so, for he found reason good to change his mind about Algy before many minutes were over his head. As the congregation trooped out of church, he dropped his 'praying-book,' but he did not find out his loss till he had got half way across the field on his road home. Just as he was unwillingly turning back to look for it, he saw Algy racing after him, flourishing it in his hand; and as he came up, bright and laughing with the run, he thought that after all, the boy had a bly of *his* young squire. He saw the likeness more strongly as Algy stood talking to him, listening to the little auto-biography with which he kindly furnished him, and promising to come and see him and his ferrets (which were perhaps the real attraction) some day, being quite unconscious that the magnates of the parish, his father's tenants,

were anxious to catch his eye and make acquaintance with the future lord of the manor. John went home to his dinner in high good humour, and talked more about the good old times, and 'drabitted' his rheumatics less vehemently than usual, for the few cheery friendly words, which Algy had forgotten the next moment, had freshened him up.

'There's many a word at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant.'

There was no second service, for Mr. Grant had to do duty in another church, five miles off, which was bracketted with Sawkett, and near which he lived; consequently the afternoon proved somewhat tedious. Miss Philly, according to her usual custom, went to sleep, with 'Law's Serious Call' open on the table before her. Mrs. Myra followed suit, by nodding over the 'Whole Duty of Man;' while Betsy, in the kitchen, made no pretence of doing anything else, but boldly folded her arms and crossed her legs, and was off, as she herself would have said, 'as fast as a church.' Altogether, the house was too good an imitation of the abode of the Sleeping Beauty, to suit such a restless mortal as Algy; and, after having twice acted the part of the Fairy Prince, a great deal too well for the comfort of the inmates, he and Frances betook themselves to the garden, and spent most of their afternoon in the primitive little summer-house—which was made, as most sea-side summer-houses are, out of half a boat set on end, which was just large enough to hold two people who knew how to accommodate themselves to its limits. Frances prevailed on Algy to read, or rather to let her read, the Psalms and Lessons to him; but she was rather vexed that he did not appear to pay more attention to her, for he interrupted her twice—once to know how she spelt Philadelphia, and once to ask whether she did not think Illium had not better be called Troy-town; and she was glad when she had finished, for she had some doubts as to whether she had not better have left it alone. She had barely time to return her books to their case, when Algy issued orders that she should tell him a story, she might tell him about that old fellow on the monument in the church if she liked. Fortunately, Frances had been too well trained not to be ready with a story on the spur of the moment, no matter the subject; and forthwith she courageously plunged into the most marvellous adventures of a certain Sir Hugh Alard, which were ingeniously interwoven with those of her present hero, Henry V. For some time Algy listened most patiently; then, perhaps finding that there was a certain sameness in having the hero *always* come off victorious in the numerous bloody battles in which he was so constantly engaged, he began to fidget, and finally interrupted a most thrilling scene between Sir Rainault and his lady-love, (who was converted for the nonce from plain Anne into the Lady Annabella,) by declaring that this was very slow, she must tell him something more amusing; she might tell him about the old sailor he saw to-day, if she could think of nothing better.

All Frances's sympathy was with the Lady Annabella, in her lonely bower; but she was a very obedient Scherazade, and was quite willing to do her best, and so she contrived to make a very tolerable story about the old man and his wife, who lived together by the sea, with their only son, who, of course, followed the manner of his kind, (in stories,) and there being no earthly reason why he should not (and indeed every reason why he should) go to sea, thought proper to run away, to the inexpressible grief of his parents; and, after having been three or four times wrecked and cast away on a marvellous desert island, turned up again,

'With gold galore,
And all his prize-money quite a store,'

just in time to save his old sweet-heart from marrying the object of her greatest aversion, and bring his father and mother, who had kindly postponed dying of grief for his loss, to this precise juncture, when they could be restored to life again by his opportune re-appearance. Algy was graciously pleased to be so much interested in this story, that it kept him quiet till tea-time; and he was much disappointed when he found that it could not possibly be true, inasmuch as Miss Philly told him that old Master Southerden's wife was dead, his two sons drowned, that he never had a daughter-in-law, and that though this child was picked up at sea, he wasn't anything out of the way that ever she'd heard tell on.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER II.

'WHO is talking about balls?' said a soft sleepy voice; and the girls raised themselves up a little from their crouching positions on the rug, where they had been lying rather like two very comfortable dogs, with the knowledge that Aunt Flora was awake, and that their confidential chat was over.

'I am, Aunt Flora!' cried Cecil. 'Don't you think I am quite old enough to go to a ball?'

'Are you, my dear? Let me see. How old are you?' was the reply.

'Sixteen.'

'Sixteen—sweet sixteen—the prettiest of all ages. Well, well—to be sure I went to a ball when I was only sixteen; and do you know what was said of me?'

'No, Aunt Flora; tell us, please.'

'Why, that sixteen was the most charming period in a woman's life, and that I had every charm belonging to that period. Am not I a very vain old woman to tell you *that?*'

'Dear Aunt Flora!' said Helen, fondling her pretty white hand. 'I know you were beautiful. Let us hear a little about that ball, will you?'

'Shall I tell you how I was dressed?'

'Oh yes—do.'

'But can you really recollect?' asked Cecil. 'I am sure years hence I shall never remember what I put on now.'

'Perhaps you will remember what you wore at your first ball, Cecil,' replied her aunt, with half a sigh.

'But do tell us, Aunt Flora,' urged Helen.

'I had a white silk slip, and a white book-muslin dress over it.'

'Book-muslin!'

'Yes; I don't think tarletanes were invented then, or they were very uncommon. Book-muslin was fashionable; and trains were not worn then. Dresses were the same length all round.'

'Like costumes?'

'Yes; like costumes, only a little longer. And long kid gloves up to the elbow, without buttons, and with trimmings at the top—and a bunch of roses in my hair, and another in my bosom. And I danced all the night through, and with the best partners in the room—I can tell you *that*, young ladies.'

'You were very much admired, I suppose, Aunt Flora?'

'I got my share of admiration, my dears—I always did—and rather more than my share, I sometimes thought—but I did not mind *that*, I suppose.'

'I think it must be delicious to be admired,' said Helen, very earnestly.

'That depends so much on who one is admired by,' said Cecil.

'I don't see that,' replied Helen. 'I should like to be admired by anybody.'

'So did I,' said Aunt Flora. 'It is very nice finding people admiring you, and men asking to be introduced to you.'

'Do men do that?' said Helen, a little awe-struck.

'Oh yes; that is the pleasantest part of a ball—dancing with strangers—the best men in the room making such a work to get introduced for a dance.'

Cecil's eyes sparkled. 'Yes, the best men in the room!' she cried. 'I should like *that!* Aunt Flora, don't you think I am quite old enough to go to a ball?'

'Yes, my dear, quite.'

'Don't you think Uncle James ought to take me to this ball on the twenty-second?'

'Your Uncle James, my dear? To a ball in this neighbourhood?

Oh, he would never *think* of such a thing! It wouldn't do to talk of it. He considers you are only a couple of children in the school-room. I am quite sure he will never take you to a ball till you are turned eighteen, if he does then.'

'But is not it hard, Aunt Flora?'

Aunt Flora was slightly disconcerted at this unlooked-for but very natural result of her tantalizing conversation. 'Well, really, I don't know what to say,' she replied in some confusion; 'different people have such different notions—perhaps it *is* a little hard.'

'A *little* hard! I think it is barbarous! Why, only fancy the difference between us; kept as we are, and you dancing and admired, and having the best men in the room making a fuss to be introduced to you! I feel as if we were wasting youth terribly, Aunt Flora, and as if Uncle James could never be enough blamed for it.'

'It *is* a long time to wait till we are turned eighteen,' sighed Helen.

'We shall be almost old, and perhaps sha'n't care for it,' continued Cecil. 'And then only think, we shall have missed a joy that never can be made up to us—*never!*'

'My dear, you are too vehement.'

'Am I? I don't think I am. It is a subject for vehemence. It is taking such an unfair advantage of the accidental possession of power. Why are we not given our choice? Why are not all girls given their choice as to whether they will go to balls at sixteen, or wait till they are eighteen years old? Why is a question like *that* to be decided by the people whom it doesn't concern, instead of the people whom it does?'

'I'm sure I don't know why,' said Aunt Flora, quite subdued. 'It *does* sound unreasonable.'

'Unreasonable—of course it sounds unreasonable! How else could it sound when it *is* unreasonable?'

'Yes, my dear, only there are always two ways of putting things; and though I don't deny that it sounds extremely unreasonable as you state it now, yet your Uncle James might give it quite a different tone, and make it sound the most reasonable thing possible. Indeed, any parents and guardians might—not only your Uncle James—for you know, my dear Cecil, *all* parents and guardians fix the times when girls are to come out—not only your uncle—the girls *never* fix it for themselves—and they fix such different times too. I have known younger sisters kept in the school-room till they were twenty—I have indeed—when the elder ones happened not to marry. And then there was the Queen brought out the Princess Royal at sixteen!'

'Yes; and is not it hard? This is all fixed by the people who *don't* come out, not by those who *do*. Those girls of twenty, of course, would have given the world to go to balls. And what *possible* right had *anyone* to keep them back? I do think there must be something fundamentally wrong at the bottom of everything, to make such a system possible.'

'You do say such sweeping things, my dear.'

'If I could only sweep instead of saying sweeping things, Aunt Flora, I might do a great deal of good.'

'I don't know, I am sure, my dear. I have always been very well contented with things as they are.'

'Yes; of course you have. I really can't give you much credit for *that*, when you went to balls at sixteen, Aunt Flora.'

The elder lady laughed, a little pleasant well-satisfied laugh.

'If girls chose, when they are one-and-twenty, could they do what they like?' asked Helen.

'Why do you ask that, Helen, when I *told* you I could?' demanded Cecil, rather sharply.

'I don't mean *you*, Cecil; I mean any girls—girls with fathers. What you were saying set me thinking; and I was wondering how long girls are bound to obey their parents—whether when they are one-and-twenty they are free, (which seems impossible,) or whether they are not free at forty—and if they *are* free at forty—and I almost think they *must* be when they are so very old as that—when it is they become free, if it is not when they are one-and-twenty? What do you think, Aunt Flora?'

'My dear, you confuse me very much,' replied her aunt. 'It is a sort of thing it is impossible to say. Girls marry—and parents die—and—'

'Yes; but if neither happens?'

'Then, my dear, they are old maids.'

'And are they free—and when—and how?'

'My dear Helen—' began her aunt.

'Of course they are free,' cried Cecil; 'legally they must be free at twenty-one, and morally they are free long and long before. I know what you are driving at, Helen. I shall not have to buy you at all when you come of age. You are only a few months younger than I am, so I will just wait at a lodging in London (it will be delightful to wait at a London lodging) till you are old enough, and then I will carry you off without, with your leave, or by your leave, or buying you of my uncle at all.'

'It sounds too delightful to be true, Cecil,' replied Helen, very seriously.

'My dears,' said Aunt Flora, in her mild murmuring way, 'I hope you are not planning anything foolish or quixotic. The natural thing for girls is to be married, my dears. It is far nicer for a girl to go off with her husband than for two girls to go off together—it is indeed.'

'That *is* so silly, Aunt Flora,' cried Cecil. 'I never mean to marry. I *never can* understand anybody marrying. It seems to me such an extra foolish thing to do.'

'*I* don't mean to marry *early*,' added Helen; 'so I think we might have a *little* time together.'

'You could not go to balls without a chaperone,' said Aunt Flora positively.

'O Cecil, no more we could!' cried Helen, shocked. 'You never thought of *that*—did you, now?'

'Rubbish!' replied that young lady elegantly; 'as if there were not always friends, quite delighted to chaperone one anywhere.'

'Well, that is true, is not it, Aunt Flora?' said Helen, consoled, but still a little frightened at the appalling prospect that had been presented to her.

While they were talking, Mr. Vaux came into the room. The two girls raised themselves from their comfortable lounging positions on the rug, and sat down in two chairs; and even Aunt Flora instinctively settled herself a little in her seat.

He came in; his head projected forward, his face turned upwards, and his nose evidently asking a question. 'Dear, dear!' he cried, rubbing his hands together in that uncomfortable manner that was his wont. 'This is not at all—no—not at all as it should be. Young ladies *never* ought to lie on the floor.' This was said with emphasis and pomp, as if it was an established fact. 'And there seems to me to be great waste of time—yes—great waste of time—very great waste of time indeed.'

'Oh no, James dear,' replied his sister mildly. 'We were only warming ourselves and chatting.'

'Chatting!' cried Uncle James; 'and does not that one word speak volumes? I ask you, Flora, whether that one word does not speak volumes? Chatting!'

'Well, James dear, perhaps I had better have said, having a little conversation.'

'Conversation, Flora! and what conversation *were* you having? if I may be permitted to ask such a question. Were you conversing about the Kings of England, Flora—or about the Proverbs of Solomon—or about the habits of the working-classes—or the resources of Great Britain—or of any one thing worthy to be made the subject of conversation, Flora?'

'Well, James dear, if we were *not*, we are quite ready to begin now, and to talk about any of those things, or anything else you like, and think even more improving. A man's mind is always of use in leading the conversation—always.'

Mr. Vaux shook his head backwards and forwards in a manner at once desponding and deprecatory, and preserved a melancholy silence. 'Where is Mademoiselle?' he demanded suddenly.

'Mademoiselle desired me to say, Papa,' replied Helen, 'that she hoped you would excuse her coming down-stairs this evening, as she had letters to write.'

'Mademoiselle is an example to you both,' cried he, almost triumphantly. 'Mademoiselle never neglects a duty; if there are letters that ought to be written, Mademoiselle writes them.'

'I don't see the difference between writing letters and chatting,' said Cecil coolly. 'In the former case you chat to absent friends—that is all.'

'You take it for granted,' said her uncle sternly, 'that Mademoiselle's letters are as frivolous as your conversation.'

'I think Mademoiselle is very frivolous,' said Cecil.

'And I think you are very conceited and very presumptuous,' cried Mr. Vaux, 'to pronounce an opinion in that confident manner on one who is not only your governess, but who is the most sensible, discreet, and well-judging young woman that it has been my good fortune ever to meet in a world which, I am sorry to say, is full—*full*—of young women who are neither sensible, discreet, nor well-judging.' Mr. Vaux stopped out of breath, and waved his hands in the air in an excited manner.

'James, dear,' said Aunt Flora, 'shall Helen ring the bell for tea?'

'Helen may do anything you like, Flora,' answered her brother mournfully; 'but *I* really do not know what to do. I do not know *what* to do to regulate my family, and present a respectable and decent spectacle to the eyes of the world. I am thwarted at every turn—yes, I am sorry to say it—but I *am* thwarted at every turn!'

'I shouldn't like to be a respectable spectacle,' said Cecil in very low tones; 'if I was, I should *hide* from the eyes of the world.'

'Do you mean to be impertinent, Cecil?' asked her uncle, in a lugubrious voice that sounded as if it was on the verge of tears.

'N—o,' replied she rather hesitatingly; 'only I really should not like it, so I thought there was no harm in saying so.'

'There is no wit in turning the remarks of your elders into ridicule Cecil,' said her uncle sternly. 'You can do it by anything and everybody—by Shakespeare or the Bible, or anything else of the same sort.'

'Dear Papa!' cried Helen. 'Here is the tea; shall I give you some?'

'That is a very inelegant way of speaking, Helen,' replied her father. Some what? some tea, I suppose; but it might be some anything from the way in which you mention it. Could you not say some tea? or a cup of tea? which would be still better. You abbreviate everything. I have often had occasion to notice—I am sorry to say it, but I *have* often had occasion to notice that you abbreviate everything.'

'Do I, Papa?' replied Helen meekly, and really a little shocked at finding what she was in the habit of doing. 'I did not know it; but I am very sorry, and I will try not.'

'Not what?' said Mr. Vaux; and he said it deeply and sternly, like a sepulchral rhyme.

'Not to do it,' replied his daughter, blushing.

'Not to do what, Helen?' said her father, with fine satire and bitter reproach.

'Not to—I am not quite sure, Papa. What is it you have noticed

I am in the habit of doing?' Here she hesitated and paused, and then said doubtfully, 'Abbreviate, I believe it is. Well, I will try not to abbreviate, and I am very sorry.'

'You will try not to abbreviate, Helen,' replied her father; 'you will try not to abbreviate. Very well; and what *is* it you will try not to do—what *is* abbreviating?'

'Abbreviating, Papa? Oh—abbreviating—it is what I did just now when I said "some," you know,' replied poor Helen, looking much worried.

'No, I do *not* know, Helen. I want *you* to know; and that expression, "you know," is a vulgar expression, and it is also an incorrect expression—a morally incorrect expression, for it takes something for granted. Now, you should never take anything for granted.'

'I did not mean to take anything for granted, Papa,' replied Helen, with a deep sigh.

'Then, Helen, why do you do what you do not mean?'

'I am very sorry, Papa.'

'Yes, you are very sorry, Helen; you are always very sorry, but that does not alter the fact. To return, however, to what we were speaking of. I must request an answer to my question—What *is* abbreviating, Helen?'

Helen tried first one word and then another, endeavouring to find a definition of abbreviation; and then, as each attempt proved a signal failure, she stopped suddenly, and began to cry.

'Dry your tears, my dear,' said her father, his spirits rising, 'dry your tears; you have had a useful lesson, and I hope you will profit by it.' Then he waved his hand triumphantly, and added, 'Abbreviation is the sin of the present age—I have no hesitation in saying that abbreviation *is* the sin, and *will* be the ruin, of the present age. Railways abbreviate; battues abbreviate; *entrées* abbreviate—everything abbreviates. I have no hesitation in saying that abbreviation is the sin of the present age. Abbreviation may aptly be called the root of all evil—very aptly indeed.' And Mr. Vaux crossed his knees, and sipped his tea in restored spirits and temper.

'What is this about a ball on the twenty-second, James dear?' asked his sister, brightening up under the influence of his sunshine.

'Oh, a ball at the Barracks,' replied he, 'given by Colonel Wyndham, or properly speaking, by Colonel Wyndham's foolish young wife.'

'Is she foolish, Uncle?' said Cecil; 'she is so pretty and nice.'

'Pretty and nice are not wise, Cecil,' replied her uncle rather mournfully; and his sister, afraid of his former mood returning on him, said hastily, 'No, no, certainly not; of course not, James dear.'

'There is no hurry, is there, Flora?' demanded he reproachfully.

'Hurry! no, not in the least, my dear James.'

'Then perhaps you will oblige me, if there really *is* no hurry, by not speaking in such a hurried manner,' said he.

'I suppose the ball is likely to be a very good one,' said Aunt Flora, taking no notice of this request, except by the slow and studied way in which she spoke.

'Good!' cried Cecil enthusiastically, 'it is to be splendid—in the mess-room, which is forty-five feet long—and all the county are coming—and it is to be hung with flags, and swords, and shields, and everything that can be thought of—and heaps of flowers—and the floor is *known* to have a perfect spring in it.'

'And pray, Cecil, where did you gain all this information?' asked Mr. Vaux, in a manner that made Helen turn a little pale, and recalled Cecil to herself, who in the excitement of the subject had forgotten her uncle's presence.

She was silent for a moment, and then answered boldly, 'I heard most of it from Mrs. Wyndham, Uncle, and the rest from Captain Feversham.'

'And pray, Cecil,' continued Mr. Vaux, in the same studiously calm manner, which gave the impression that he could not trust himself to speak naturally, 'where did you meet Mrs. Wyndham? and where did you meet—Captain—Feversham—I believe you said—so as to enable you to have all this conversation with Mrs. Wyndham and with Captain—ahem—Feversham?'

At that moment the door of the room opened, and a lady entered. She might be eight-and-twenty or thirty years old, and she was small and dark, with black hair and eyes, sallow complexion, and sharp pretty features—unmistakably foreign in appearance and dress, and in manner also. She walked well, and approaching Mr. Vaux without noticing anyone else in the room, she said with graceful cordiality, 'At last, Monsieur, I can come from my work, and use your charming permission to make one of your happy little family circle—family circle—that is how you call it, is it not?' And she smiled gaily in his face.

Mr. Vaux brightened all over. 'Yes, surely it is, Mademoiselle,' he said, with an air of solemn pleasure; 'and as surely is the circle, of which you make such kind mention, delighted—yes, delighted to welcome Mademoiselle de Lys into it.'

The little Frenchwoman made him a profound curtsey. 'Ah, those letters! how sad they are!' she cried; 'they make me so tired—so tired; but they must be written: how could we find our absent ones without them?'

'Mademoiselle never neglects a duty either to her absent or her present friends.'

'You are too good—too kind! Thanks—yes, I will occupy this chair for the little half-hour I can take to stay here.' And she sank gracefully into an easy-chair, her dress of itself becoming arranged about her in the nicest manner, and the tips of her two feet appearing just exactly where they ought to appear. 'Did I interrupt conversation?' she said softly. 'Were the dear girls being benefited by the wise words? Don't let me stop the wise words; let *me* benefit also.'

Mr. Vaux smiled and looked pleased, but immediately afterwards his brow clouded over. 'Our conversation was not an agreeable one, I am sorry to say,' he replied; 'yes, I am sorry to say that our conversation was not an agreeable one. To my surprise—a mild word, Mademoiselle, to use under the circumstances; but I prefer to use mild words, on the occasions when it is possible for me to use mild words—to my *surprise*, then, let me say, I find Miss Cecil Vaux intimately acquainted with all the particulars of a ball that is to be given by Mrs. Wyndham on the twenty-second of this month; and when asked how she learned all these particulars, saying that Mrs. Wyndham and Captain—Feversham had told them to her!'

He stopped for a moment, like a man aghast at the enormity of the announcement he had made, and who expected his audience to be aghast also.

There was a little silence, and then he went on, 'At the time when you entered the room, I had asked Miss Cecil Vaux *when* it was that Mrs. Wyndham and Captain—ahem—Captain *Feversham*, I believe the name was—had had the opportunity of telling her all this.'

'Did you answer your uncle, Cecile?' asked Mademoiselle instantly.

'It was the last time we were in Byfield,' said Cecile; 'we met them in Velacot's shop, and we walked with them to—'

'That is,' said Mademoiselle, 'they walked with us to the end of the street, where the carriage was waiting. I had not brought it up the hill, Sir; for though the space is but a few yards, I thought you did not like the dear horses to travel up little steep hills; it was but a minute or a few small minutes we spoke together; but Mrs. Wyndham has—ah! a wonderful flow of words, when balls are being spoken about.' And she laughed softly.

'Oh, was that all?' said Mr. Vaux, at once relieved and disappointed. 'If you were of the party, Mademoiselle, I have no hesitation in saying that I feel sure everything was arranged just exactly as I should wish it to be arranged.'

'We sent the carriage on, and walked—' began Cecil, a crimson colour burning in her cheeks.

'No, no—*non, non, chère petite*; you confuse—you do not remember; that was on the other day—not on the day to which Monsieur refers—rest satisfied—I have told all.'

'No, Mademoiselle, you have not. I cannot stand it; we *did* walk on that day to—'

'Cecil, be silent!' cried her uncle very angrily; 'I will not have Mademoiselle interrupted and contradicted, and addressed in so rude a manner. I will not have it; apologize to her directly, and then be silent.'

'I cannot apologize, Uncle, because—'

'You refuse to apologize!'

'I cannot, Uncle—because—'

'Let it rest, Monsieur,' said the Frenchwoman, with her sweetest smile. 'I do not care, the apology is not wanted. Our dear Cecile is a *leetle* positive, and just a *leetle* forgets now and then—we know that—we all know it; but the apology is not required. Should I sing now? would Monsieur wish me to sing?' And she turned towards the piano; but not so did Mr. Vaux.

'You are all kindness and goodness, as you always are, Mademoiselle,' he said, casting an angry glance at Cecil as he spoke, whose cheeks glowed, and whose eyes were full of fire; 'but not on that account can I suffer you to be rudely contradicted, and my authority despised, by a rebellious girl.—Cecil, I desire you once more, and only once more, to apologize to Mademoiselle. Will you do it, or will you not?'

'I will not!' cried Cecil; and this time she did not even attempt to give a reason for her disobedience.

'Then go to your own room, and spend the evening there,' cried Mr. Vaux; 'I shall not now *permit* an apology to be made by you.—*I* make it, Mademoiselle, and beg you to accept from me an apology for my niece's rudeness.—Go to your own room, Cecil, without a word.'

Cecil obeyed the first part of his command. She swept from the apartment like an empress; but as she passed Mademoiselle de Lys, she said in a low distinct voice the four words, 'Rather I than you.'

When Cecil found herself in her own room, she walked up and down it once or twice in a state of considerable excitement. Then she began to laugh. 'Why should I mind?' she said; 'why should I mind?' Then she walked up and down again, and then she stopped. 'What an old goose he is!' she cried, with disrespectful vigour. 'To be so taken in—to be so completely infatuated—not to allow me to tell him the truth; and to insist on my apologizing to Mademoiselle, because I tried to prevent her telling him a lie! Well, I can do no more, and I shall just let it alone; it is much the best plan to let it alone. Mademoiselle is sure to come off victorious, whatever I do or say; and whatever I do or say, if I differ from her, I shall be scolded and punished. How odd everything is! What right had he to order me up to my room? and why was I such a silly as to go? What could he have done if I had refused? he could not have called the servants in, and had me carried up. What would he do if I was to walk downstairs now, and calmly take my place among them? what would he—what *could* he do? Nothing! I have him in my power, if I had only courage to do it; and the want of courage does not arise, I do believe, from my own fault—for I do really think that I have plenty of pluck—but simply from custom—from the force of habit. It would be an unheard-of thing for a girl of sixteen to resist her uncle, in whose house she lives, and refuse to go to her room, and spend the evening there, if he told her to do so; and I cannot do it, simply because it would be an unheard-of thing. There is no obligation for me to obey him in such a case as this—no obligation, either legal or moral; as I said to Helen,

obedience is nonsense. Children, of course, must mind what is said to them, till they have sense enough to judge for themselves; but as soon as the sense comes, why should they? I hope I am not conceited, but I certainly do think I have more sense than Uncle James has; I should be very sorry if I did not think so; and if so, in reality he ought to mind me, instead of my minding him.' Here Cecil laughed again, greatly amused at the idea of her Uncle James minding her; then she continued her reflections: 'Children ought to mind; and women, who are such idiots as to vow to obey men—that is to say, women who marry—must mind also; but that is only because they have promised, and of course nobody can break a promise. But except children and *foolish* women, nobody ought to be forced to obey anybody else—at least, of course I mean in private life: there are laws in countries, and people must obey *them*; but there is no law, that if I did not apologize to Mademoiselle, Uncle James might send me to my room.'

Then Cecil took a book, and, seated at the fire-side, read very comfortably for about an hour, when she was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH RAJA: JAMES BROOKE.

By G. L. J.

CHAPTER XII.

The Crimean War, followed at no long interval by the Indian Mutiny, occupied after this the whole attention of the public, and the story of Brooke the Raja faded in men's minds. But none the less did his individual work progress. England shook him off; and though he never gave up the hope of gaining her protection for Saráwak, he felt that he was free to do whatever might offer the greatest advantages to his adopted country, and that what was yet left of life and strength must be concentrated here. As time went on, tribe after tribe in Borneo repudiated the yoke of Bruné, and sought to place itself under his protection. But the Raja had a keen sense of the dishonour of benefiting by the repudiation of engagements; and although he gave the protection entreated, and allowed the incorporation, he undertook a fixed payment to Bruné, which that miserable government, getting no revenue and no obedience, was too happy to receive. Affiliation to Saráwak Proper, as the original province is now called, meant, and means to this day, that out of licence came liberty, out of anarchy order, out of a grinding misery a great contentment.

Of the whole population governed by Sir James Brooke, the only

unsatisfactory portion in 1856 was the Chinese. Their continual attempts to form secret societies had been too carefully watched by the Government to gain head; but among the gold workers the *kunsi* took the place of a society, and its members were in league with their fellow-countrymen in Sambas, Pontianak, and Singapore. Smuggling to a great extent had long been carried on by this body; but at length proof sufficient being forthcoming, the offending *kunsi* was fined, while at the same time three of its members were punished for an assault on one of their own countrymen. This was the sum of their grievances; but emissaries from various quarters excited them by tales of English defeat before Canton, and that the British Government was so dissatisfied with Sir James Brooke, that it would not interfere if they only destroyed him and his officers, and left the other Europeans and the trade unmolested. The Sultan of Sambas countenanced them; and Makota, in high favour at Brunė, was not backward in giving underhand help. Thus encouraged, they determined to make a sudden spring on Kuching; and on February 18th, 1857, carried out their purpose. At dead of night the chiefs of the kunsi assembled six hundred of their men, and started by boat, the real object of the expedition not being allowed to leak out till all were well under weigh. During their passage down the river, a Malay, who traded with them, had his suspicion aroused, and managing to get past their squadron, reached the capital, where, seeking out a relation, a trustworthy and brave fellow named Gapur, he confided to him what he had seen. 'Don't go telling the chiefs or the Raja such a pack of nonsense,' replied Gapur; but nevertheless went himself and reported the story to the Datu Bandhar. 'The Raja is unwell,' was the Datu's answer; 'we have heard such reports for years. Don't go and bother him about it. I'll tell him in the morning.'

But before morning the Chinese squadron pulled silently through the town, dividing as they did so into two bodies, one for the attack of the Raja's house, the other to surprise the houses of the Europeans. The Raja was alone with one European, his steward, Charles Penty. The Chinese told off to murder him, did not dare, though one hundred in number, to separate sufficiently to surround the place, for Brooke single-handed was as formidable in their eyes as a whole army. He, meanwhile, roused from sleep by their shouts and yells, had almost made an end of his good steward, who, hurrying to find his master, was mistaken by him in the darkness for a Chinese assassin, and being seized with a grip that few would care to feel twice, had much ado to gasp forth his name and prove his identity. It was a laughable incident to look back upon, but there was no time for laughter then. To the Raja there seemed nothing but the fate of Budrudeen. Never dreaming that the house was not entirely surrounded, he determined to sell his life dearly, and bidding Penty follow, he opened the door of a small room communicating with the garden, and fully armed sprang into the darkness. The passage was however clear, and he reached the river

bank unmolested—only however to find the Chinese boats moored close. Diving under these, he swam to the opposite shore, where, having been long weakened by fever and ague, he was only able to drag himself on to the muddy bank and lie utterly exhausted, till slightly recovering he succeeded in reaching a place of safety. Mr. Crookshank and his wife, both wounded—the latter severely, and left for dead—escaped with their lives; but Mr. Nicholetts, a promising young officer just come to Kuching, was killed, and some other Europeans. The stockades, which formed the only defences of the town, and which owing to vague rumours of the rising had been recently manned, were not surprised but overpowered, the Malay garrisons fighting to the last.

The rest of that night was made hideous by the yells of the Chinese, who set fire to the European houses, and in this way destroyed utterly the Raja's library, the pride and joy of his heart, the one luxury he had allowed himself. 'One volume only was saved,' I have heard him say pathetically, 'because I had lent it to a friend—and every book was bound!'

The dawn of morning found the Chinese in entire possession of the town. And now the tenure by which Sir James Brooke held Saráwak was to be proved. At first a general belief prevailed that he was dead, and dismay filled all hearts; but when, having arranged for the safety of the European women and children, he started for the Samarahan river as a place of *rendezvous*, the sympathy, affection, and generosity of the people knew no bounds. Dear as he had been to them in prosperity, he was doubly dear in the hour of his adversity. Clothing, food, everything that he and his party had need of, were supplied with a delicate thoughtfulness and liberality that added a charm to the gifts themselves; and the only quarrel among Dyak and Malay was who should give most.

As the news of the insurrection spread through forest and jungle, the warriors of every tribe sprung to arms and hurried towards the capital. The country was moved to its depths, and every Chinaman dedicated to dire vengeance. The Raja was never stronger than at this moment. When the wild rage against the rebels was at its height, a fresh body of Chinese, ignorant of the doings of their countrymen, migrated into Saráwak territory, where, finding themselves in great danger from the infuriated people, they humbly implored his protection. Hardly had their cry of distress reached him, when trusty men were sent to see to their safety, and it was done.*

Mr. Charles Johnson had now been stationed for some years amongst the Sea Dyaks, having left the Royal Navy to join his uncle in 1852. At the time of the Chinese revolt he was suffering from fever, and after a worse attack than usual, had fallen asleep, when a native awoke him with the words, 'Tuan, the news is sorrowful. The Raja is killed, and all the Europeans driven from the capital.' Hardly, in his confused feverish state, understanding what the man said, Mr. Johnson lay still

* See *Life in the Forests of the Far East*, by Spenser St. John.

for a few minutes half stupified, then rousing himself, ordered his boat, while he questioned the native. There was no need to give the tribe directions; they hurried up from all quarters, some vowing vengeance, others seeming appalled at the suddenness of the calamity, but arming with a grim determination on their faces. When sufficient for a boat's crew had assembled, Mr. Johnson inquired if they would choose their own leader; the only thing that signified was that one must be chief, and the rest promise to obey. Finding that they wished him to take the command, he did so; and leaving reinforcements to follow, rowed down the river, the thought of the Raja's death weighing like a nightmare on every man's spirits, until meeting at last a boat conveying European fugitives to Linga, by Brooke's orders, as a place of safety, they learned that he was alive and unwounded. Nothing mattered now; the righting of the Government would merely be a work of time.

At Kuching the Raja was found by his nephew on board a steamer belonging to the Borneo Co., which coming most opportunely had formed a base of operations until the levies could pour in. He was very busy and very cheerful, as was his wont in any *mauvais quart d'heure*. One if not more of the refugees at Linga did not feel quite happy, and sought protection as a distressed British subject; whereat Mr. Johnson, who had lived amongst the Linga people, observed that if they had been inclined to revolt they would not have done it in the time of the Raja's distress —a chivalrous faith that speaks well for Saráwak and her rulers.

If the Chinese expected any help from the country, they were quickly undeceived. Sarebus, Sakarran, and Sadong—names hitherto associated with pirates and their chastisement, places where the Raja had struck his hardest blows—now came to his rescue. They at least did not care for him the less because, to keep the simple folk by their right, and defend the children of the poor, he had punished the wrong doer. The Chinese insurgents were utterly crushed, and in the end turned on their leaders in disgust at having been beguiled into such an expedition. The result of their expulsion was good in every way, and was followed by a considerable rise in the revenue, from the stoppage of opium smuggling; while subsequent Chinese emigrants, learning lessons from the past, have given no trouble, and are even welcomed by the Saráwak Government, labour being one of the requirements for the development of the country. To the honour of the Dutch, be it stated, that when the news of the rising reached their nearest settlement, they at once despatched a steamer to offer assistance to Sir James Brooke. It was not needed, but the kindly act was the same.

Order being entirely restored, the Raja came again to England. His health was much shaken, and he began to feel more painfully the burden of anxiety and toil. Allowing himself a very moderate income from his own government, to be paid when it could afford to do so, he came home a poor man. Some there were, however, whose hearts were stirred at the sight of services unrequited—services which, to use the words of

one among them, 'instead of enriching had left their author broken by illness and weariness of heart with threatening poverty;' and these quietly subscribed together for a memorial that should be a comfort to a man who had taken little thought for himself. The result of this effort was the purchase of Burrator, in the parish of Sheepstor, Devon. It was indeed time some resting-place should be found, for in the autumn of 1858, the first stroke of paralysis fell upon him; and though he recovered to a great extent, and was able to make two subsequent journeys to Saráwak, the last in 1863, it was not with any attention or indeed power of remaining, but to arrange matters that none but himself could do.

In England it was hardly known that he was among us; but in September, 1858, just before his illness, he was entertained by the Mayor of Liverpool at a *déjeuner* given in the town-hall, when he uttered his last public speech. These are some of the words:—

My personal interest, (in Saráwak,) if by personal interest be meant the acquisition of money, is small; if it be understood of higher and nobler feelings, it is large indeed. To gain the protection of my native country for Saráwak, to place her in a state of prosperous security, has been the passion of my life. . . . I am at peace with all men, forgiving, and I trust forgiven, for any hasty word or deed in the heat of political conflict. I crave no honours, I court no distinction; I would escape from the burden of proud responsibilities and the more crushing weight of prolonged suspense: but whatever the future may bring, my duty must be done; Saráwak must be placed in security, and then my life's task will have ended.

I have said that we should see in what manner he looked back on the hopes and dreams of his earlier career. In 1866, in the preface to his nephew Mr. Charles Johnson's book, *Ten Years in Saráwak*, he wrote:—

It is a gratification to me to acknowledge my nephew's devotion to the cause to which my own life has been devoted. It is well that his strength has come to supply my weakness, and that his energies, and his life, if needed, should be given to establish the government and promote the happiness of the people of Saráwak. My career draws on to its close, but I have confidence that no consideration will turn him from the work which I shall leave for his hand to do. . . . I once had a day-dream of advancing the Malayan race by enforcing order and establishing self-government among them; and I dreamed too, that my native country would derive the benefit of position, influence, and commerce, without the responsibilities from which she shrinks. But the dream ended with the first waking reality, and I found how true it is that nations are like men—that the young hope more than they fear, and that the old fear more than they hope—that England had ceased to be enterprising, and could not look forward to obtaining great ends by small means perseveringly applied, and that the dependencies are not now regarded as a field of outlay to yield abundant national returns, but as a source of wasteful expenditure to be wholly cut off. The cost ultimately may verify an old adage, and some day England may wake from her dream of disastrous economy, as I have awakened from my dream of extended usefulness. I trust the consequences may not be more hurtful to her than they have been to me.

Since this I have found happiness in advancing the happiness of my people, who, whatever may be their faults, have been true to me and mine through good report and evil report, through prosperity and through misfortune. The

principle of the Government of Saráwak is to rule for the people and with the people, and to teach them the rights of freemen under the restraints of Government. The majority in the 'Council' secures a legal ascendancy for native ideas of what is best for their happiness here and hereafter. The wisdom of the white man cannot become a *kindrance*, and their English ruler must be their friend and guide, or nothing. The citizen of Saráwak has every privilege enjoyed by the citizen of England, and far more personal freedom than is known in a thickly populated country. They are *not* taught industry by being forced to work. They take a part in the Government under which they live; they are consulted upon the taxes they pay; and in short, they are free men.

This is the government which has struck its roots into the soil for the last quarter of a century, which has triumphed over every danger and difficulty, and which has inspired its people with confidence.

Saráwak has now been recognized as an independent state by America, by England, and by Italy; and with increasing population, trade, and revenue, she may look forward to maintain her position and extend her influence still further. But to secure permanency she needs the protection of an enlightened nation to sustain her effort of self-government; and this protection she could repay by equivalent advantages. Failing this object, the past may become a guide for the future, and enable Saráwak to stand alone.

The protection so long and so earnestly desired was never obtained, but year by year the little country has gathered strength, and learned more entirely to trust to her own resources. The trust in his nephew Charles, shewn in the foregoing preface, was the comfort of the Raja's later years. That one so dear to him should carry on his work and bear his name—one who had proved himself worthy, and who would live for Saráwak even as he had done—was an untold solace as strength and vigour ebbed away.

And now, with a few words about his life in the Dartmoor village, the story of the White Raja must draw to its close. The grounds of Burrator are exceedingly picturesque, a combination of crag and wood, hill and dell, through which a winding stream makes its way, falling at last in a very beautiful cascade. Close by this fall, about half way down, was the Raja's favourite seat; and here he would sit for hours by himself or with a friend. He never seemed to feel lonely among trees and flowers, and within sound of water; and brightly as he would welcome any friend who might seek him out there, it was always a luxury to him to be alone with Nature. The last few years he was too feeble to walk far, and then a daily drive in a Norwegian cart was his chief pleasure, but in the earlier part he could ride and shoot, though he did not care for the latter. His favourite walk was by the *leat* that has supplied Plymouth with water since the days of Sir Francis Drake, whose wisdom brought this great blessing to that then thirsty town. As in Saráwak, so here the Raja drew the hearts of the people to himself. The very day after his arrival, at his request, the gentleman from whom Burrator was purchased, took him round to introduce him to the inhabitants of each house in the parish; and this visit was quickly followed by another. The church being miserably in want of restoration, he collected money, subscribed himself liberally, and never rested till

matters were improved. He became church-warden; and in a small low room, whose white-washed walls are adorned with pasted prints, he met the parish on their annual dinner after the Easter vestry meeting, and then and there, for the first time in the memory of Sheepstor, the vestry drank the Queen's health! His name as church-warden is now on a brass plate in the church. In 1865 the Rev. W. Y. Daykin became the first resident clergyman; and from the day of his arrival to the Raja's death he never ceased to find Sir James ready for every good work—'Don't go too fast; *che va piano va sano*,' being the only remonstrance once received. But every man, woman, and child, has the same story to tell, and right glad would they be that others should know what they think and feel concerning him. Mother Jenny, as she loves to be called, being oldest, shall be first spokeswoman.

Time was when Mother Jenny and her husband Father Tom were the handsomest couple in the parish; but Father Tom has done with this life now, the children are grown up and married, and Mother Jenny is a little lonely sometimes, and the days hang heavy, the more so because a few years back she had an accident and broke her hip. 'Miss Sir James—yes, indeed I do,' she will tell you; 'I often used to say that I hoped he'd live as long as I did. When I broke my leg, I had gone to Plymouth to spend a sovereign he had given me at Christmas. He did every year, and sent me meat and plum-pudding as well. Directly he heard of my accident he came to see me, and came up into my room, and every day sent food and wine. I believe he saved my life. He gave me that chair (pointing to an easy one in a corner) for me to sit in when I was first able to come down-stairs; and I'd rather part with anything than that. When he was away, his secretary would come and ask how I was, because Sir James wished to know. And when Father Tom was ill, he was so good to him; but *he was good to everybody*.' These last words are the simple truth, and were echoed and re-echoed in every house I entered during a visit to Sheepstor in the autumn of 1873, five years after the Raja's death. He found out immediately any case of sickness or distress; no one knew exactly who told him, but he was always the first to know and the first to come, offering anything from his house that might be of use. And then each day some little dainty from his own table would be sent. 'He never forgot me, not once,' said his old game-keeper, 'that time when I was laid up.' 'He was so gentle, you might tell him anything,' was the remark of another man; 'he was the dearest sweetest old gentleman that ever lived. One of the papers did say he ought to have been buried in Westminster Abbey; but one day, when I was round the churchyard with him to see if it was all right, he pointed to the great beech tree with his stick, and looked up into its branches, and said to me, "Ware, when I'm dead I should like to be buried by this tree."'

'The children all loved him,' is the witness of another; 'they used to run out to get a look at him; and indeed everybody felt happier when

they had caught sight of him in the day.' In one farm-house I was taken up-stairs to be shewn a toy watch he had given one of the little boys when at school. 'I wouldn't let my son take it abroad,' said the mother; 'and there it will hang as long as I live. Sir James was a good man, and no mistake.'

At Christmas all who worked for him came to his house to dine, with their families, and had presents; those who were unable to come receiving both dinner and presents at home. 'Gentlemen generally give money, but he gave both.'

'He made himself our equal, you know,' said another; and then correcting herself, as though this might give a wrong impression, 'I mean he used to come in so kindly, and sit down and talk to us.'

''Deed and he was a loss,' added the old clerk; ''twas a sad day for Sheepstor when he died. There was not a soul in the parish that did not love him. Nobody could be his enemy, he was so filial (feeling.) 'Remember him!' here broke in a woman standing by, 'ay, 'twill be long before his memory dies out here!' 'I don't know,' continued the old clerk, 'as us could do anything more for him, 'cept it be to put an iron rail round his tomb, and then you know some flowers could be planted. There's that window—dear, how the soldiers admired it, and the officers too! * 'Twas a wonderful work he had done, I've heard say, out in foreign parts, and 'twas but a wild place here for such a gentleman to come to spend his days.'

These Christmas tides, made so joyous for others, were generally more solitary than usual for himself. 'Upon Christmas Day, (1864,) he wrote, 'I had a party in the kitchen, but took my own dinner alone, reflecting how merry was the world, and wishing for the sake of the poor it could be Christmas all the year round.'

Two years later he was again alone at this season, when paralysis struck its second blow. Mr. Daykin intreated to be allowed to send for Mr. St. John, who had gone away a few days before, to spend Christmas with an aged father; but the Raja, perfectly sensible though barely able to articulate, answered, 'No—Christmas time.' He was never able to write after this attack, for the once strong right hand lost its cunning, and the cottage folk, to whom it was still unfailingly stretched out, mourned as they felt the lessening power to return their hearty grasp. His dictated letters, short compared to the fullness of old days, breathe the same quiet courage, and an increased sympathy with sufferers of every sort. He himself was inured to suffering, and troubles accompanied his later years—troubles arising in part from his enfeebled health, and in part from the instinct that prompted him, not always with sufficient discrimination to throw the reins on the necks of all about him, reckoning

* The Autumn Manœuvres of 1873 were held in this part of Dartmoor, when Sheepstor Church, with its ever-open door, was visited by about two thousand of the soldiery, who crowded it during the Sunday services. Their hearty singing will not soon be forgotten.

on their sense of honour not to abuse the trust. The last two years were specially painful, from increasing powerlessness.

In the spring of 1868, he appeared somewhat better, and he was habitually cheerful and hopeful, though knowing well by how frail a tenure his life was held. 'Remember, if I die,' he wrote to his nephew Charles, April 7 of this year, 'you take possession of Saráwak, for you are my heir by appointment. Be just to our people.'

A few weeks later, on Monday evening, June 8, the last stroke came. There was no chance of life from the beginning. Mr. Crookshank, then in England, came immediately, followed by Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Stuart Johnson, the younger of her four sons, three of whom had taken part in their uncle's work. These, with Mr. Daykin, and a faithful servant named Sauls, in turn watched by him; but the last word on earth was spoken. About four o'clock on the morning of the 11th, a change made Mr. Crookshank send hastily to the Vicarage, where Mr. Daykin had returned for the night. The latter came at once. There seemed a lighting up, a reflection of a better sunrise than dawns on this poor world, as kneeling down by the Raja's side he commended him to God, and while the words rose up in the hush of that summer morning, quietly as a child falling asleep the weary spirit was set free. The drawn features relaxed, a look of almost youth came to the face, and a smile never to be forgotten took entire possession of the countenance.

Some roses from the Vicarage garden, which, with his almost child-like love of flowers he had noticed the day before his illness, were placed upon his breast; and thus he lay on his small camp bed, while the sorrowing people stole in to take their last look. There was no doubt as to the place of burial, for to more than one he had pointed out the spot near the favourite beech tree; and here, on Thursday, June 17, all who loved him—in other words, the whole parish and near neighbourhood—gathered from lone moor farm, warren, and homestead, to do for him the last office. Of the friends of his life few could be present, for far away in Saráwak were labouring the greater number of those whose lives were moulded by his. But the grief that day was real.

A memorial window, subscribed for by many, but chiefly due to the exertions of Mr. Daykin, has been placed in the little church, while a polished granite slab marks the spot where all that can die of James Brooke the Raja, awaits in that quiet churchyard the Resurrection of the Just.

(Concluded.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

X.—HANS HOLBEIN.*

HANS HOLBEIN, born more than five-and-twenty years after Albert Durer, and representing the thoughts and tendencies of his age far more than did the great Nürnberg artist, belongs to modern history in a sense which Durer does not. The history of Christian Art among the Teutonic nations, closes with Holbein; it might be said more truly, with Durer, but that Holbein occupied, before he came to England, a peculiar position between the old and new schools, and had it in his power, as no other man before or since, to choose between them. He might have taken up religious Art where Durer left it, and perhaps carried it through the storms of the Reformation. His fine perception of beauty, and absence of that morbid temper which characterized German art, would have made him in another age a great religious painter; and his early works shew great tenderness and true devotional feeling. But in espousing the side of the German Reformation, he chose a negative stand-point, which involved of necessity no religious convictions, and which was fatal then, as it has been ever since, to the production of Christian teaching in Art. It is not for us to say that the great founder of English portrait-painting chose amiss in renouncing a falling school of art, and in seeking in our own more prosperous England fame and wealth impossible in his fatherland: a shallower man than Durer, he must not be judged by the same high moral and spiritual standard. Yet it is not without sadness that we contemplate the final rejection, by the first artist of his age, of those spiritual influences which it is the mission of Art to exercise over the soul of man. We have seen how the power of religious faith has softened and refined Teutonic art, despite the materialism of the character of the race, casting a spell of quietness over its gloomy imagination, and finding wholesome vent for its morbid fancies in the spiritual symbolism of its grotesque representations. All this is over now, and Protestantism reigns supreme; its symbol, death's escutcheon, the bones and skull crowned by the hour-glass.†

Augsburg, the great commercial capital of Southern Germany, was at the height of its splendour in the last twenty years of the fifteenth century: there Hans Holbein the elder lived and painted; and in that centre of early Renaissance magnificence, amidst the stateliness and beauty of its halls and palaces and shining fountains, the young Holbein grew up.

It appears from an inscription, discovered by Dr. Waagen, on the

* The writer is indebted chiefly to Dr. Woltmann's 'Holbein,' translated by Miss Bunnett, and to Wormun's 'Life and Works of Holbein,' for the facts and dates of his life.

† The Escutcheon of Death completes the series of Holbein's Dance of Death.

earliest remaining painting of Holbein's, that he was born in 1495. This work is now in the Augsburg Gallery, and consists of four paintings, which were originally altar-panels—painted, as usual, on both sides. The inside represents the death of St. Catherine, the patron saint of the town; the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the Virgin and Child, being on the outside. Holbein was only seventeen when he painted this. Two other well-known early works are the St. Sebastian and the Madonna with the Lily; the latter very soft and sweet and tender in feeling; the former, perhaps one of the most beautiful religious pictures in the world. For in the figures of the St. Sebastian triptych, realistic and symbolic art were united as never before or since. Perfectly true to life, but entirely reverent, the picture is enhanced by no golden glory, or splendour of colour and vestment; it is only solemn with the beauty of saintly faces, too human to be adored, yet freed from all taint of mortal frailty. So, we may well believe, shall we behold the bodies of God's saints on the Resurrection morning.

In the same year in which this picture was painted, (1515,) Holbein left Augsburg, and went to try his fortune in the great centre of Protestantism and the Renaissance, Basle. With his life at Augsburg ends the first epoch of his painting. In leaving his native city, and making his home within the heart of the Protestant movement, Holbein made the choice which decided his career as an artist. From henceforth he ceased to be a religious painter, and though still continuing to represent, according to the necessities of the age, sacred persons and subjects, it is always with a realism which verges on irreverence and divests of sacredness. The sudden change which passed over his work after settling at Basle, is indeed very curious, and seems to point to some great alteration in the tenour of his life. That the same man who painted the lovely figures of the St. Sebastian triptych, should, only six years afterwards, have painted the almost revolting picture of the Dead Christ, and the coarse figures of the Basle organ, argues a change neither slight nor superficial, but one which must have metamorphosed his whole life.

There was, perhaps, no city in Europe at this period which was so great a centre of intellectual life and culture as Basle, so that it was said that there was hardly a house in it without a learned man. Amerbach, the noble old man who had devoted his wealth and learning, thirty years before, to founding the printing-press which was now attracting to Basle so many scholars and theologians, had been editing for some time, one by one, the Fathers of the early Church, Froben assisting him; and his one last wish was to see St. Jerome placed with the edition before his death. To Basle then came Erasmus, to publish his Greek Testament and St. Jerome, shortly before Holbein made it his home, and there we find the two working together at the Praise of Folly, Holbein coming before us henceforth during his stay in Basle as the great satirist of his age. How thoroughly he entered, with his won-

derful power of caricature, into Erasmus's vein of humour, may be seen in the curious copy of this book, illustrated by him, and now in the Basle museum. It is said that Holbein's moral character, which has certainly been under a cloud in modern times, was unintentionally injured by a joke which Erasmus played on him in this work. Holbein, having introduced a sketch of Erasmus in one of the margins, which amused the latter very much, in playful retaliation Erasmus turned over the page, and wrote the name of Holbein over the figure of a drunkard seated at a table, with a woman by his side, and a pot of beer before him. There is no evidence whatever to prove that Holbein was a dissolute character; nor does history throw the slightest stain on his life, which, if not blameless, was probably far above the average standard of that dissolute age. He did indeed live apart from his wife from the time of his leaving Basle, probably from motives of economy; and we do not know whether the two children whom he left at his death in England, were the children of a second wife, or illegitimate. That he was worldly, somewhat selfish, and fond of luxury and pleasure, may well have been; such were probably the special temptations of his bright, merry, genial character; but his keen intellectual face, as we know it in his portrait of himself, bears no marks of self-indulgence; and in that most sure test of a man's life, his work, there is no taint of sensuality.

Holbein's time was now probably fully occupied in illustrating the books which came rapidly from Froben's press. Editions of the New Testament, the Fathers, and the learned writers of the age, were more or less illustrated, to comply with the growing demand. From the mystical to the pathetic, from the solemn to the grotesque, nothing came amiss to his mind or pencil. His wood-cuts of the Revelations are very fine, though not so grand as Durer's. His satire is keen without coarseness, his fun inimitably clever; all qualities together playing in and out of his marginal etchings. His irresistible love of caricature made him, however, somewhat dangerous, and his satires against the Catholics met with wholesale destruction, so that comparatively few of his etchings remain. It is in them that we see Holbein as the representative mind of his age, embodying the popular thoughts and feelings, giving outward expression to the religious and social tendencies which were revolutionizing Northern Europe—led by, not guiding, the spirit of his age. His mind, far less profound than Durer's, passed lightly over the great problems which were overshadowing greater souls, and darkening nobler lives than his. Untroubled by deep convictions on either side, he contented himself with satirizing the abuses, and lashing the sins of the Church and her ministers, at once expressing and exciting the feelings of the people. A satire on the sale of indulgences, of which a copy is in the Bodleian Library, has escaped the general destruction. The Pope, surrounded by Bishops, is giving a letter of indulgence to a Dominican friar; three Dominicans, further on, sell these indulgences at a table. Outside the scene, David, Manasseh, and the Prodigal Son, types of real repentance,

are received by God. Another of these satires is called '*Christus vera Lux.*' In the midst is a lighted candle, Christ preaching beside it to a crowd of citizens and peasants. On the other side, priests and monks, led by the Pope and Bishops, turn away, holding blindly on by each other towards a gulf, into which Aristotle (representing, of course, the Schoolmen) is falling. Truly, here was the Reformation.

The next work of Holbein's, which we have to consider, is the celebrated Dance of Death, to understand the origin and motive of which strange 'morality,' we must look back to the Middle Ages.

We know that the idea of bringing the image or thought of Death at certain times before the eyes and minds of the living, is one which has prevailed in all ages and countries which have possessed a national religion. The Egyptians at their banquets, the Romans in their triumphs, ever preserved some solemn remembrance of death. No need indeed was there for early Christendom to remind of a bondage swallowed up in victory; no need, through the ages when men would worship day by day where their fathers lay beneath, and where the still figures above, seemed to pray with them smiling, as the light played over their quiet faces. No need for harsh reminder of death, when men would enshrine their 'holy field' within lovely marble cloister, and lavish all priceless human labour on its walls, that they might pass to and fro therein as in a picture-gallery; or when princely families would choose their burial-ground as did the Scaglieri, who 'could bear daily to behold from their palace chambers the places where their fathers lay at rest, at the meeting of the dark streets of Verona.'

But the reign of the Renaissance has come, with all the darkened faith and hope which it expresses; and the paganized splendour of its monuments tells us chiefly of the fear of annihilation—something even of the dread of immortality without its hope; and men will try to put out of sight, as far as may be, all reminders of the king of terrors.

As early as the thirteenth century, a French poem appeared, entitled 'Les Trois Morts et les Trois Vifs,' which gradually became popularized throughout Europe by painting and sculpture. Orcagna represented the legend in his great picture of the 'Triumph of Death,' in one corner of which, three young men, going a hawking, are met by St. Macarius the anchorite, who points to three open graves, in which are three dead bodies in different stages of decay. It seems most probable that the name of the 'Danse Macabre' took its origin from this story, although several other derivations are suggested. In Germany and England, representations of this kind were very common. Not many years ago, there existed in a chapel at Bewdley, near Bristol, a window, on which were painted three shrouded figures, with the inscription beneath—

'Such as ye bin so weare wee;
Such as we bin shall ye bee;
Take ye which of us three.'

Again, in an illumination of a MS. of about 1300,* three queens are met by three dead persons. The former say—

'Ich am aferd.'
'Lo whet ich se?'
'Me thinketh hit be develes thre.'

And the dead answer—

'Ich wes wel fair.'
'Such schelt ou be.'
'For Godes sake be wer by me.'

And Durer represented the subject of the three horsemen fighting with three skeletons, in one of his early engravings. We have no means of knowing when and where the strange and weird Dance of Death, performed by living persons, took its origin. It was, no doubt, like the miracle-plays of the Middle Ages, originally instituted for the purpose of conveying moral and spiritual lessons to the people, and was from thence gradually adopted as a subject for painting. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, it was a favourite subject in northern Europe; and on the walls of cloisters, churches, and bridges, the lesson of mortality was perpetually enforced. 'In many churches of France,' says Warton,† 'there was an ancient show or mimicry, in which all ranks of persons were personated by the ecclesiastics, who all danced together, and disappeared one after another.' The earliest known pictorial representation was in the churchyard of the Innocents at Paris, executed in 1434. Lydgate, the English poet, who flourished about 1430, translated from the French the verses of the 'Dance of Death,' which were under the painting in the Innocents' Churchyard, for inscription in St. Paul's Churchyard, where there was a representation of the subject. Warton's assertion, that these verses were composed 'by one Macaber in German rhymes,'‡ appears to rest on no foundation; and it seems most probable that, as suggested by Douce,§ the name of the above-mentioned hermit, Macarius or Macaire, corrupted into Macabre, was the origin of the title. In the Hungerfield Chapel at Salisbury, destroyed in the barbarous restoration of modern times, were remains of an ancient Dance of Death; and Stowe records that such a painting existed before the Fire, in the cloister of St. Paul's Churchyard, 'painted costly and cunningly.' The Dominican convents were specially famous for paintings of this subject; and it was the famous Dance of Death in the cloister of the Basle monastery, destroyed in 1806, and long supposed to be Holbein's, which inspired the idea and furnished the mottoes for his pictures. A charnel-house is the usual scene for the ghastly representation, each mortal who comes to join the dread procession being led by a skeleton. The moral teaching

* MS., Arundel 83, British Museum. See Mr. Ruskin's 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting,' Lecture IV., p. 209.

† English Poetry, Vol. II., p. 43, note *k*. ‡ Ibid. p. 364.

§ 'Holbein's Dance of Death,' by Douce, Bohn's Edition, chap. iii., p. 29.

of this subject seems gradually, as time wore on, to have passed into bitter irony against the tyranny which could only be levelled in Death. There is no irony in Orcagna's teaching. He sees nothing to jest about in Sin and Death and Judgement, though he too knows that the last come most sternly to faithless rulers. But Holbein's engravings are characterized chiefly by morbid satisfaction in the equality of death, and its triumph over the tyranny of the strong. Yet Orcagna can face the more awful doctrine of everlasting punishment, from which Holbein in his half-defiant mood shrinks and turns away. 'All is vanity,' says Holbein; 'there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave.' But he dares not carry his lesson home as Giotto and Orcagna have done, and add, 'Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement.'

Holbein's celebrated wood-cuts are, in fact, misnamed the 'Dance of Death,' being separate pictures, each one of which tells its graphic story, and bears its own stern moral.* Introductory to the series are the Fall of Man and Expulsion from Paradise. Then comes a general assemblage of 'Deaths' in a charnel-house, summoning mortals to join them, by trumpets and other instruments. The series opens with the crowning of an Emperor by the Pope, over whose shoulder grins a skeleton; while another mimics the Cardinal, behind whom he stands. In the next, the Emperor hears a cause, while Death snatches the crown from his head. The King sits at his banquet, Death pouring out his last draught. The Cardinal's hat is wrenched off as he gives a letter of indulgence. 'Woe unto them which justify the wicked for reward,' moralizes Holbein. Death meets the Empress in her royal state, and points to an open grave. The Queen is dragged away by a mocking skeleton, arrayed in a fool's cap and bell. More gently Death seizes the aged Bishop from among his flock, the setting sun indicating his finished work. The Duke is seized by the ermine; the soldier, as he lifts his sword to strike; the Canon, as he passes into his cathedral; the judge, receiving a bribe; the lawyer, taking the pay of his wealthy client; the magistrate, as he turns away from the poor pleader; the preacher—bitterest irony of all—is seized as he demonstrates to an admiring audience, Death holding a jaw-bone over his head. The parish priest is accompanied by Death, ringing the passing-bell, as he goes to minister to the dying. But he is taken quietly in the midst of his duties; while the friar, in the next plate, is mercilessly seized by the hood, and dragged away. A nun kneels before an altar, not praying, but looking back at her lover; and Death extinguishes the candles. Two skeletons, one dancing and playing in front, the other crowned with leaves and helping her on, accompany a tottering old woman to her grave. 'Better is death than life,' says Holbein. An old man is led by Death into the physician's room. The astrologer is interrupted in his calculations by a skull held before him. The miser

* A set, complete with the exception of the Astrologer, is in the British Museum.

is seized as he counts his money; the merchant, as he safely lands his bales. Death breaks the mast of a storm-tossed ship; runs the knight through the body; mocks at the noble, clad in the dress of the despised peasant; interrupts the gamblers, accompanied by the Devil; leads the old man to an open grave, playing as he goes on the dulcimer. A skeleton clasps a necklace of bones on the fine lady as she arrays herself. The bride and bridegroom are met by Death with his mocking tambourine. 'Naught but death shall part thee and me,' is the bitter moral. The pedlar is seized on his road, vainly trying to escape; the husbandman, ploughing his last field as the sun goes down; the little child is taken wailing from his mother. The drunkards are surprised at their revel; the fool wiled away by Death's bag-pipes. The robber, the blind man, and the beggar, complete the series. At the end is a picture called the Last Judgement, though indeed it only represents a few of the saved, standing, just risen from their graves, before the Lord.*

The last great order which Holbein received at Basle was that for the painting of the council-room of the Town-hall. These cartoons have long since fallen off from decay and neglect, though the sketches of them are preserved at Basle. Begun in 1521, the troubles of the Reformation stopped the progress of the painting after Holbein had worked for a year at it, and he left it unfinished when he went to England. He completed the work on his visit to Basle in 1529.

By the end of the year 1526 the work of spoliation and sacrilege was well-nigh completed in Northern Germany. 'The egg' which Erasmus had laid, had been, as he bitterly said, 'hatched into a very different sort of bird.' Luther's words of moderation, his earnestly expressed 'wish that he could persuade lords and gentlemen to have the whole Bible painted inside and outside their houses,' fell unheeded in the midst of the fury of the whirlwind he was reaping from the wind which his hands had sown. Durer's eloquent defence of the use of paintings and statues for devotional purposes was scarcely known beyond the walls of the quiet old city where his life was now ebbing away. The revolutionary mob, arising against the bondage of the empire, espoused a religious cause, of which the watchword was freedom from authority; and the Anabaptists sowed broadcast the seeds of revolt against all constituted law. For three years the authorities of Basle strove for peace. Some of the churches were given up to the reformed faith, and all, of whatever creed, were exhorted to leave one another unmolested in the performance of their respective religious observances. But at last the mob gathered its strength; and on Shrove Tuesday in the year 1529, swept through the city, carrying havoc and destruction with it, making bonfires of all the works of art which they could find, till scarcely a wreck remained to the Church of all the treasures of mediæval sculpture and painting.

* Engravings of the complete series, with much interesting information on the subject, are to be found in 'Holbein's Dance of Death and Bible Cuts,' before referred to.

Long ere this final catastrophe, however, Holbein had left Basle, starved out by the Reformation, and perhaps panic-stricken at the plague which raged there in 1526. It was probably chiefly owing to Erasmus that he made up his mind to come to England. He, at any rate, gave Holbein all the letters of introduction to which he owed his first success in England, and all his early portraits in this country were those of Erasmus's friends. Into that house at Chelsea, which Erasmus called the 'school of Christian feeling, where no dispute, no unbecoming word is heard, none was seen idle,' Holbein was warmly received for his own and his friend's sake; and it speaks well for the integrity of his life, that he was so received, in such a house, the like of which could hardly have been found in Europe.

From henceforth we know Holbein only as the great portrait-painter of the North; and it is to him that we owe nearly all the great likenesses which have come down to us of the knights, and nobles, and Churchmen, and ladies, of that golden age of England's aristocracy. His greatest picture in England, that of the More family, containing life-size portraits of Sir Thomas, his father, wife, and children, with the name and age of each beneath, is lost. Holbein took his sketch of the picture back to Germany with him afterwards, as a present to Erasmus; and it was this to which Erasmus alluded so warmly in his well-known letter to Margaret Roper, and which is now in Basle Museum. The picture exhibited at Kensington in 1866, belonging to Mr. Winn, a descendant of the Ropers, is only a good copy, although it then passed for the original.

Returning home in the sad year 1529, he came to Basle, only to find desolation and vacant places in his once pleasant home. Most of his own paintings were probably destroyed by the Iconoclasts, with all other works of art within their reach. Froben—well for him, perhaps—was dead; Erasmus gone to seek a quieter refuge for his old age. The council had decided that, 'God having forbidden images, and cursed the makers, they would set up no more pictures;' and so Holbein, after finishing the Town-hall pictures, left in 1532, not perhaps so regretfully this time as before, his native country, to settle in the land which had received him so hospitably. In England, too, the time of his absence had worked changes; good old Archbishop Warham, one of his patrons, was dead, and More and his friends out of favour; and henceforth his work lay chiefly among the wealthy merchants who were connected with Germany, of whom many portraits by him remain. He was made court-painter to Henry VIII. in 1536—an office which, though doubtless valuable in the reputation which it gave to his name in England, involved sad waste of such genius as Holbein's, since it included the superintendence of all the painting required in the palace, high and low. His chief work done for Henry, in Whitehall Palace, was destroyed by fire in 1698. It was in 1535 that he executed the well-known illustrations to Miles Coverdale's Bible, in the title-page of which Henry appears as the head of the Church, giving the Bible to kneeling Bishops.

In 1538, we find him again at Basle, perhaps recalled by the council, since he had left his wife there; but he did not remain many weeks. He obtained leave to return to England for two years more, in consideration of the 'high character of his art,' and of the requisition of his services by the King of England. His wife was to have forty florins a year until his return, after which he was to be granted a pension of fifty florins.

From his last visit to England Holbein never returned. Of his life there we know little or nothing. He seems to have been always poor, and generally in advance of his payments, notwithstanding the money he had received for his numerous portraits, and for his work from the King. He probably lived the same careless convivial life which our general knowledge of his character leads us to conjecture that he spent at Basle. He liked good living, kept his horse, dressed handsomely, and saved no money, leaving but little to pay his debts, and a small sum for his two children 'out at nurse,' of whose mother we know nothing. He died of the plague in London, in 1543; and thus Death—the grim Fate which he had portrayed in all its numerous appearances to humankind—came to him also, swiftly and suddenly. Let us hope that his own continual moralizing had taught him the meet 'conclusion of the whole matter;' that, as in his half-tender thought of the husbandman snatched from his plough, the setting sun shone gently over his chequered life at the last, and that at evening tide there was light for him.

There is an article by Mr. Ruskin* on Holbein and Reynolds, which we strongly recommend those of our readers who have it within their reach, to refer to; for it dwells on the character of Holbein as the great portrait-painter of Northern Europe, in a way which no other writer has done. Compared to Holbein, says the author, Reynolds's best work is but 'magnificent sketching,' addressing itself to common thought and casual observers, 'eager to arrest the passer-by, but careless to detain him, or detaining him, if at all, by an unexplained enchantment, not by continuance of teaching, or development of idea.' Holbein, on the other hand, paints 'the man himself,' neither attitudinized nor idealized, taking us back through the centuries to see just what he saw himself of power, or of goodness, or of intellect, or of beauty. It is, in fact, in his portrait-painting perhaps only, that we see the real greatness of Holbein, because there he paints with all his soul, concentrates all his powers; there he allows no lightly playing fancies to detract from the fullness and earnestness of his work.

We cannot close this chapter without referring to Holbein's Madonna with the sick child, now at Darmsdadt,† one of 'the two great pictures in the world which have been faultlessly engraved;' nor can it be better

* Cornhill Magazine, March, 1860.

† Not, as is generally supposed, at Dresden. Dr. Waagen decided, some years since, that the Dresden picture was a copy.—See Woltmann, chap. ix., p. 147.

closed than in Mr. Ruskin's description. 'I do not know,' he says, 'among the pictures of the great sacred schools, any at once so powerful, so simple, so pathetically expressive of the need of the heart that conceived them. Not ascetic, nor quaint, nor feverishly or fondly passionate, nor wrapt in withdrawn solemnities of thought. Only entirely true, entirely pure..... Creatures lofty without consciousness, gentle without weakness, wholly in this present world, doing its work calmly; beautiful with all that holiest life can reach—yet already freed from all that holiest death can cast away.' *

(To be continued.) A. C. Owen.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CHILDREN'S PLEASURES.

In a happy, well-ordered, affectionate home, child life is full of pleasure.

'Whatever joys to-day may shine,
Whate'er may touch with sorrow,
Yet it will be, I well divine,
A something else to-morrow;
Such trifles will their hearts employ—
A shell, a flower, a feather;
If none of these, a cup of joy
It is to be together.'

'Treats' are, however, a great element in the joy of childhood. The having something to look forward to, is a real ingredient in happiness, and to be without it is often depressing.

But the treat should be sufficiently infrequent to be a real subject of anticipation. It should be something not common-place, and then it is indeed a treat, and a stimulus if rightly used.

And the wholesomest treats are those where the gratification is entirely apart from display or vanity. Perhaps the most truly delightful is the excursion to wood or ruin, or any other place which is an excuse for the out-of-doors dinner or tea, and for running about, scrambling, and flower gathering. A little gathering of young friends enjoy this to perfection; and it is no occasion for smart frocks, nor for food with any zest save hunger and quaint contrivance. Even the London child, in these railway days, can enjoy such an expedition from town, and most probably will be in the country for a few weeks at least. These are delights to all ages, from the very first where there is strength enough for the long day, without being a drag on the other children.

* This beautiful picture has been engraved by the Arundel Society.

The school tea is another cause of exceeding happiness, especially when the school-children are the real object, not the excuse, and their games are promoted and joined in by the gentle-children. Then there is all the delight of usefulness and importance and real kindness. Fingers sticky with distributing buns, frocks splashed or even inundated with tea poured from cumbrous pitchers into tiny mugs held aslant—these are natural incidents of the day, only requiring that the frocks should 'wash;' so that there need be no distress on their account, even though the gathers should come out at blind man's buff or Tom Tiddler's ground.

No, let it be no best-frock garden party in disguise, with croquet grounds to amuse idle spectators, who have no business there. Have only those who come to wait on the school-children, and do not insult childhood, gentle or simple, by making its supposed pleasure a means of paying off your own social debts.

The garden party is the best form of child's party, though, to my mind, it is spoilt for them as soon as it passes into full dress, or includes large numbers who are not intimate. Children may think it will be a pleasure, but they are no judges beforehand, and they cannot be taken to such an entertainment among numerous elders without being either troublesome and forward, or else under a restraint and *gêné*, only rendered endurable by the pleasures of dress, eating, and aping grown-up manners. And if this is so with a garden party, which at least has the merit of being in the open air and by day-light, what can be said for the Christmas-tree system?

The original German Christmas-tree, be it understood, I think a charming custom, when it is the real family celebration, and there is 'love seed' in every one of the parcels, which everybody directs to everybody, with delightful transparent mystery and secresy. Such trees deserve to grow in every household, and all the better for bearing fruit for the lonely neighbour, the servants, and dependants, children, the poor, and the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Or to re-deck the tree with fresh contrivances for some Sunday class, some workhouse children, or the like, will make it a double fount of light and joy.

But the frequent process is—'I suppose we must have a Christmas-tree. People will expect it. It is an intolerable trouble and expense; but if it is done at all, it must be handsomely done.'

So cart-loads of bon-bons are purchased in frail glittering tinsel contrivances, and a great outlay is grudgingly made on articles to be distributed at hap-hazard, not out of love or regard, or adaptation to the children, but simply that the thing may be done handsomely.

The children stand round. They do not care for the giver, they have no gratitude for the gift, they are merely eager for what they can get, and they are loaded with bon-bons in such quantities, that their best wishers are thankful if half are lost or crushed. Then comes the formal dancing, with all the flirtations and follies of grown-up people aped in

it; and at a preposterous hour the supper, as elaborate and costly as a regular ball supper, and more freely criticised by the precocious little epicures.

Can this be wholesome for body and mind? Will not parents have strength and unworldliness enough to be thought 'particular,' and save their children from such a hot-bed of all that no one could wish to see in them?

Hannah More, long ago, pleaded against children's balls. She was set up in effigy, with a great rod in her hand, at the end of a ball-room in London, in consequence; but her religious remonstrance, followed up by Miss Edgeworth's common-sense one, really did make childish dissipation much less the fashion for the time. Careful parents made their children happy at home, or in the small numbers where they could be freely happy over their play in an innocent inexpensive manner, such as left them children. But it is publicity and large numbers that spoil everything with us. Acting—a delightful holiday sport—is made a dangerous cause of display and titillation of vanity to every clever or pretty child. As soon as the play gets beyond the intimate friends, and becomes the *motif* of a miscellaneous party, including all the visiting list, the poor children, who ought to be playing for their own and their family's wholesome diversion, receive half their stimulus from the desire of obtaining admiration.

'Oh! they are so simple, such dear little things, they never think about it.'

Easy to say; but does anyone know a child's thoughts, and can it be right to put them into temptation?

People will answer that it does not do much harm; also, that they cannot offend inviting friends, or seem to the children to deprive them of enjoyment.

As to the friends, they will be content to speak of such parents as 'very particular;' and for the children, the old trust, that 'Papa and Mamma know best,' may be reinforced by representations of the weariness and stiffness, as well as the real temptations of the evenings; and if a real genuine home delight, shared by their own little friends, or bestowed on the poor by their hands, be provided for them, they will have no need to complain. Or if a child should wish and murmur, either infected by some play-fellow, or admiring the unknown, never mind. She will thank her parents for their wisdom in time.

The pantomime may be one of these compensating treats for a London child at Christmas, though, to my mind, the beauty of the scenery is much marred by the burlesque words, ruining all the grace and poetry, and pandering to the vulgar popular taste for puns and stock allusions. If there were but a pantomime with the fairy world brought to life, with simple straightforward poetry and grace, that would be the place for children; but of that we fear there is no chance.

Sight-seeing is a very important 'treat.' Only it should not begin

too young. A child dragged to sights it cannot yet care for, half frightened and wholly wearied, is a sad sight. Some children really experience a shock to the nerves when taken too young to the Zoological Gardens; and even then it is wasting a great pleasure to take them there before their curiosity has been excited by having heard or read something about the animals. I was seven or eight years old before any came in my way, and to this hour I remember vividly even the aspect and arrangement of the dens in which I saw them.

To learn to look intelligently, as I said in the last chapter, is a great part of education. Who does not know the difference between the spectator who examines, learns, and enjoys, and the spectator who gazes vacantly, makes some silly jest, or some preposterous remark, that becomes a by-word?

To take children to the British Museum, when their studies point to any division of the many subjects there contained, would at once vivify their lessons, teach them how to see, and give much pleasure. From ancient history to the Egyptian Hall one day, to the Nineveh slabs soon after; from Grecian history to the Mausoleum and the Elgin marbles; from the Punic Wars to the Carthaginian pavements; or again, from English history to the Tower and Westminster Abbey. How easy to do this as a reward for diligence; how the expedition would be enjoyed; how much it would tell in vividness of interest!

Yet, are not the Tower and Museum viewed as only pasture for the greenest country cousins, while the most trumpery ephemeral exhibition has its multitudes of visitors?

Two or three chapters in Edgeworth's Early Lessons, as well as some in Harry and Lucy, shew the keen enjoyment children can, with a little care, be made to take in museums, or any other exhibitions; and also, how soon the attention becomes fatigued. Nothing is better here than Miss Edgeworth's continual protest against vacancy, listlessness, and spurious excitements, or display.

Excitement is close at hand with almost all children. The hope of the least pleasure agitates them; and if the world would only leave them to the simplest, freest, most inexpensive pleasures, they would be much happier, as well as much better able to enjoy in after years.

But, alas! who would imagine that in their name the pomps and vanities of this world had ever been renounced?

A word or two further I should like to say of home every-day pleasures. The toy question belongs properly to a younger period, and most educational manuals speak very sensibly about them, though the truth is, that only experience really teaches parents what is the best way of managing the toy question. Only when the eldest hope has bitten to pieces, spoilt, or disregarded, a certain amount of expensive toys, do people really believe that plain articles, capable of rough ill-usage, are the real promoters of pleasure. And it is a matter of family experience whether fur is a delightful 'pussy,' or gives a horrible sensation.

The Edgeworth remarks, about mechanical and useful toys being preferable, only fail in one respect, namely, their want of poetry, and failure to perceive the way in which toys deal with the imaginative, the tender, and the æsthetic sides of children's minds, as well as the intelligent and mechanical ones. Miss Edgeworth, and still less her father, would never have understood Mrs. Gatty's touching memory of 'rabbits' tails,' nor the 'woolly lambs standing on four pins,' which a writer in The Magazine for the Young speaks of as having been bought of a poor hawker, to 'babble of green fields,' as the perfectly formed lamb, which Mr. Ruskin recommends, never could or would have done, since the mere symbol is almost a needful provocative of imagination, as all theatrical literature proves.

Nobody, however, can *give* imagination, and the child must have what suits its genuine taste best. The child who loves the ornament or picture for its little room, whether for beauty or suggestiveness, is to be as much encouraged as the lover of the useful or mechanical article.

Encouraged, I say, but directed; for the purchase of things merely because they come before the eye and are 'pretty,' is to be decidedly discouraged, though the taste for the beautiful, noble, and suggestive, should be encouraged. Buying for buying's sake, as well as tawdry trumpery, should be laughed at and proscribed, and the consideration, 'Will it last?' 'Is this only for the pleasure of spending money?' be enforced. 'What will you do with it?' 'Shall you get tired of it?' 'Do you really need it?' all should be carefully asked, even while leaving the child a free agent. And when a bit of experience has been purchased, it had better not be forgotten; for the habit of trifling away money is one of the hardest to cure.

Dolls are very different institutions in different families. To some girls they are children, to others sisters; while to others they are mere milliners' blocks, and to another set mere despised badges of feminine inferiority. In general, however, the notion that little girls learn needle-work by dressing them, is a mere delusion. To make their clothes handily, requires much more neatness than to make those of a poor child; and shops and bazaars do all they can to remove the incentive, by offering every imaginable equipment ready made.

The real use and delight of a doll is, however, such as is shewn in Mrs. O'Reilly's charming 'Doll Land,' where the baby house is a real dreamland, and the puppets therein are the subject of absolute affection, and have individuality of character. People devoid of the peculiar imagination that can live in these fancies, will not credit them; but 'they are born, they are not made,' and all we are inclined to say about them is, that elders should not arbitrarily interfere with them, insist on the giving away of cherished doll, or the resignation of the whole doll system, for there is no knowing what real pain and grief is inflicted.

Just so with books. No one knows what fibres of the heart may

have twisted round some dilapidated nursery book, and how painfully the wrench of parting with it may be remembered in after life.

Every generation complains that the one beneath it is saturated with story-books, and does not value them as of old. It is hardly true; for multitudinous as the books are, children only value and love what assimilates itself to their minds. The disadvantage of the multitude is, that a sluggish or frivolous mind reads nothing else, and keeps down to their level. It is a real lowering of the faculties to confine a child to books of fiction, history, and science, written *down* to it. It fails to learn the meaning of language, and finds 'grown-up books' difficult and incomprehensible, even when outgrowing childhood, and sinks down upon the novel, because the powers have never trained themselves to attend to anything that stretches them.

Careful parents once made it a rule to let their daughters read nothing they had not read themselves. Nothing could be wiser; for not only was the quantity diminished, but moreover, much was weeded out that, though not exactly harmful, was undesirable.

The rule is even more expedient now, for the foolish notion that didactic stories must be dull, has made people absolutely proud of themselves for writing a perfectly unmeaning story, or one that exalts naughtiness into a sort of heroism, and represents the authorities as tedious hateful inflictions.

The stories that should be avoided are, firstly, those that most improperly and mischievously depreciate governesses and make them bores, and that represent aunts and uncles uniformly unjust and cruel to orphan wards. The cruel step-mother is gone out, the unjust aunt is come in her stead. The writers of such stories, in the wish to be pathetic, thoughtlessly add fresh stings of terror to orphanhood.

Next, I object to the conclusion to which these orphans generally tend, namely, that of the novel. The protecting cousin almost always turns into the lover; and even if the cousin do not appear, the most amiable lad of the *dramatis personæ* is sure to marry the heroine at last. Now infantine attachments now and then ripen, but they ought never to be shewn to children. It *can* only tend to do harm, and that to the weaker and more passive party, namely the girl, who may dream over the possibility, while the boy treats it all as 'bosh.'

Another stamp of book to be avoided, is the *weak* religious tale. Most varieties of religious publishers pour forth stories and tiny tracts that do not so much teach religion as party distinction. They are generally written with the best intentions, by people whose minds are too small to perceive the difference, and who deal in the little child who goes about asking people whether they are Christians, or else in the equally unnatural one, who is always talking about its white robes. Both alike die young, and are equally unreal and unpractical. Most girls have a fit of imagining such children, and unfortunately too many get them stitched up into pink and blue covers,

and sent forth as supposed good books, only to serve as trash, instead of bread, for Sunday-school children, and to sicklify and sentimentalize good girls; while they are the derision of all the stronger minded. The religious tale, above all, needs to be of the best—not the worst—of writing; and the same applies to the allegory. Very few are really good, and have any point; the others are mere dilutions of what ought to be taken as near the genuine article as possible. It is not so sudden a transition as it seems, to apply the same rule to fairy tales; for a good fairy tale is often an allegory, or an old myth, once allegorical.

For this class, the genuine old myth-like Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, Puss in Boots, and the like, I have the deepest respect befitting a classic; but I have none at all for the arbitrary modern fairy tale, now so much the fashion. Fairies have a genuine classical genealogy, and to disturb that is really a pity. Besides, too much of impossible unreality tends to produce a morbid craving for excitement, and a taste capable only of novel reading.

Burlesque and caricature, and above all, slang literature, are in the same way unfit for children; and the love of exciting adventure may likewise grow exaggerated.

There are, in fact, two classes of tastes in fiction—that for character, and that for adventure. Character-loving girls sometimes get self-conscious, and learn to look at themselves as if they were sitting for their portraits in a story; and the adventure-lovers fall into the condition of Leech's Master Jacky, when 'he has read all the books in the house,' no author being approved but Mayne Reid!

Perhaps a very slow child, that can hardly be got to read at all, or a very mercurial being who will never sit still, must be bribed by unlimited choice of whatever is innocent and free from vulgarity, for the sake of public peace; but the ordinarily intelligent child, with a healthy appetite for books, had better be led towards the desirable ones, and saved from frivolity. An over-tasked girl, who is doing lessons to the full powers of her mind, cannot be expected to repose upon anything but story-books; but she would have more training for the future if she were obliged as a necessity to do less, and encouraged to read something improving in part of her leisure time. She will cease to do lessons, but she ought never to cease from rational reading.

It is a good plan to make the amusing book, especially when it is anything extra, conditional upon the previous reading of something solid, whether history or science. My allowance was a chapter of Goldsmith's Rome, to a chapter of Walter Scott, each day.

And I believe it is the wisest way to let there be a free run of Scott, Shakespeare, Spenser, and any other really sound English classic, in which I do not include modern novels, nor the Dickens school. The real romance does not do the harm that the baby novel does; the taste is formed, familiarity with noble and elevating ideas and beautiful language achieved, and the undesirable passages are far less perceived

than they are later in life. The child knows there are things it cannot understand, and passes them by, only accepting what it likes. Freedom to take down and use the real library books has been, we always find in biography, a valuable part of the education of every mind that has come to any real power. The cramping into childish fictions till seventeen, and then sudden freedom to read sensation novels, has not been found to conduce to purity of taste, or poetry of mind.

The enthusiasm and romance of chivalry is congenial to the young life. Do not spoil it and tie it down, or you will only get sensationalism instead of romance; and the rude slang-like tone, which is supposed to mask feeling and deride sentiment, becomes little short of brutality and levity. There is far too little chivalry, and too much '*grossièreté*,' in the present fashion. May the latter never be encouraged in our children! For *it is* encouraged by talking slang, with exaggerated violent expressions, and stock phrases, and making jokes of what is no subject of merriment.

The other pleasures of girls are either out-of-door exercise, or the little pursuits of after years beginning already. Pets are good for them, *if*—and a great 'if' it is—they can be properly attended to, and are safe from neglect; *not* otherwise.

Needle-work is, to almost all girls at this age, a needful task. To only a few is it a pleasure, and these generally have a sort of mania for fancy-work, upon which the great experience generally needs to be, 'Begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end.'

(*To be continued.*)

SHAKESPEARE.

CREATOR-GENIUS! Master-mind! whose thought
Is a world's wealth—the world that thou hast taught
To honour lips anointed, and rejoice
To find in man's a God-inspired voice—
The Poet's voice, whose music down the years
Rolls deathlessly, whose fragrant breath appears
Health-laden in a sorrow-sickened earth,
Where travail-pangs proclaim a sin-stained birth.

Prince among Poets! foremost in the line
Of God-appointed teachers, whose benign
And gracious office is to make appeal
To all man's nobler feelings, and unseal
His lips to words of gratitude and love
And homage, till the thoughts that erst they strove

To wake in other breasts, they find by all
Were shared, expression lacking; theirs the call
To shape them into words, and represent
Their age—its guide and its embodiment.

And what an age was thine! Hope's rosy light
Charmed every eye; a time of blackest night
Had vanished, giving birth to one of glad
And ardent expectation; Beauty had
Her high-souled worshippers; Truth's temple-floor
Was thronged by those who yearned to read his lore;
By broad-browed sages Wisdom's shrine was sought,
And Genius with his all-embracing thought
Enriched mankind; intrepid scholars weighed
Old-world philosophies, while heroes laid
An infant-world's foundations in the West
Far-hid behind the waves. In Shakespeare's breast
Worked all these aspirations; and his mind,
Directed by that impulse undefined,
But mighty, irresistible, was swayed
By all the lofty sentiments that made
That age an age of heroes; he expressed
The burning thoughts that kindled every breast.

But thoughts were his, deep thoughts, to fathom which
It needed ages,—utterance so rich,
So strong, so varied, oft would seem the dress
Of dreams uncouth, deranged, and meaningless;
But as the great world grew, and wisdom's store
Of treasured wealth grew with it more and more,
Mankind, long baffled, mastered by degrees
The drift of seeming ambiguities,
And found in words misunderstood till then
A truth and meaning lost on former men.
Thus riddles still unsolved remain perchance
To find their value as the years advance,
As unimagined forms of thought arise,
And men behold the world with other eyes.
Thus Shakespeare's words appeal to every age,
And each in turn adds lustre to his page,
Each bringing forth from that exhaustless mine
Fresh jewels destined evermore to shine.

Keen-witted jester! laughter-loving sage!
What humour lurks in each fantastic page!
Whene'er Imagination's soaring wing
Bears thee away, and thou art forced to sing

In words whose torrent-flow of reckless glee
Oft pictures forth strange things men seldom see.
Thine the rare art to kindle to a smile
Man's care-worn features, and his heart beguile
With sportive fancies. Phantom worlds arise
At thy creative touch beneath our eyes;
We gaze enraptured, while a wizard's hand
Points out the way to laughing fairy-land;
Elf-voices sing, in ever-sleepless mirth,
Strains blither than the blithest heard on earth;
Elf-faces beam with innocent delight,
Elf-athletes dance the whole Midsummer night.
Happy the man to whom such visions came;
And all his readers since have dreamt the same.
With equal art conceived, as picturesque,
More highly coloured, fanciful, grotesque,
The Tempest, most miraculous of storms,
And all the feats that Ariel performs—
That dainty sprite, who, as a sunbeam fair,
Alights on earth, a conscious stranger there,
Then flits away, too frail to need repose,
And mirth and magic follow where he goes.

On Shakespeare's canvas sadly may we trace
The badges of a sin-polluted race.
Some own Ambition's self-exalting aim,
And seek distinction's prize, a paltry name;
Some use Conceit's unhushed self-vaunting tone,
And claim a courage little like their own;
Some feed the flame of Passion in the breast;
Some welcome Envy as a cherished guest,
And Slander's wingèd shafts some love to tip
With poison drawn from Falsehood's hissing lip;
Some quail and tremble, while the sceptic's sneer
Is on their lips; and some in abject fear
Assume the mask Hypocrisy supplies,
And stoop to an habitual disguise.

All these and more, if Shakespeare's work be scanned,
We find depicted by a master-hand;
Each type of character, and every dress
Man e'er devised to veil his nakedness.
But man ennobled, strenuous, self-contained,
In love with Beauty, every sinew strained
To do and conquer, free from any stain
Of selfish feeling, strong in heart and brain

To sympathise and counsel, undefiled
By aught ignoble, Honour's dauntless child,
A mind unwarped, a self-renouncing aim
To do the world a kindness, though the name
Of 'busybody' be the world's return,
Resolved to crush the devil's self, to spurn
Self-interest's suggestions, and reject
All thoughts unlovely, with a soul erect,
Courageous, God-like—such the ideal man
Whose comely features Shakespeare loved to scan.
No cynic he, and yet he was not blind
To what of ill disfigures humankind;
His faith in human nature made him strong,
But human nature never would he wrong
By boasting it immaculate; he knew
Man God-beloved, but devil-tempted too.

In Shakespeare's hand the grave historian's pen
Becomes the poet's brush; we see the men,
Whose names far-reaching Fame, with flag unfurled,
Hath wafted to each corner of the world,
No longer far-removed, obscure, and dim,
But clear and life-like, charactered by him.
Rome's warrior proud, at whose command burst forth
That mighty peal which echoed through the North,
The thunder of the world-subduing charge
Of Roman legions thirsting to enlarge
Her vast dominion,—him we see laid low;
We see the blood-stained group that dealt the blow,
Rough-handed patriots! broken was the spell
At which broad Europe quaked, when Cæsar fell.
The scene is changed, and lo! that swarthy face,
Unhallowed in its fascinating grace,
The head so proudly borne, so richly curled,
The eye that gives a challenge to the world,
The wanton carriage—one and all proclaim
The sorceress who marred a mighty fame.
Mark Antony, undone by her embrace,
Achieved in life defeat, in death disgrace.

And what a vivid light his words have thrown
On England's early history alone!
Those stormy days, when war went hand in hand
With plague and famine, deluging the land
With seas of blood, while Princes held their own
With lance in rest, sole guardian of the throne.

The White Rose now, and now again the Red,
Adorns the crown, imperilling the head
Of him who wears it. Still the storm-tossed realm
Surmounts the storm, an Angel at the helm,
The cordage holds, unbroken bends the mast,
As wave on wave is bravely overpast;
Emerging scatheless upon calmer seas,
She spreads full sail, and grasps the friendly breeze.
So England prospered, with increasing strength
Her pulses beat, until she grew at length
To that which Shakespeare found her; undismayed,
She left her foes repulsed, her friends repaid.
No scribe of barren dates and meagre facts,
The Poet deals with men, their words and acts,
Fills in the outline history supplies,
And conjures up the Past before our eyes,
No longer far-removed, obscure, and dim,
But clear and life-like, charactered by him.

And many other figures are portrayed
On that rich canvas, never doomed to fade,
With which the Muses silver-voiced have hung
Their temple-walls, their choicest gifts among.
Macbeth, the fearless, all unhinged, distraught,
Through harbouring one fiend-suggested thought;
And she, whose serpent-tongue and ready wit
Excused the crime he shuddered to commit.
Grim Shylock, vulture-hearted, greedy-eyed,
Gulled in his craft, convicted in his pride.
And Falstaff, headstrong bully, shameless wit,
Whose reckless words his random life befit.
Cordelia, whose devotion will constrain
Men's admiration, while on earth remain
The love of child and parent, let who can
Deride the 'very foolish fond old man.'
And Romeo and Juliet, hapless pair,
Exulting in the dangers that they share;
And Death itself is stript of its alarms
When thus encountered in a lover's arms.
Iago, who with poison-words beguiled
The witless Moor, frank-hearted as a child
Ere foul suspicion fixed his jaundiced eye
On her whose breast, the shrine of chastity,
Knew no disloyal thought; her parting breath
Proclaimed her love undying e'en in death—

The death his hands bestowed, whose frenzied mind,
When once diseased, one remedy could find;
The lie exposed, by Desdemona's side
Othello fell, and kissed her ere he died;
But cold those lips from which he fain would crave
Forgiveness, he must seek it in the grave.
And last and noblest, Denmark's Prince of yore;
While Hamlet lives will Shakespeare's fame endure.
Thou dark-appareled dreamer, sad and stern,
Within thy breast what fierce emotions burn!
A furnace heated by the two-fold fire
Of deep regret and passionate desire.
True son! true lover! till the shock accurst
Which slew thy faith, and all thy hopes dispersed,
When thy whole being staggered, face to face
With crime so black, with turpitude so base.
Majestic in thy wrath, and undismayed,
Of God, nor man, nor of thyself afraid;
Strong in thy indecision, tempest-tossed,
Yet buffeting the blasts that fiercely crossed
And chased each other through thy darkened mind,
Doubt-stricken, yet abhorring to be blind;
Thy love was firmly rooted as the hate
Which, strong as death, as frenzy desperate,
Possessed thy soul, and nerved the fatal thrust
That gave the vengeance thou believedst just.

Since Shakespeare's birth three centuries have rolled,
Tuneful in voices mighty to uphold
The giant-hopes and yearnings heaven-blest,
Which have their home in each heroic breast;
All-eloquent to fan the sacred fire,
And bid men not despair, but still aspire.
For still unbroken spreads the Poet-line,
Ordained of God to pour in oil and wine
Where gape a sick world's wounds, sweet-voiced to bless,
And breathe a fragrance o'er earth's wilderness;
But Shakespeare stands pre-eminent—a seer
Whom none have rivalled all must needs revere;
In him the poet of all time we find,
A moulder and a mouth-piece of mankind,
Diffusing light, and thought engendering,
Thus God-empowered deathlessly to sing.

A. G., 1864.

MISSION OF ST. PETER THE FISHERMAN, BRIXHAM, DEVON.

THERE is a quaint little fishing town on the south coast of Devon, full of a curious jumble of old and new life, of history and common-place existence. Looking out from it at the shining waters, thoughts of old days crowd upon you—of storm-driven wrecks from the Armada, of Dutch William landing, of an exiled Emperor, sad and lonely, on his way to St. Helena—and then you glance round, and forget them in the busy trafficking life of to-day. There are the old grey houses clambering up the steep hill sides, and pierced with curious passages and rights of way, running one does not know where or how. There are ill-paved narrow courts, where everything is irregular, unexpected, shadowy. There are stalls where old women sit by heaps of cherries, and sell slices of bread and Devonshire cream to the fisher boys; there are the trawlers lying thick in the harbour, ropes coiled about, black nets drying in the sun, fish piled in baskets and sold by auction in the open air—you may hear the women crying the lots in shrill strained voices: if there were a brighter touch of colour about the scene, you would fancy yourself in a foreign country; as it is, now and then a scarlet cap meets you, a yellow sail is hoisted up, or a flower shines from some dingy background. The sailor boys are lounging about in their knitted jerseys—fresh brave-faced lads many of them, with half sturdy, half shy, independent manners: it is easy enough to see that they form a population of themselves, strong for good or evil.

These lads are apprenticed to their life for so many years, until they are twenty-one; each trawler has two or three boys, the cook is generally the smallest of the party; it must be an odd kind of cookery, one would think, on which the others fare! Sometimes the boats fish about the bay, coming back from Friday to Monday; sometimes they go off for weeks or months to Lowestoft or Tenby, or further stations. When on shore, the boys are boarded with the masters' wives; many of these women receive a number of boys, feed, clothe, mend, and care for them.

The boys come from all parts of England, and of course their future well-being depends greatly upon the character of the skipper with whom they are placed. There are sad stories, and grand ones too, of some of these poor little lads. I saw one bright-eyed laughing little fellow shouldering an oar, and grinning from ear to ear at the sight of some of the ladies who had been good to him, whose story, if it were told, might put many of us to shame, for the endurance and fortitude which held to the right through trials so sad that I can hardly bear to remember them. But he had got into smooth waters at last, and his spirits bade fair to run away with him.

Long ago the care of all these men and boys, who could not be got at or treated like other parishioners, weighed sorely upon the mind of the Vicar of the parish, Lower Brixham. By the help of one whose generous deeds have made his name a household word in England, there was a Mission undertaken—an Orphan Home set on foot, a chaplain appointed. Later it was found advisable to divide the work, the chaplain confining himself to visiting the vessels, and attending to the Home. But the fishermen being on shore for two or three days in the week, one of those days being Sunday, and scarcely any among them going to Church, those who cared for them longed to help them in some way. It was resolved to try to collect a class at the infant school-room; and on the next Sunday the Vicar went in one direction, and a lady who had promised her aid went in another, asking the boys she met to go with her to the school. A little knot of five or six consented; at the door she met the Vicar with as many men, and so they set to work. This was three years ago. The numbers increased rapidly, but success brought a greater need of helpers, and becoming acquainted with this need, the Vicar and Clergy of St. John's, Torquay, volunteered their aid, with the hearty encouragement of the Bishop of the diocess. St. John's gives a weekly offertory, sends lay-helpers, and has provided a Missionary Curate to assist the Vicar of Lower Brixham. Is not that enough—do you ask—what more is wanted? Ah, if it is God's work it is growing work; He does not give and have done with it, as so many of us would like to do. He giveth more increase. A house was lent for the classes—this was a great boon; but by the time a hundred boys attended they had ousted the men, who were carried off by the Mission Curate to the auction mart, which again they outgrew. And so another step was taken. On the steep side of the hill, overlooking the harbour and its little fleet, there was laid, in the spring of last year, the foundation stone of the Mission Chapel of St. Peter the Fisherman; and this year, Saturday, the 27th of June, was the happy day which saw its opening.

It is a steep climb to the spot where it is perched—a solid simply built little chapel, with a temporary chancel and fittings, and texts painted on the walls which may comfort or warn the men who see God's wonders in the deep. Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m.; the second service was at 11 a.m., when Archdeacon Earle preached, and many an eye was turned on the little knot of fishermen—old men with rugged weather-beaten faces, who were listening as he spoke to them and to us of progress. Never to rest content with the point to which we may have attained, evermore to press onward, upward, to the perfect likeness of Him Who is set before us as our Pattern—surely it was meet teaching for such a work as this, for all work, for all success, and for all discouragement.

Afterwards there was a luncheon in the school-room, and speeches from Mr. Elrington, the Vicar, the Venerable Archdeacon Earle, the

Rev. Canon Robinson, &c., touched upon different phases of the work, or kindly gratitude to those who had helped them. And in the evening, the few friends who remained behind saw the most striking sight of all the day. For the fishermen themselves could not attend until the evening service, and then they trooped up—tiny boys, stalwart men, old bent grandfathers, with glad, earnest, manly faces: who could listen unmoved to the singing with which they praised our God!

Next day, Sunday, again the same thing was repeated—a block of brave blue-jerseys stretched down the little church, listening to the words of truth, or singing hymn after hymn; and early in the morning at eight, in the pouring rain, nineteen blue-jerseys were kneeling to receive the Bread of Life.

The Offertories during the two days amounted to over £100.

I could tell you a great deal more about the work if there were time or space; but one must see it for oneself to catch some idea of its heartiness and freshness and originality. When the boats go off on their longer voyages, the kind friends supply the boys with books, and write constantly to them. The oddest and most interesting letters come back, from full and grateful hearts. They carry their little offerings: the other day, between the services, three little boys tramped out a mile to bring the lady who does so much for them a huge crab. And though there are disappointments, too, sharp and keen, the net breaks, the bad and good are mingled, yet we do not see here even the end of our disappointments; and St. Peter the Fisherman denied his Lord thrice, and yet was faithful unto death.

Who cares for our sailors? Who will help in a work like this, which in truth belongs to us all? Who will refuse to help?

Donations either for the Building Fund of the Chapel or for the annual expenses of the Mission, may be placed in the Offertory at St. John's at any service, wrapped in a separate piece of paper, and marked 'Brixham;' or they may be sent in stamps, post-office order, or cheque, to the Rev. C. E. R. Robinson, Beausite, Hillesdon Road, Torquay, or to the Rev. W. K. Hampshire, Beech House, Torquay, by whom they will be placed in the Offertory. The Offertory at the close of the 8 a. m. celebration of the Holy Communion on Tuesday is always devoted to this object, and the prayers of all who are interested in the work are entreated at that hour. Without prayer no such work can prosper. The Vicar of Lower Brixham also will gratefully accept help sent him.

A MODERN ROMAN CHARITY.

Those of our readers whom a winter's residence has made partially acquainted with Rome, will not have much difficulty in transporting themselves in spirit, perchance, from an English fire-side to the long hilly street which leads from the Coliseum to St. John Lateran. Standing about mid-way on the left-hand side is a large but plain unpretending-looking house; and over this, the Convent of the Good Shepherd, we had yesterday the good fortune to be taken.

The charitable institutions of Rome are numerous, but the larger portion are presided over by nuns, Sisters of Charity, and Brotherhoods, who, far from courting the praise of men, shrink from the publicity which would be entailed on them, were they open to every idle sight-seer; and this fact makes them occasionally difficult of access. Having long had an earnest desire to visit some of these establishments, we applied for help to carry it out to one who is as well known to our countrymen for his kindness and courtesy, as he is to all lovers of Christian art and archæology. By excavating below the Church of St. Clement,* he has not only brought to light the vast subterranean basilica, with its columns of rare marbles, and its numerous frescoes, many of them still perfect; but deeper down still the pilgrim may tread the very chambers of the martyr Bishop of Rome, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, Clement, 'whose name is in the Book of Life.'

The Convent of the Good Shepherd, belonging to the Order of the same name, was founded fifty years ago by a certain Father Angelo, a Carmelite Friar. It now contains within its walls about seventy nuns and lay-sisters, fifty-three penitents, and more than one hundred and fifty orphans. Besides these, a few children from a higher rank of life are received as *pensionnaires*.

We were first admitted into the convent parlour, in which was a large bust of the present Pope, the walls being hung with portraits of different benefactors. A large grating stretched across one end of the room, and behind it presently appeared two nuns, the Mother-Provincial, and the Mother-Assistant. They wore white scapulars, white linen bands round their faces, and short black veils falling at the back of the head.

After being introduced to them by the Reverend Father, who had kindly gone with us, we began the tour of the building. We went first down a lobby, with brick floor and white-washed walls, decorated with texts and extracts from religious writers. Opening out of this passage was the entrance to the nuns' choir, forming part of the chapel. Plain wooden stalls lined the sides; at the end, facing the Altar, was a small lectern,

* The church and monastery of St. Clement belong to the body of Irish Dominicans.

with a groove inside for the office book, which it was evident had seen good service. From thence we went to the kitchen, with its brightly-polished stoves, all its arrangements looking beautifully neat and clean. The Mother pointed deprecatingly to the smoke-dried rafters, whose picturesque colouring we were admiring, but she shook her head at them, and said she should like to have them whitened, only the prices of all necessaries were too high at present to admit of that being done. On the same floor is the nuns' refectory, with long tables down each side; they do not allow themselves the luxury of table-cloths, but each has her *serviette*, which is made to answer the same purpose. As usual, there was a small pulpit, used not for preaching, but for reading during meals. The Superior and the Mother-Assistant were most kind in explaining everything to us; they are both Germans, but converse equally well in French and Italian. The Superior told us she had been twenty-three years in the convent.

A flight of stone steps led us up to the work-rooms, where, heaped on tables, were samples of embroidery such as is rarely seen. The most fastidious connoisseur would be satisfied with the needle-work executed under the superintendence of the good nuns, who teach this exquisite art (for surely it is one) to the poor under their care. We were particularly fortunate in coming in for the sight of a wedding order; and I can hardly say which we admired the most, the lovely patterns of twining flowers and sprays, or the perfect manner in which they were executed. The work is sold for the benefit of the House, and is so excellent, it deserves to be well paid. Some women were plying their busy needles when we entered, and among them was a bright-eyed little cripple, whose fingers were deftly embroidering a wrist-band, fit for royalty to wear.

Near this room was a larger one, the work-room of the penitents. They seemed of various ages, for the convent acts in accordance with its name, and none are forced to leave the shelter of its walls, although situations are found for those who wish to earn a livelihood for themselves in domestic service. The rule with regard to their admission is, that they must bring a recommendation from some responsible person; but should any apply of herself, praying to be received, the door is not closed against her; the example of the Good Shepherd, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, is here followed by His faithful servants. We walked round looking at the needle-work; and then all knelt, while the Prior gave them the Benediction. Their dormitory was exquisitely clean, the walls painted blue, with sacred prints hanging on them; and at the end of the room was a bed with white drapery for the Sister in charge. Near the dormitory was an oratory, specially set apart for them, adorned with suitable pictures.

Another flight of stairs was then climbed, and we found ourselves on the house-top, where the nuns occasionally take exercise, as well as in the garden below, which they cultivate entirely themselves. No doubt, in

a convent so admirably ordered, the work and recreation of each inmate is carefully studied, or one might imagine that those whose minds were chiefly of a reflective cast would always choose the house-top for their half-hour's walk, surrounded as it is by monuments, which, if dear to the historian and the archæologist, are dearer still to the Christian and the Catholic. On one side are the lofty ruins of the baths of Titus, on the other is the gigantic outline of the Coliseum—both stupendous memorials of heathen times, both doomed to decay and ruin. But a stone's throw off is the Church of *I Santi Quattro Coronati*—Christian sculptors who were put to death by Diocletian's orders, for refusing to carve idols for him. The Basilica of St. Clement is nearer still, and there repose the remains that the sea gave up of the martyr Bishop, and the few bones of St. Ignatius which escaped the lion's jaw, and which were transported back again from Antioch to Rome, now lying but a short space from the spot once crimsoned with his blood, where stands the symbol of that faith which alone had power to triumph over imperial Rome.

On descending to the floor below, we were shewn several of the Sisters' cells, looking the pictures of neatness and simplicity; they were not very small, each contained a bed with hangings and coverlet white as snow, a chair, and a wooden *prie-dieu*, and on the wall a crucifix, and a few sacred prints. Each cell, besides having the name of the occupant written upon it, bears also the name of some saint. I noticed one, 'St. François de Sales,' and told the kind nun how much his writings were read and admired in England. One larger room had three beds in it, as some of the nuns prefer being together; near it was the dormitory of the lay-sisters. An oratory is set apart for the novices, whose noviciate lasts three years; if, at the expiration of that time, a novice changes her mind, she is free to return to her family. The community room, where they all meet in the evening for recreation, looked bright and cheerful.

Then we began the tour of the orphanage, although strictly speaking one ought not perhaps so to call it, as very poor children are admitted whose parents are living. Many are paid for by different *bienfaiteurs*, but some are received wholly free. They are all girls, and are divided into classes, who have various rooms allotted to them; in each we found a Sister superintending the work—reading, writing, &c., being taught in the morning. Some were very small children, as they are admitted at almost any age, while they remain as long as they like, provided they work, and of course conform to the rules. Some are trained for service, and when they leave the convent for their situations, a small *dot* is generally given to them. Their work, consisting of plain sewing, stitching, knitting, and embroidery, was admirable. They wore no special uniform, but all were plainly clothed; and we noticed that several had ribbons of blue, red, and green, with medals attached to them—these are good-conduct badges, the blue the mark of highest merit, the wearer being

entitled '*l'enfant de Marie.*' The nuns told us that they preferred giving rewards to punishment, and that they found the system acted well. It is certainly the most pleasant for giver and receiver!

I really forget how many rooms we saw, but there seemed to be a good many, and all their little tenants looked bright and smiling. The room of the *pensionnaires* was hung with maps, and there were more books about than in the others; the education they receive is of course superior, and more suited to their station. One pretty dark-eyed girl blushed violently when it was said she could speak English, which she did with that foreign accent we all admire so much. They seemed highly delighted to be noticed by the Reverend Father, who gave his benediction before leaving most of the class-rooms. The dormitories were in perfect order indeed; nowhere did we observe one speck of dust; and each bed, with its white pillow, looked most comfortable. We finished with the children's refectory, where the Mother-Provincial shewed us, with a sigh, chipped plates innumerable. The china appeared to be solid enough, but however thick, she said, the children managed to break them, and no doubt, in this respect, the little people are the same all the world over!

And now our visit was ended, and we both wished it could have come over again, so delighted had we been with all we had seen in the hour and a half spent in the convent. We tried, but I fear very poorly, to express our warm thanks for the great kindness that had been shewn us, the nuns not only having answered every question, but having volunteered information on any point which they thought might interest us. We took leave of them with regret, which, however, would have been augmented, had they not kindly said we might come and wish them good-bye before we left Rome.

And now for the shady side of the picture—sad it is that it should possess one! This institution, noble as it is in ministering to the welfare of the souls and bodies of the poor, may now at any time cease to exist. The fiat has gone forth that most of the religious houses are to be suppressed; and however useful their work, it will not save them, if they are among those inscribed on the fatal list.

On venturing to hazard the opinion that the Convent of the Good Shepherd would be left untouched, I was told that at any moment the Order might arrive for the inmates to leave its walls for ever. The compensation allowed under such circumstances is a miserable pittance, too little for the most frugal to subsist upon; and the question arises, What will become of the penitents and orphans? The last few months has seen the suppression of many celebrated monasteries and convents—that of most note, perhaps, being that of *S. Maria sopra Minerva*, where the library, constantly open to the public, numbering about four hundred thousand volumes and ten thousand MSS., the accumulated treasures of Dominican zeal, learning, and piety, has been taken from the Order, who have possessed it and added to it for centuries. Another noted

monastery, that of St. Gregory, has just been suppressed; and before the close of another year, the steps on which that great and good Pope gave his parting blessing to St. Augustine, may be the highway to some manufactory, and the bell may ring its summons on Sundays and week-days alike, not to prayer, but to work.

May the writer be permitted to say that what has struck her and others painfully during two sojourns in Rome, is the want of feeling frequently shewn by those who would doubtless not refuse the due meed of praise to an English Nursing Sisterhood, but who, confounding two works so totally distinct as destruction and reformation, express little or no sympathy with those who are banished from the cloister which has sheltered them from their youth up. Experience has proved that some charitable institutions are more effective of lasting good when worked by a religious order, than when managed by the paid officials of the state; witness the various calls on the English Sisterhoods to aid in the hospitals and work-houses during the late visitation of cholera. The Apostolic injunction bids us bear one another's burdens, and suffer with other suffering members; do they best fulfil it, who, regarding all monastic institutions as 'cemeteries of by-gone ages,' speak of their dissolution with undisguised pleasure, or with patronizing pity? Has the world advanced to that stage of perfection which renders constant intercessory prayer, and quiet retreats for meditation and study, unnecessary? Are there no sick poor who require tender nursing, no orphans to be housed and taught, no sorrowful ones to be comforted? If such questions cannot yet be answered in the affirmative, surely the better way is to offer what sympathy we can to those who are exiled from their homes, and prevented from the performance of their deeds of love; and for us daily to 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' For is it not also written, 'They shall prosper that love thee'?

M. L. H.

Rome, Advent, 1873.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE THREE DENIALS.

'And the LORD turned, and looked upon Peter.'—*St. Luke*, xxii. 61.

I WOKE; the rising sun obliquely shot
His earliest rays of deepest orange gold
In at my window, (from the eastern hills
Reflected through the lattice,) and lit up
With rays of curious trellis-work my room—
First but a little corner; but anon
More wide it spread, more brightly shone around:
'Wake, thou that sleepest,' thus it seemed to say;
'Rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light;
The Sun of Righteousness shall dawn upon thee,
With healing on His wings;'—meanwhile, the birds,
Rustling amid the ivy, twittered forth
Their matins; soon more loud the chorus grew,
As one by one the songsters left their nests
To join their voices in due praise to Him
Whose mercies, every morning new, demand
That early on each morn their songs should rise.
But all unheeded chanted they—I *could* not
Lift up my heart, or *would* not, for dull sloth
Had fetter'd heart and voice. Vainly I tried
And wish'd, but dar'd not to shake off the chain;
Ev'n reason with persuasive subtleties
Allured me. I would think—dream of the past,
And plan the future. Oh, the present flew
Unthought of by, till ev'n the crowing cock
Fail'd to arouse me, as with warning voice,
Reproachfully he cried, 'Be wise in time,
Wilt thou neglect these golden hours of prime?'

I heard him once: and once again, more shrill,
The summons came; now, wider through my room,
And brighter, spread the sun's reflected ray.
And I could see the cattle rise, and shake
The dew from off their backs; the sheep begin
To graze the fields, then sweetest; and the watch dog
Stretching his lazy neck, rattle his chain,
And with one good shake rouse himself; but no,
I could not, dared not to shake off *my* chain,
That grew each moment heavier. 'Tis yet early;
A little sleep, a little slumber more,
A little folding of the hands to sleep.'
And thus I sank again in death-like trance,
Till once again the sounds of busy life
Startled my dreaming ear. The farmers came,
Driving their cattle to the market-place,
Which, as with many a low they passed along,
Seem'd to reproach me thus: 'Why stand ye here?
Go ye into the vineyard; linger not
Till the eleventh hour: now 'tis call'd to-day,
But the night cometh when no man can work.'
Thus are the children of the world more wise,
Yes, in their generation wiser far
Than children of the light; they earlier rise,
More late take rest, that they may eat the bread
Of sorrow; with more active diligence,
More watchful earnest strivings, they pursue
Their darling hopes, to barter and get gain,
To sow the good seed, and to reap the field,
Than I to seek that pearl of costliest price,
To keep alive the word sown in my heart,
Bring forth good fruits, and reap the joys of Heaven.
Such thoughts stole o'er me, but they could not find
An entrance through the seven-fold covering
Sloth wrapped about my heart, till, once again,
The cock's shrill clarion thrilled me, and I thought
Of Peter—had I not, like him, denied,
And thrice disowned the thrice repeated call?
Just at that very moment the bright sun,
Now high up-risen above the eastern hills,
Shone full into my window. Oh, he seem'd
To turn and look upon me—that one look
Of love, more potent than each warning voice.
Well might I go forth, 'weeping bitterly.'

East Hill House. R. C. B.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT LUKE.

BY EMILY G. TEMPLE FRERE.

CHAPTER XIV.—OUR LORD'S TEMPTATION.

ST. LUKE, IV. 1–13; ST. MATTHEW, IV. 1–11; ST. MARK, I. 12, 13.

'THIS is a very mysterious history,' said Mrs. Dalton, when they had finished reading the account of the Temptation; 'we must try to understand it as far as we are able.'

'It seems so difficult to believe it real,' said May. 'I cannot understand how He who was sinless could have been tempted to sin.'

'We must believe that it was really temptation,' said her mother; 'we are told that "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) If we allow ourselves to get rid of the difficulties of the subject by fancying that they were not temptations to our Lord, though they would have been to us, we shall explain away the obvious meaning of the words of Scripture, and lose all the consolation which the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews so forcibly tells us we may derive from feeling that He, our Lord, knows by experience what temptation is.'

'Perhaps we could understand it better,' said May, 'if we had ever known what it was to be free from sinful inclinations in ourselves.'

'I think you are right, my dear. Sin is so mixed up with our nature—we incline to it so easily, even when there is no advantage to be gained by it, and nothing as it should seem to lead us to prefer it—that we can hardly believe there would be any force in a temptation from without, if it were not met by that inward sinfulness, which is to us by far the most deadly enemy. I met the other day with a definition of temptation which seemed to me good. It spoke of temptation as a desire that could not be gratified without sin. The desire may be in itself sinful, part of our corrupt nature; or it may be in itself innocent and natural, but such as cannot be gratified without sin.'

'Can you give me an instance?' interposed Cecilia.

'If you are tired, the desire for rest is innocent and natural; but if you can and ought to perform duties which it would be wrong to put aside, the desire for rest becomes a temptation: every day is full of such instances, though with many the resistance to small temptations becomes so habitual that they are often hardly felt. As there was nothing sinful in our Lord's nature, to which the devil could appeal, we must feel certain that the temptations he offered were addressed to those desires which were innocent in themselves, though it would have been deadly sin to gratify them at the devil's suggestion; but, as you said, it is

almost impossible for us to separate sinful inclinations from what is merely human infirmity and innocent desires.

'Before we proceed any further, there is one point to which I will draw your attention. Christ the Son of God was Lord over the devil and his angels; at other times He held the demons in complete subjection merely by His word; and He might now have commanded the devil to depart from Him at first, as easily as after the three temptations were ended; but He chose to endure these temptations, and to fight against them, not with the Omnipotence of His Godhead, but with weapons such as we His followers can use—trust in His Father, and implicit submission to His Will, and a reference to what God has said in His Word; thus conquering the devil in the same nature as that which the devil conquered at the Fall, and leaving us an example that we should follow His steps; we must, difficult as it is, try in considering this history to think of Him as a man suffering and struggling, as we ourselves must fight and suffer.'

'It seems strange that we should be told that He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted; surely the Spirit does not tempt us to sin!' said Ellen.

'No, nor did He tempt Christ; but He allows us to be tempted for the proving and strengthening of our faith, even as He led our Lord to be tempted for our sakes. We may take comfort in the thought that God has not forsaken us when we are tempted, but that His Spirit is aiding us in our battle; and on the other hand, we must remember that no gift of grace, in however large measure, will save us from the danger of temptation, for Christ, the very Son of God, was tempted immediately after the Holy Ghost had descended upon Him at His baptism.'

'I suppose it was by miraculous power that Christ fasted forty days,' said Cecilia.

'Yes, merely human strength could not have held out so long. Moses and Elijah were undoubtedly sustained by something more than their own strength.'

'St. Mark, I see, says that He was with the wild beasts,' said Ellen, who had been looking back to the account in the other Gospels.

'It is one of those minute touches which St. Mark often gives in his description, which depicts the scene so vividly. Such a circumstance seems to us an additional horror, but it must have faded into nothing by the side of the great misery which the constant presence of temptation must have been to the sinless Son of God. To us temptation and sin are grievous; what must they have been to Him who hates iniquity with a perfect hatred? We learn from St. Luke's words that Jesus was tempted during the whole of the forty days, though the last three temptations alone are related to us.'

'The first temptation is not so difficult to understand as the others,' said Cecilia. 'One knows what it is to be hungry, though not such hunger as that.'

'It must have been dreadful to bear,' said Ellen; 'but perhaps the

same power that kept our Saviour alive prevented Him from feeling the hunger, that one fancies must belong to such a long fast.'

'I do not suppose, my dear, that our Saviour was spared any pang of body or mind that could be endured in this life; He tasted every suffering that His people can have to bear. At this time, when His body was weakened and suffering from such extreme hunger, the devil appeared to Him, taunting Him with a doubt of His Sonship, urging Him to mistrust His Father's care and to rebel against His Will. He tempted Jesus to use His Divine powers for the gratification of His own human appetites, instead of the glory of God and the good of His creatures; to escape from suffering by eating, when it was the Will of the Godhead that He should still fast; and to doubt the power that had preserved His life during those forty days, and would still preserve it. And the suggestion was accompanied by a taunt, "If Thou be the Son of God," insinuating a doubt at once of His Divine power, and of the paternal care of His Heavenly Father. We are not told how our Saviour felt this temptation. On another occasion we are permitted to behold Him, when the whole strength of His human nature was wrestling for submission to the Divine decree. "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" but here we are only told of His answer to the tempter. Find me the verse which He quotes.'

'It is in the eighth of Deuteronomy, the 3rd verse,' said Ellen; 'shall I read the whole verse?'

Her mother assented, and she began. '"He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know, that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live."'

'Our Saviour,' continued Mrs. Dalton, 'by using these words, not only professes His unbounded faith in His Father's power to preserve His life, but refers to the unceasing love and care which God had extended over a people rebellious and disobedient as the Israelites, and to the sin which their impatience of suffering had led them into, murmuring against God as soon as they felt want, and desiring to go back to the bondage of Egypt, so that they might eat of the flesh-pots. Their sin was a warning against self-indulgence and mistrust of God; and on the other hand, the mercy that had borne with and sustained them, would certainly not fail God's own Son. The first temptation to which Adam fell was that of appetite; so the first which the Second Adam resisted was that of appetite.'

'The two next temptations are differently placed in St. Matthew and St. Luke,' said May.

'I should suppose,' replied Mrs. Dalton, 'that St. Matthew gives the order in which they really happened, as his account ends with our Saviour's command to Satan to depart from Him; but we will take them now in the order in which they stand in the Gospel before us.'

'Is there really a mountain from which all the world can be seen, Mamma?' said Ellen.

'No, my dear; it must have been in a vision that they were displayed before our Saviour.'

'Could there have been any truth in what the devil said?' asked May, 'or was his promise a lie and nothing else?'

'We cannot tell what power may have been committed to him, nor do we know the exact nature of the dominion which he offered to Christ, whether temporal or spiritual. To me there seems no difficulty in believing that it was a false promise, for we know that he is the father of lies, and that his promises to our first parents were delusions, though with a semblance of truth. But I want you to notice the way in which Jesus repelled the temptation. He did not reply or argue, that a glory far greater than worldly power would soon be His when He had accomplished His Father's Will, nor that spiritual dominion so obtained would be valueless; His answer is given in God's own words. His righteous indignation breaks forth at this insult to His Heavenly Father, but His refusal is grounded simply on God's command, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Find me the passage referred to—Deut. vi. 13–15.'

'"Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve Him, and shalt swear by His Name. Ye shall not go after other gods, of the gods of the people which are round about you; (For the Lord thy God is a jealous God among you;) lest the anger of the Lord thy God be kindled against thee, and destroy thee from off the face of the earth."'

'Our Saviour answered all the devil's temptations with texts of Scripture,' said Ellen, when she had done reading.

'Yes, we will talk about that, and the lesson to be drawn from it, when we have finished the history.

'In the third temptation, the devil set Jesus on a pinnacle of the Temple, most likely one of the towers that overhung the deep ravine called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, urging Him to throw Himself down from that height, and to rely for safety on God's promise, as contained in the words which he quoted.

'The whole tenour of this Psalm is the promise of God's protection to those that trust in Him and love Him, and the devil's words contain a subtle temptation; he urges Christ to an act of presumption, and of tempting God; he supports his persuasions by a perversion of Scripture; and he insinuates, as before, a doubt of His Divinity. If He were God's own Son, He need not fear to trust the promises which had been given even to those who had no claim upon God but that they trusted in Him. Now, I want you to notice again, how Christ answers the devil: He does not attempt to convince him that he was wrong, and that he had perverted the meaning of the Psalm, which promised protection to God's servants, but offered no encouragement to acts of presumption; He answers, as before, simply by a command of God;

leaving us a lesson, that the true use of Scripture is our best remedy against the perversion of it, and that no part of it can really be an encouragement to that which is elsewhere forbidden. Find me the verse quoted by our Saviour—that is also in the sixth of Deuteronomy, in the 16th verse.'

'"Ye shall not tempt the Lord your God, as ye tempted Him in Massah."'

'If you look in the seventeenth of Exodus, the 7th verse, you will see that the name *Massah*, which signifies temptation, was given to the place, because when the Israelites wanted water, they not only murmured, but tempted God, saying, "Is the Lord among us, or not"?'

'But that was after the passage of the Red Sea, was it not?'

'Yes,' said Cecilia, looking at the reference; 'and after the giving of the manna, while they were daily eating it, how could they doubt that God was with them?'

'How indeed, my dear; it shewed a spirit not only of unbelief, but of insolent presumption; they were not satisfied with the mode in which God chose to manifest Himself, but the moment that any desire remained unsatisfied, they doubted His power or His will to save them, and demanded, "Is the Lord among us, or not"? This passage teaches us, I think, at least, one meaning of the expression, tempting God; the not being satisfied with what He has already done, and demanding from Him some sign or wonder different from what He has already granted to us: thus the Jews were said to tempt Christ when they came demanding a sign of such a nature as they themselves dictated, from Him, whose whole ministry was a succession of signs; and instead of granting their unreasonable and faithless request, He referred them to that which they had already seen passing before their eyes.' (St. Matt. xii. 38–42; xvi. 1–3.)

'I cannot understand clearly the nature of this temptation,' said May.

'It is the most difficult of all to understand; but I think our Lord's answer helps us to comprehend it. The devil incited Him to tempt God, not to rest content with the manifestation which God had already bestowed upon Him, but to claim something more. The miraculous circumstances of His birth, the voice of His Father, and the descent of the Holy Ghost so recently at His Baptism, were sufficient proofs of His Divinity and of His Father's sanction; there could be no doubt that He who had been thus distinguished by such special signs, never granted to any other son of man, was indeed God's own well-beloved Son, and that in the ministry which He was about to begin, the Father would be perpetually abiding in Him. But the devil urged Him not to be content with these signs bestowed by the will and appointment of His heavenly Father, but to demand one more, which could have brought no blessing with it, and which He would have been wrong to claim. Satan urged Him to throw Himself down from the Temple, to place Himself in

danger to which duty did not call Him, which no feeling but the desire to test and try and tempt His Father's love and power, would have prompted Him to incur, and then to claim that Father's protection.

'This is the best explanation I have met with of the temptation which I, and perhaps many others, have felt to be the most mysterious of any. And now, having ended all the Temptation—having appealed to His bodily appetites, to His desire of power, whether temporal or spiritual, and to the wish for more signal marks of God's favour—the devil departed from Jesus; and we are told that the angels came and ministered unto Him, bringing Him, we may suppose, the food that He needed; and doubtless rejoicing, as we shall one day rejoice, at the beginning of that conquest over their great enemy and ours, which was finally consummated when, through His Death and Resurrection, Jesus destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and of which we now reap the blessed fruits in having to deal with an enemy whom one of the Sons of men has conquered and weakened, and whom we can therefore fight successfully against; but of which we shall only see the full result when the devil and death and hell are cast into the lake of fire. And now we must leave off; though I have a great deal more to say to you upon the subject, it would make our reading too long if I went on now.'

REFERENCES.

Jones, of Nayland. 'On Our Lord's Temptation.'
Dictionary of the Bible, Art. 'JESUS.'—Ellicott.
Benham on St. Matthew; and various Sermons, published and unpublished.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

SPECIAL SCRIPTURAL DIFFICULTIES.

[For the greater portion of the arguments contained in this paper, the writer is indebted to some unpublished Lectures by her brother, the Rev. W. Sewell, D.D.]

My dear ——,

I was unable in my last letter to enter upon the most commonly accepted difficulties in regard to the Scriptures. They required a fuller inquiry than I had space for. Even now I fear all that I can say will appear brief and unsatisfactory; for I must recall to your mind that I do not for a moment propose to answer the difficulties, but merely to suggest some considerations, which may shew you that to look upon the fact of their existence as an argument against the truth and inspira-

tion of the Bible is unreasonable, and that such arguments would not be accepted if applied to any other subject.

I have already spoken of two classes of objections to the Bible, founded upon its structure, and upon certain cases in which its statements and teaching do not apparently accord with man's moral sense. I come now to a third class of difficulties, based on some imagined discrepancy between the Scripture declarations and the discoveries of science.

The subject is confessedly complicated, for it demands an accurate acquaintance with scientific research, and a critical inquiry into the original language both of the Old and New Testament; whilst even if a person should possess this requisite knowledge, it would be found impossible to scrutinize the discoveries of science with definiteness, because they are as yet so unsettled, that what is asserted to-day may be disproved to-morrow.

You will perhaps answer that this is only the case with certain scientific beliefs; that there are several upon which all persons are agreed, and that it is in these that you find a discrepancy when compared with the statements of the Bible, which is a stumbling-block to your faith in Inspiration.

I can fully understand and sympathize with the perplexity of mind which such seeming discrepancies must cause; and yet, when I regard the matter carefully, I see that the line of argument which brings them forward as evidence against the truths of the Bible is utterly illogical.

For instance—it is a favourite assumption of advanced Sceptics that the laws of Nature are immutable, and therefore the miracles recorded in the Bible are impossible. I am quite willing to consider this assumption as if it deserved real attention, though I earnestly wish I could at the same time make you feel how absolutely without foundation, how actually *astounding*—I can use no weaker expression—it appears to myself.

The laws of Nature! What do we mean by Nature? Is it a succession of motions, or of events? But Nature in that case is merely a mechanical force.

But if Nature is not merely this, then it must be another name for a Person—a moral Being—a God; and the Being Who made the laws can surely alter them. To suppose that He cannot, is to imagine Him bound by an abstract idea of His own creating, which is folly.

If miracles are impossible, God is not God. I say it with all reverence. Grant a Personal Will as the Head of the Universe, and you at once grant the possibility of miracles—that is, an alteration in the presumed regular course of the operations carried on in the natural world.

You will see that I use the word *presumed* in reference to the regular course of nature, because we have no possible right to use any stronger word. St. Peter, long ago, foresaw what an obstacle to right faith this

supposed permanence of Nature would be. 'Where is the promise of His Coming?' he says, (putting the words into the mouth of the scoffer,) 'for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation.' (2 *St. Peter*, iii. 4.)

And so say the Sceptics of the present day, only extending their assertion beyond the limits of earth and the confines of time, and extending it through infinity of existence and of space. As they were, so they ever have been, must be, shall be. Why? Because we poor, miserable, blinded mortals, living in the very outskirts of the illimitable Universe, and unable to account even for the action of our own will upon our own bodies, declare that, reasoning from the few observations we have been able to make, so it must be. Evidence—in the real sense of the word—there is none; for evidence requires that we should see and know facts ourselves, or have the testimony of those who have seen and known. When Angels and ministering spirits from every quarter of the boundless Universe shall come to us, each one assuring us that in his own world of light there never has been, since the moment of its creation, the slightest variation in the laws by which each is governed, we may possibly begin to think it strange that our little earth should be an exception to a seemingly universal rule; but even then how could the argument be possibly reckoned as conclusive? Granted, that the laws of other worlds have always been immutable—a fact which can never be known except by God Himself—is it therefore to be accepted as an undoubted certainty that the Almighty has not been able, or has not willed, to make this world, with its wonderful history, an exception to His rule? Surely the thought is folly, presumptuous folly; reasoning which would not for a moment be admitted in reference to any other subject.

One is almost ashamed to speak so strongly when the persons condemned are men who, in the pursuit of science, are found to be endued with singular accuracy of discernment, and great powers of patient investigation. But such curious intellectual inconsistencies in reasoning seem to be permitted by God as a lesson in humility. The mental mirror in such cases is no doubt clear and brilliant, but there is a flaw in it, and therefore its representations cannot be fully depended upon.

Apart from miracles, however, there are certain statements made in the Bible—so say many—which appear incompatible with the discoveries of science. And for the sake of argument I will suppose this to be true. But I would ask—First, Are the discoveries of science so absolutely settled as not themselves to be open to question?

Secondly, Are we certain that the discrepancy arises from an error in the statements of Scripture, and not rather from an error in our interpretation of Scripture?

The first chapter of Genesis is a fertile subject for controversy of this kind. For many years men read it, and thought they interpreted it rightly, when they said that it declared this earth to have been created in six days. Then geologists suggested—and their suggestions have

been abundantly confirmed—that the material substance of the earth gave reason to think that it must be of an infinitely older formation, that it must have existed ages upon ages before any history can be given of the life of man upon it. Now, in looking into the first chapter of Genesis, we see what never struck us before—that the opening verse mentions a period indefinitely remote, and called 'the beginning,' in which the earth was created. Subsequently, it appears, according to the words of Scripture, that it was reduced to chaos, and denuded of all which had before inhabited it, whilst from out that desolation and darkness a new form of earth arose, which was gradually fitted for the habitation of man. Thus, there would be an indefinite space between the opening verse and the creation of the six days; and such chasms, such crevasses, like rifts in glaciers thinly coated with snow, are a common phenomenon in Scripture. This is but one amongst several illustrations which might be given of the assertion that, in many of the scientific difficulties, the perplexity merely arises from our own misconceptions.

If you ask how it has happened that so many years have passed, during which the Scriptures have been in the possession of mankind, and yet they are not clearly interpreted, I will answer you in the words of Bishop Butler:—'As it is owned the whole scheme of Scripture is not yet understood; so, if it ever comes to be understood, before the *restitution* of all things, and without miraculous interpositions, it must be in the same way as natural knowledge is come at; by the continuance and progress of learning and liberty; and by particular persons attending to, comparing, and pursuing, intimations scattered up and down it, which are overlooked and disregarded by the generality of the world. For this is the way in which all improvements are made; by thoughtful men's tracing on obscure hints, dropped us by nature accidentally, or which seem to come into our minds by chance. Nor is it at all incredible, that a book, which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before. And possibly it might be intended that events, as they come to pass, should open and ascertain the meaning of several parts of Scripture.' (*Analogy*, Part II. Chap. iii.)

But there is another source of difficulty connected with these scientific questions. It is akin to that which I first touched upon, for it is open to the same charge of false reasoning.

Men assume that because certain operations of nature are carried on gradually *now*, so that it would take a vast number of years to produce certain results, therefore these results could not be attained in any shorter time, or even instantaneously, although He Who is the Creator and Governor of Nature is omnipotent.

Thus stated, I think you will see at once how utterly unfounded such

an assumption is. We should all see it more readily if we were not so singularly unreasoning in our daily lives; taking things for granted—generalizing from individual cases—asserting as fact what at the utmost can only be probability.

Before any argument of this kind can really be valid, the person who makes it must be thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances connected with Creation, and the laws by which, according to the fiat of the Creator, it was regulated.

To reason from the Present to the Past is perfectly allowable when both are alike in their condition; but to reason from the present existing order of things, to a past in which no such order had been established, is simply inadmissible. Creation is one thing; Duration another. The forces and laws which regulate a world when it is in existence, can be no standard by which to measure those employed in calling it into existence; and to argue from what we see in the one case, to what we never have seen and never can see in the other, is to run the risk of falling into some grievous and fatal fallacy.

This consideration, if carefully applied, will strike at the root of many of the scientific assertions, triumphantly brought forward by Sceptics as difficulties incapable of refutation.

If you accept the Bible as true, upon the grounds which I have before set forth, all such assertions will resolve themselves into hypotheses, and—if there is nothing to contradict them—possibilities; but they can never, under any circumstances, be accepted as fact—above all, when they are contrary to the words of Scripture, carefully and critically interpreted—because the truth of Scripture rests upon the historical basis, which it is within our province to examine, since it is, in its various degrees, the guide of our daily life, whilst the scientific theories find their source in ages so far removed, that concerning them we can produce nothing but deductions from probabilities.

We reach now the fourth class of objections—those applied to the historical accuracy of the Bible, and based upon certain statements of fact in Scripture, which seem at variance with the statements of the same fact in some heathen record.

In these cases the objection, for the most part, appears to proceed on the very assumption of infallibility for the human historian, which the Christian believer claims for the Scripture writer. In every case it seems taken for granted that the error must be on the side of the Bible. But is not the mere statement of such a partiality a sufficient refutation of the supposition? Even if each writer stood alone, what possible ground is there for preferring the authority of Josephus to that of St. Luke? or the legends of idolatrous Egypt, set forth by persons interested in their maintenance, to the statements of Jewish historians confirmed by the universally admitted witness of a whole nation?

I say this under the supposition that possibly there may be cases of real discrepancy between the Scripture records and those of profane

history which possess claims to authority. I have a considerable doubt upon the subject myself, but, conceding the possibility, the question is, Which has fairly the stronger title to belief?

Now, on the fragments of Oriental history, which are all that we possess, there rests an acknowledged cloud of exaggeration and imposture, traceable for the most part to the priests who kept the records. Of the Latin and Greek historians we have but few specimens, and these acknowledged by the most competent judges to be open to grave suspicion on many points. Livy is often reckoned as little else than an historical novelist; Suetonius is condemned as a mere relater of anecdotes and scandal. The impartial truth of Tacitus is no longer taken for granted. The main outline of these historians is no doubt correct, but the details are open to question; and the first warning which the student of their records receives, is that he is not to pin his faith upon every distinct statement of fact.

The Scriptures, on the other hand, have come to us stamped with the *imprimatur* of the Jewish nation and the early Christian Church. They were received as true when they were written, and they have been handed down to us unaltered; for I need not here allude to the trifling differences in the reading of the various manuscripts, which do not in the least touch upon these historical questions.

This essential difference between the two sets of records must, so it seems to me, settle the balance of probability, in any disputed case, in favour of the Sacred writer, looking at him only as an ordinary historian. Shew me a discrepancy between St. Luke and Josephus, (who is convicted of gross errors,) and I must at once give the preference in belief to St. Luke. And this preference, we must remember, is abundantly confirmed by inquiry. The Scripture writers are wonderfully minute. They give names and dates, and small details relating not only to events, but to the geography of the countries to which they refer, and the manners and customs of the time about which they are writing; and when questions arise with regard to these small things, they are again and again found to be minutely correct. As an instance of one of the multitude of coincidences, which are discovered by a careful reader of the Old Testament, I will just refer to the Egyptian history. It has been handed down by the Greeks, and in my early days I used to read it in the Ancient History of Rollin, which gave a list of kings said to have reigned in Egypt. These have since been displaced by the discoveries consequent on the deciphering of the hieroglyphic records. Sesostris was the name of the greatest monarch, according to the Greeks, and everyone believed in him; but the records give their testimony to Rameses, whose name had never been known before, as the most remarkable of the Egyptian kings; and he is now installed in the place of honour, whilst several monarchs of the same name are known to have succeeded him. So men have been asserting and disproving this point of far remote history, and all the time the Bible, which no one supposed

to refer to the subject, was giving its silent confirmation to the records, by stating that Joseph bestowed on his family 'a possession in the *best* of the land, in the land of *Rameses*,' (*Genesis*, xlvii. 11.) and that the Israelites in after years built for *Pharaoh* the *treasure* cities of Pithom and Raamses, (*Exodus*, i. 11.)—both these statements naturally connecting themselves with the name of the reigning monarch.

But perhaps the best and fullest illustration of the minute accuracy of the Scriptures is to be found in the account given of St. Paul's journeys in the Acts of the Apostles; when the narrative is examined in the original Greek, especially with reference to the mode of government of the various provinces and cities mentioned, and to the incidental circumstances connected with the Apostle's visits to them.

Just imagine an inquiry being made into the truth of a narrative, said to be written by a foreigner, describing his visit to England, and containing an account of his reception by the authorities of the various towns which he visited, and of his acquaintance with the municipal and University officers.

Of these authorities and officers there are, as we well know, various classes—Mayor, Lord Mayor, Vice-Chancellor, Recorder, Deputy-Sheriff, Alderman, Burgess, Head Constable—and nothing but an acquaintance with actual fact can guide our knowledge as to which of these officers is supreme in a special place, and at a particular time. Now, if we found perfect accuracy in a number of these details, and if, in one or two cases, in which we thought we had discovered an error, we found upon examination that from some singular casualty there had really been a change in the names and offices, and that the narrative was perfectly correct, should we not accept this as a strong evidence of the perfect truth of the whole history? And if we found any one title which we could not explain, should we not be inclined to say that for this also there must be a foundation in some fact which we were unacquainted with?

Would it not indeed be deemed most unreasonable to give up the narrative as a forgery, merely because in one or two instances we met with a difficulty which our ignorance could not answer?

It is by an examination, such as I have now alluded to, that we have the most complete testimony to the perfect accuracy of the account of St. Paul's journeys.

I will go through the history shortly.

St. Paul and his companion St. Barnabas, in their joint Missionary journey, go first to Cyprus. Dion Cassius says that it was governed by a *Proprætor*. St. Luke, the writer of the Acts, speaks of Sergius Paulus in the original Greek as a *Proconsul*. Here apparently is an error. But another historical record tells us that a change had been made by the Emperor Augustus, so that at the time of St. Paul's visit the governor of Cyprus must have been a *Proconsul*.

They next proceed to Perga—not a central position, such as the

Apostles always chose as the basis of their operations—and we hear nothing of their preaching the Gospel in it till their return. They pass on to Antioch in Pisidia—a favourable centre, from which the Word of the Lord radiated through the whole region. The authorities of Antioch are called the First or Chief men. The title exactly suits the city, which enjoyed the privilege of the *Jus Italicum*, or the right of the Italian cities, and had independent magistrates of its own, instead of being under the authority of the Roman governor. At Iconium are found *Rulers*—a general name; and Iconium was at that time the capital of a distinct territory ruled by a Tetrarch.

From thence they flee to Derbe and Lystra in Lycaonia. The country was subject to drought, and St. Paul doubtless alludes to this when he speaks of 'rain from heaven and fruitful seasons' being the special gift of God's bounty. It was a region also full of legendary superstitions, and the principal person mentioned is the Priest of Jupiter, whose temple stood before the citadel, whilst the first thought of the people, when they saw the miracle wrought by St. Paul, was, 'The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.'

These are some especial notes of accuracy in the first journey. In the second, when the call is received to cross over to Macedonia, St. Paul and his companion first come to Neapolis, but pass through it to Philippi. It was not in Macedonia—Philippi was. Yet St. Paul does not remain at Philippi, though it was an important centre. Why? It was a military Roman colony, such as the Romans were in the habit of establishing in the countries conquered, and which we find were placed in Britain, in the towns now known as Winchester, Colchester, Chester, &c. Philippi was therefore more Roman than Macedonian. The authorities in Philippi were of two kinds, and both are mentioned. There were *Magistrates*, who presided in municipal controversies; and *Duumvirs*, military officers, who exercised supreme command, and were attended by their lictors. These official titles are precisely given in the Greek.

Amphipolis and Apollonia—certainly important cities—are passed through without delay, and St. Paul and his friends go on to Thessalonica. Again we ask, Why? Thessalonica was a free city, and the Apostle could preach in it certain doctrines referred to in the Epistles with peculiar boldness. Here also he found *the* synagogue—as if there had been no synagogue in the former-mentioned cities; and the Apostles always desired to build up the Christian Church on the foundation of the Jewish Church.

Persecuted at Thessalonica, they take *refuge* in Berœa, a town which seems to have been particularly adapted to be a place of refuge. Cicero speaks of it as a place to which Piso fled when unable to bear his unpopularity at Thessalonica. For some special reason apparently it was attached to the second division of Macedonia, while Thessalonica was in the third; and it was therefore under a different

authority. From Berea St. Paul proceeds to Athens; and every word in the account given of his sojourn there, is full of the most correct portraiture of that remarkable city—with its statues of deities and men; its beautiful temples; its Areopagus; its groups of idle disputants and philosophical inquirers; and its altar to the Unknown God, the confession of its ignorance and weakness.

Corinth succeeds to Athens, and at Corinth we find Gallio—amiable, accommodating, indifferent—the *dulcis Gallio* of profane history; in his whole conduct exhibiting his character: whilst, fully to complete the singular accuracy of the description of everything connected with the time and the place, we find in the title given to the governor that which at first sight would appear to be an error, but which on examination proves to be only a more especial mark of truthfulness.

Achaia, says Dion Cassius, was originally governed by a *proconsul;* but, according to another historian, Tiberius placed it under a *proprætor.* Gallio, therefore, we might suppose, would have been termed *proprætor.* St. Luke, however, speaks of him as *proconsul;* and the title is confirmed by a third historian, who informs us that the change to a *proprætor* was only temporary, and that at the time of the visit of St. Paul the government under a *proconsul* had been again resumed.

Lastly, we follow the Apostle to Ephesus, and there we meet with a title quite unknown in Europe, and lost in our English translation, which only tells us that 'certain of the *Chief of Asia*' interfered to quell the Ephesian mob. The title in Greek, as given by St. Luke, is *Asiarch.* They were especial officers of the province of Asia, and in an inscription at Ephesus mention is made both of them and of the officers known in our English translation as *town-clerks.* Similarly the title given to the governor of Melita (or Malta) is found in two inscriptions, one in Greek and the other in Latin.

These things I have noticed at some length, because a conviction of the minute and critical examination which is given to the Scripture history, and which it can indeed well bear, may possibly strengthen you in moments of weakness, when assailed by sceptical difficulties; just as the examination of an insect through a microscope confirms our belief in the Wisdom of the Great Being who made it, and enables us at once to drive away the wild dream that what we call the works of Nature are nothing but an accidental concurrence of atoms.

And now we reach the last class of objections, which asserts a discrepancy between one part of Scripture and another. Here the difficulty takes a different shape. The disagreement lies not between the Word of God and profane history, or between that Word and man's discoveries in science, but between two statements equally claiming to be sacred. Both, we say, cannot be true. Where does the error lie?

The answer is to be found in the fact that God has been pleased to transmit His Word through a human medium, and that it must therefore, unless miraculously guarded, be liable to the imperfections of that medium.

Even if we possessed the original manuscripts of the Books of Scripture, which we do not, we should have great difficulty in deciphering them, and should be liable to err in copying them. And in like manner copyists may have erred. And even supposing them to be deciphered correctly, the grammarian who fixes the grammatical sense is not infallible, neither is the translator who conveys the sense in another language, much less the interpreter who draws his conclusions from the grammatical signs; whilst, if all these were perfect, the very nature of words exposes them to the continual risk of conveying some different shade of meaning to each mind on which they fall. This ambiguity of language in itself is very strange to us when we first contemplate it; but still more strange is the undoubted fact, that in spite of it we understand each other, and arrive at right conclusions. Nothing but daily experience could have convinced us that an instrument, seemingly so imperfect, could have been able to produce upon the whole such satisfactory results.

Taking these considerations as to the possible mistakes of transcribers and interpreters into account, we shall see that nothing but a perpetual miracle, counteracting the free agency of the human mind, could preserve the Scriptures from the possibility of error; and this miracle God has not been pleased to grant.

The declaration may throw a chill over the hearts of some, but it can never be right or wise to conceal from ourselves the real facts of any case, more especially one so important as the present. Self-deception, like every other kind of deception, must ultimately bring misery. God has seen fit that we should walk, as it were, by the light of the moon rather than of the sun, but that light is fully sufficient to guide us to Heaven.

To see through a glass darkly is the appointed condition of our nature. *Probability*—only *probability*, as Bishop Butler warns us—is the guide of life. Absolute perfect certainty and demonstration, in reference to any matters of fact except those of intuitive perception, is impossible for us in our present state of being. It is not that in the Revelation of God we are less blessed with advantages than in other provinces of human knowledge; rather we are blessed with infinitely more. But it has pleased the Almighty, for some wise purpose, to place us upon the earth under certain conditions, which are not all that we ourselves would desire; and our duty is to look up to Him in faith, owning that He knows best, and striving to turn to account all the light and the knowledge which He has vouchsafed.

We cannot foresee the hour of death; we have no means of calculation which will guard us against accidents; we cannot prophesy the events of to-morrow, or even reckon upon the seasons except by averages. And yet we live, and can live comfortably, and regulate our actions upon probability, so as to ensure the accomplishment of our wishes. And in like manner, we may regulate our spiritual lives by probability, thank-

fully accepting the guidance of God in His Holy Word, though we cannot prove to demonstration that we have the precise sense of some disputed passage, or declare with infallible certainty that no error has crept into the original text.

The thought is of paramount importance, when we are disturbed by the cavils of Sceptics. We may be perfectly unable to answer them, but there is not the slightest reason to be alarmed at them.

More especially is this the case with regard to the fifth class of objections to Scripture, founded upon the discrepancies between different passages, and the varieties that occur in the readings of the separate Greek manuscripts of the New Testament. The latter are found to be very numerous, and are likely to increase with further investigations.

You see that I state the fact of these many various readings with perfect indifference, and I think that I have full reason for doing so. For amongst such numerous variations, there are but very few which touch any but the merest outskirts of Divine Truth. And in those instances which do affect fundamental doctrine, the truth doubted is most plainly asserted in other texts, whilst in the special cases which are open to question, the alteration of the copy—if it is such—is one which only gives a fuller witness to the Faith once delivered to the Saints. I will mention the two most important texts, as an explanation of my meaning.

In the First Epistle to Timothy, iii. 16, there is a difference in the MSS. as to the words, 'God was manifest in the Flesh;' and in the First Epistle of St. John, v. 7, it is believed that the conclusion of the text, 'these three are one,' is an interpolation. In both these cases it is evident that the error in words, if it is an error, could scarcely have arisen if the doctrines of the Incarnation, and of the Trinity in Unity, had not been fully received by the Church. Had it been the interpolation of a falsity, the manuscript could not have been accepted and circulated.

And when we inquire still farther, it is very interesting to find that these various MSS. have been carefully classified, and are found to be distinguishable into different families, leading to the strongest probability that each separate class derived its origin from one of the great centres of the Church: Palestine, Rome, Constantinople, and Alexandria. This fact—for such it may safely be called—at once explains and sweeps away every difficulty from perhaps more than one half of the various readings which so alarm us. The Greek language, as it existed in those days, spoken over vast and distant regions, had in its inflexions, double or treble forms, to express the same idea; just as in English our plural number is formed differently in different words—as *ships*, *oxen*, *mice*, *men*. These forms prevailed in distinct dialects belonging to separate provinces. A writing intelligible in one district, must therefore have been slightly altered to be intelligible in another. And the fact of the alteration implies, what is to us a valuable assurance, that the book thus

varied was to be read in different places, and adapted to popular use. Surely it is a witness to the truth and the Inspiration of Holy Writ, that the persons who ventured to translate one dialect of Greek into another, by altering the grammatical inflexions, yet dared so little to tamper with the words themselves.

When these varieties of translation, for so they may be called, are removed, and with them what are called the clerical errors, or evident mistakes of copyists, who, it would appear, wrote out the manuscripts for private use, there is but a comparatively small number of various readings remaining unaccounted for. Yet these may be still further reduced by the consideration that the Scriptures were then, as now, read in churches, and that a selection of Scripture Lessons would naturally present great blanks, whilst some little introduction of a word is, at times, needed as a preparation for a fragmentary extract. All these possibilities of various readings may certainly satisfactorily account for the fact, that they are found to exist; and if the shadow of uneasiness on the subject should ever cross our minds, surely it may at once be dispelled by the conviction that, with all these varieties of texts, examined and discussed in an age absolutely seething with the fermentation of religious controversy, there is so little suspicion of any alteration having been made in favour of peculiar prejudices or opinions. The Bible bears upon its face, under all these surface changes, its own calm, bright, immutable aspect, the aspect of more than human honesty, more than angel knowledge, the aspect of Divinest Truth.

And now I have but one thing more to add. I have ventured to suggest these explanations of sceptical difficulties, in the hope that they may, at least in some degree, satisfy your mind; so that when a doubtful question presents itself you may at once be able to make yourself happy about it, by referring it to one of the classes of unavoidable possibilities of alteration which have been enumerated. But I have not for one moment intended to rest upon these explanations as being essential to our belief in the infallible truth of Scripture.

That belief must be grounded upon the historical and internal testimony given to it as a whole, and not upon our being able to verify the accuracy of any particular passage; just as our belief in a friend rests upon his complete character, and not upon individual acts. As an illustration, let me suppose that we are blest with a friend in whom we have perfect confidence. When charges are brought against him, we are interested in explaining his conduct, and thus repudiating the charge; but we do not say, 'If there is any one of these accusations which cannot be explained, my confidence will be gone, and my friend will cease to be my friend.' Rather we assert all the more strongly our love and trust, grounded upon long experience of his character, and, pointing to the numberless cases in which the accusations have been proved to be unfounded, insist—as we have a just right to insist—that in the unexplained instance in which he appears to be wrong, we only

need a little more information to be assured that the error lies with ourselves, or with those who have misunderstood his meaning and misrepresented his actions.

The Bible is our best Friend; why do we deal unfairly with it? The witness of thousands and tens of thousands has, for eighteen centuries, been given to its truth, purity, majesty, wisdom—its perfect comprehension of human nature and human needs: who are we, in our blindness and ignorance, and slaves as we are of prejudice and passion, to glance hastily at it as we throw ourselves into the vortex of this world's cares and pleasures, and stake our everlasting interests upon a declaration of its falsity, which mankind are wholly unable to substantiate, according to the ordinary laws of human evidence?

Will such a hasty glance, such an individual conclusion, be accepted as a sufficient excuse for our rejection of it, when we stand before the Judgement-seat of God?

Yours, &c.,

Ashcliff, Bonchurch,
June 15th, 1874.

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXII.

THE TRAITOR CONSTABLE.

1520-1527.

WITH Pope, Emperor, and English King united against her, France was indeed in danger of having her pride effectually tamed; and a new enemy was rising up against her among her own princes.

Anne, daughter to Louis XI., had married a younger son of the Duke de Bourbon, Pierre, Sieur de Beaujeu, who late in life had become by the death of his brother head of the family and Duke de Bourbon. They had an only child, Susanne, who was very feeble and delicate, and was given in marriage to her cousin, Charles de Bourbon, Count de Montpensier, son to another younger son, a splendid looking young man, but vain and haughty to the last degree, and affecting a splendour which even in those times, and for a man of his rank, was excessive, and as Henry VIII. had remarked, ominous of danger.

Moulins, his castle, was rendered by him most magnificent. It was of great strength, and at the same time beautified with the terraces, fountains, regular walks, and statues, that the French had learnt to admire in Italy; and he lived there with a retinue of nobles, guards, and all that befitted a court. His usual following consisted of five hundred gentlemen in velvet suits, with gold chains going three times round their necks; and to this royal state he added that selfishly punctilious

sensitiveness which was deemed honour by the false chivalry fostered by François I. He delighted to repeat the saying of a Gascon gentleman, who, when asked by Charles VIII. if anything could make him a traitor, answered, 'Not a kingdom, Sire, but one affront from you.'

In 1517 Susanne gave birth to a son, and the Constable invited the King and his mother to be sponsors. The company was so numerous, that tents had to be spread in the park to receive them, and the entertainments were lavish of splendour and beauty; but throughout it was plain that the host wished to do honour to himself rather than to his guests, and thus he offended more than he gratified.

Admiral Bonnivet, his vassal, and a favourite of the King, was one of those whom he thus mortified. Bonnivet was building a grand castle, not far from Châtelherault, and François, when riding with Bourbon, asked what he thought of it.

'I think,' he said, 'that the cage is too large and too fine for the bird.'

'Don't you envy it a little?' said the King.

'I!' said the Constable. 'How should I envy a gentleman whose forefathers were happy to be the grooms of mine!'

Every joke the good-natured king made throughout this visit, was received by his host with the same defiant haughtiness; till at last François said, 'Ah! Cousin, everything makes you angry, and you are very ill-enduring!'

The nickname *Mal-endurant* stuck by the Constable, and he also contrived to affront others not so amiable as his master, especially the Chancellor Duprat, whom he treated with contempt on receiving an application for the purchase of two estates from him. And ere long he had something to endure! First, the command of one of the chief armies, which was his due as Constable, was given to the Duke of Alençon, the husband of the King's sister. Soon after, his child died in infancy; and the Duchess Susanne lived only a year longer, leaving her husband all her great inheritance, as the right heir in the male line. He was scarcely thirty, and was beginning to think of offering himself to Madame Renée, the daughter of Louis XII., and sister to Queen Claude, when he was informed that the King's mother, Louise of Savoy, who was forty-five, would be willing to accept his proposals. Some gallantries had passed between them already, trifling on his part, but more in earnest on hers; and he knew enough of her to make him sharply answer that nothing should induce him to marry a shameless woman.

Louise heard of the answer, and was bitterly offended. François always did as she pleased, and so she set up a claim to the estates of Bourbon, as being a nearer relation to Susanne, through her mother, who had been a Bourbon. It was a monstrous claim, and the Parliament of Paris knew it was, and delayed over it for eleven months; and then—not daring to decide against the Duchess—sent the cause to the King's council, while the lands in question were sequestered.

Bourbon continued to keep up his state at Moulins, but he was bitterly offended, and determined to have his revenge; and he began secret negociations with both the enemies of his country, Henry VIII. and Charles V. He sent a negociator named Beaurain to England, who laid his proposals of alliance before Henry.

'Pray what should I get by it?' said bluff King Hal.

'Sire!' said Beaurain, 'you would be king of France.'

'Much trouble I should have to get Monsieur de Bourbon to obey me!' said Henry.

However, he sent over a doctor of laws named Jerningham to confer with the Constable; and Beaurain was sent on to Charles V., who held out to him the hope of a marriage with his sister Leonor, recently left a widow by the King of Portugal. One of Bourbon's friends, the Seigneur de St. Vallier, pleaded earnestly with him against thus becoming a traitor to gratify his thirst for revenge, truly predicting that he would render himself the most accursed person that ever was. 'If you do not esteem the King and his mother, who you say have done you wrong, at least think of the Queen and her children, and do not cause the ruin of this realm, whence you will be driven by the enemies you bring in.'

'But, Cousin,' said the Constable, 'what would you have me do? The King and Madame want to ruin me. They have already taken part of my wealth.'

'Commend yourself to God, and speak frankly to the King,' was the advice; but the Constable would not take it, he had gone too far, and Charles V. was sending his troops into Franche Comté, Henry VIII. his to Calais, all to fall upon the country as soon as François had marched into Italy, if he ever reached it, for Bourbon meant to waylay him on his road at Lyons and make him prisoner, or failing this, to rise upon him in the rear, and cut him off from France.

However, two Norman gentlemen, whom Bourbon had tried to draw into the plot, told it in confession to the Bishop of Lisieux, who sent a warning to the King; and François at once decided on not leaving this dangerous person at home, but on taking him to Italy and contenting him by letting him fulfil his office in command of the army. François came to Moulins in person, taking care, however, to be well guarded, and to keep the keys of the castle in his own possession. He found Bourbon unwell, and pretending to be much worse than he really was.

'I know you have had correspondence with the Emperor,' said François. 'I know he is trying to gain you over, but I trust to you—you are of the blood of France, and the stem of Bourbon, which has never borne a traitor.'

The Constable allowed that he had had offers from the Emperor, and said he had been waiting for the King's coming to shew him the letters.

François then asked him if he would come to Italy.

'Not to Italy only, but to the end of the world,' said Bourbon. 'As soon as I can bear the motion of a litter, I will be with you!'

François was half satisfied. He went on to Lyons, and left the Seigneur de Warthy to watch over Bourbon and come with him; and after much delay the Constable set out, going three leagues a day in his litter, and then resting. The King was seriously needed in Italy, yet he would not leave the Constable behind; and Bourbon used his indisposition as a plea for lingering. When pressed by Warthy, he declared that he was worse than his doctors thought, and that he must go and recover in his native air. The King will be terribly vexed,' said Warthy; and he rode to Lyons to inform him of his difficulties.

As soon as he was gone, Bourbon got on horseback, and rode at a stretch six leagues to his strong fortress of Chantelle, where Warthy found him in his night-cap, just going to bed, and professing to have only fled because he heard the King was sending to arrest him. He, however, sent back a note by Warthy, promising to serve the King faithfully for the future if his lands were restored; but this was only to gain time, for at one o'clock at night he left Chantelle with a small troop of followers, and made his way through the country in various disguises, and with many changes of journey, to meet the Imperial troops, which had marched into Franche Comté.

As soon as François knew where he was, he sent to offer him the restitution of everything, provided he would return to his duty; but Bourbon only answered, 'It is too late.'

Then the envoy demanded the Constable's sword and the collar of St. Michael. 'Tell the King,' said Bourbon, 'that he took the sword from me when he gave the command to the Duke of Alençon. As to the collar, you will find it at Chantelle, under the head of my bed.'

Bourbon's sister Renée was married to the Duke of Lorraine, and she tried to bring him back to his allegiance, but could not succeed, and she wrote to the King that he intended to raise eighteen hundred horse and ten thousand foot, and join the English. Thereupon François gave up his intended expedition into Italy, and stayed in France himself, sending Lautrec to defend the Pyrenean frontier, and into Picardy, old Loys de la Tremouille, together with a brave young warrior, the founder of a still more famous family, namely Claude, Count de Guise, the brother of the present Duke of Lorraine, son to that René de Vaudémont, who had won his duchy at the sword's point on that Epiphany Eve, when Charles the Bold perished before Nancy. Both English and Spaniards were prevented from doing any serious harm; and Bourbon could not join the English, so he made his way across to Italy, and there joined the Imperial army.

Charles V. made him lieutenant-general, but so surrounded him with trusty officers, that even if he had repented and changed sides he could not have done much harm.

Admiral Bonnivet, François's favourite, was in command in Italy; but

he was a feeble irresolute general, and did little good. His first step was to blockade Milan, and he stationed the Chevalier Bayard with a small party in the village of Rebecco.

Bayard never complained of any orders, but the force allotted to him was so insufficient, that he told the Admiral that four times the number of men were wanted.

'Go safely,' said the Admiral. 'I promise you on my faith that in three days I will send you plenty of men to guard Rebecco; but never fear. Not a mouse shall come out of Milan without your being warned.'

Bayard went, but the succours did not come, though he wrote several times to the Admiral under the pressure of the need. The enemy, aware of his situation, intended to surprise him at night; and he, divining their intent, kept a number of his small force under arms all night, and himself was continually on foot, going the rounds, until cold, fatigue, and vexation so overcame him, that he was obliged to keep his room all one day. At night he sent out his captains to supply his place; and they set off, but as it was raining a little, they withdrew all the men who were on guard, except a few poor archers. Presently after, a Spanish troop were within a bow-shot of the camp, and the archers fled, crying 'Alarm, alarm!' The good knight, who always in such times of peril slept in his clothes, started up, leapt on a horse that was already saddled, and came down to the barrier, which Captain Lorges and a body of men were defending; but the numbers were overpowering, and he was forced to retreat, leaving all his baggage to the enemy, and he had some hot words with Bonnivet, who was the true cause of the disaster.

The siege of Milan made no progress, and Bonnivet resolved to retreat upon Piedmont. He was wounded, and had to give up the command to Bayard, who was in the rear guard, always upon the alert, and fighting like a lion, until, on the 30th of April, 1524, near Romagnana, a stone from a harquebus struck him on the right side, fracturing the spine. His cry was, 'JESUS, my God, I am slain!' and lowering his sword, he held up the cross hilt before him. As he turned pale, and reeled in the saddle, his friends came round and wanted to carry him out of the fight; but he said, 'It is all over with me, and I will not turn my back on the enemy at my death.' Then, after giving the word of command for a charge, he was lifted from his horse, and placed under a tree, begging that his face might still be towards the enemy. His squire wept bitterly; but he comforted him, saying, 'Jacques, my friend, cease to mourn; it is God's will to take me from the world, where by His grace I have lived long enough, and I have received more honour and favour than belongs to me. All my grief is for not having done my duty as well as I ought.' Then he confessed to the youth, since no priest was at hand; and as the enemy were advancing, he bade all his friends leave him, since motion was intolerable agony to him, and he would not cause them to be made prisoners. They sobbed and groaned so that the sound was heard by the advancing enemy; but they obeyed,

and the last they saw of him was with his cross-hilted sword before him, repeating the *Miserere*.

They were scarcely gone, before the Bayard of the Spanish army, Fernando d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, rode up, and dismounting, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Would to God, gentle Seigneur de Bayard, that at the price of a quart of my blood, I could have you a prisoner in good health, that by my treatment you might know the honour I hold you in.'

He sent for his own bed, on which he helped to lay the dying man, had a tent set up over him, stationed a guard around it to prevent any noise from disturbing these last moments, and fetched a priest to administer the last rites. Afterwards, every Spanish officer entreated leave to pass by, and cast one look upon the mirror of chivalry; and even Bourbon came—thinking, perhaps, that the sight of a countryman ought to be a comfort, and far too proud and vain to realize how far he had fallen, and the small value of his patronage to the man whose high qualities alone had won him such unrivalled respect.

'Friend Bayard,' he said, 'I am grieved for your disaster; but patience, and be not melancholy, I will send for the best surgeons, and you will soon be cured.'

'Monseigneur,' replied the dying knight, 'there is no pity needed for me; I die in the performance of my duty. But my pity is for you, when I see you serving against your country and your oath.'

Bourbon went away in silence. The good knight lived two or three hours longer, and died peacefully, in his forty-eighth year. The noblest Spanish officers bare his body to the church, where his requiem Mass was such as they would have given a prince of their own. The body was then delivered over to the French, and carried to a convent at Grenoble, founded by his uncle. The funeral was attended by all the nobles of Dauphiné, and no entertainments were given for a month afterwards. The fearless and blameless knight has remained as a bright name ever since.

The French army continued the retreat, and again was driven back from Italian soil; and Bourbon, puffed up by success, and unabashed by Bayard's dying rebuke, offered to lead the victorious army into France through Provence, and to make himself master of Paris before four months were over. 'If the King will enter France without delay,' he said to Sir Richard Pace, the ambassador of Henry VIII., 'I will allow his Grace to tear out both my eyes if I am not master of Paris before All Saints Day; and Paris once taken, all France is in my power.'

Both sovereigns agreed to the plan: Henry was to pay half the expenses; and Charles, as Emperor, was to create a kingdom of Provence, where Bourbon should reign, while Henry became king of all the northern provinces. Bourbon was lavish of promises, and Pace accompanied him across the frontier, when he began his invasion of France. His plan was to march straight on and seize Paris; but the Marquis of Pescara and the Spanish generals refused to go further into the country

until Marseilles was in their hands. The city held out gallantly, and a second outwork was raised, which was called the Ladies' rampart, because all the women in the place helped to carry earth for it. Bourbon had boasted so much of his own influence, and the willingness of all the country to receive him, that Pescara, who by no means liked his association with this traitor, treated him with much irony. When a cannon ball from the besieged came into Pescara's tent and killed his almoner and two gentlemen, Bourbon hastened up to see what harm was done, and was quietly received by the Marquis, with the observation, 'Here are the keys that the timid consuls of Marseilles have sent you.'

Bourbon insisted on attempting an assault; but the Germans and Italians would not advance to it, and when he applied to Pescara for the Spaniards, the Marquis insisted that the breach should first be reconnoitred by seven officers. Of these four were killed, and the other three came back, saying that between the open breach and the entrenchment was a wide ditch full of explosive preparations, and commanded by several batteries.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Pescara, 'you see the Marseillais have a well-spread table for us. If you wish to sup in Paradise, you may. For my part, I do not wish to go thither so soon, and shall set off! Believe me, we had better return to the Milanese. The place is destitute of troops, and we might be forestalled.'

Therewith he rose and left the tent, and almost everyone followed him, leaving Bourbon raging alone. Immediately after, tidings came that King François was marching to relieve the city, and there was no further question as to returning into Italy.

Pescara was indeed the greatest general of the time, and could be prudent without fear of the imputation of cowardice. He was of Spanish blood, but his estates lay in the kingdom of Naples, and he had married Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of the great Roman condottiere, Prospero. The two had been betrothed at about four years old, and bred up together by Pescara's widowed elder sister, in the most perfect unwavering love, which had only grown with their growth, while they both became deeply imbued with all the best that the age offered of literature and art. Vittoria was the noblest woman of her time, of talent of the highest order, an excellent scholar, and a good poetess; and she read and thought deeply over the religious controversy of her time, gaining enlightenment to her faith, though never losing her grasp on the unity and Catholicity of her Church; and she upheld her husband in all that was good and great.

Pescara had not been wrong in anticipating an attack upon Milan; François, flushed with his success, resolved to march on into Italy and regain the duchy. La Trimoille and Chabannes, his best generals, strongly dissuaded him; and so did his mother, Louise of Savoy, but he only replied to her remonstrance by sending her a commission for the regency, and marched on.. He had just lost his wife, the good and

neglected Claude of France, who had died of consumption, leaving her delicate constitution to most of her six young children, only two of whom lived beyond early youth. The gentle and excellent poet, Clement Marot, who had been bred up in her mother's court, wrote a graceful lament for her, part of which has thus been translated. It alludes to her ermine as Duchess of Brittany.

'Then sank in death, to which all paths we track,
The pure white lily, ermine perfect black;
Black for so weary, white so innocent,
Now may God give her fullness of content,
And hers be as much peace in that bright sphere,
As was denied her when she suffered here.'

Marot was now in the service of the King's sister Marguerite, the Duchess of Alençon, whose husband he followed to the wars in the royal army.

The Alps were passed in October, and Bourbon was in command at Milan. The city was in too ruinous a state to be defended; and Bourbon retreated, leaving the roads strewn with dying men and horses and abandoned weapons. His army was in no state to fight, and he suddenly left it, and repairing to Turin, by his wonderful gift of confident persuasion induced the Duke of Savoy to lend him money and jewels, with which he hastened into Germany to hire lanzknechts, and in a very short time got together a large number of these bold lawless mercenaries, under their favourite chief, old Georg of Freundsburg, Luther's great admirer; so that three months after his flight from Milan he returned with twelve or thirteen thousand men!

The army he had left was in such a wretched state, that a pasquinade was set up at Rome—'Lost! an army in the hills of Genoa! The finder shall have a reward.'

François' best advisers wished him to follow up these remains, but Bonnivet persuaded him first to besiege the Lombard towns, and he accordingly encamped before Pavia, which held out most gallantly under the old governor, Antonio de Leyva. A little tower at the end of a bridge was held out most obstinately by a small garrison, and when at last it was taken, the Marshal de Montmorency hung them all, for, as he said, daring to resist a royal army in such a hen-coop. Leyva broke down the bridge, so that the capture was of no avail to the French, who turned the siege into a blockade, and were there delayed for four months, while the besieged were brought to the direst extremity; bread was entirely wanting, and wood likewise in the depth of winter, so that houses were pulled down to obtain firing. Antonio de Leyva coined all his plate, the sacred vessels in the churches, and the gold chain round his neck, well knowing that the delay was most important to his master.

At last, after four months, there came from the north the Imperial host, commanded by the Fleming Lannoy, who was Viceroy of Naples,

the Spanish Neapolitan Pescara, and the traitor Frenchman, Bourbon; so that the French found themselves enclosed between the garrison of Pavia on the one hand and the army on the other.

Still things remained in the same state for three weeks, while François daily expected that the garrison would surrender, and that the army in his rear would melt away for want of reinforcements; and all the time he left affairs to Bonnivet, seldom attending a council of war.

His entrenchments were so strong, that he could hardly be attacked in them; and all his old generals entreated him to continue to wait and refuse to give battle, but Bonnivet held that this would be beneath the dignity of a King of France, and he was determined to fight if the relief of the town were attempted.

Leyva had sent word to his friends that they must succour him now or never; and the prudent Pescara himself was convinced of the need. A great walled park called Mirabello, where the Dukes of Milan used to hunt, lay outside the city; and in the night before the 25th of February, Pescara caused a part of the wall to be broken down, and making a party of his troops, put white shirts over their armour that they might know each other in the dark, he sent them off, protected by the vanguard, under the command of the Marquis del Guasto, at two in the morning, to succour the garrison.

They were seen by the French, who were on their guard, and cannon were at once directed upon them, which mowed them down, so that Guasto bade them scatter their close columns and run, so as to present a less direct mark, till they could reach a bank to protect them.

François saw the movement, and cried, 'They fly! Charge!' rode down on them with all his most impetuous followers; but by the time he reached them, they were again drawn up in order of battle, and his artillery could not fire upon them for fear of striking him and his troop. Moreover, he had left his Swiss and lanzknechts unprotected on the flank, and Pescara at once sent a body of Germans to attack them, while Guasto threw himself with the vanguard into the gap François had made, and fell on the French right under Montmorency. The Swiss fled, abandoning Montmorency, who was made prisoner; and there was a terrible slaughter of the troops in this spot.

The King, who had thrown himself forward so imprudently with his men-at-arms, was attacked in front, in flank, and in the rear all at once; Bonnivet saw that the battle was lost, and threw himself on the enemy's spears, with his visor raised; La Palisse, La Tremoille, all the veteran knights, perished round the King; Alençon fled with the rear guard; but the poet Marot played a braver part, and was made prisoner; Montmorency was taken, so was Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre; and the ruin was complete. 'Ah, Bayard, had you been here this had not been!' cried François, who, after fighting like a lion, turned his horse towards the bridge over the Ticino, unaware that the fugitives had broken it down behind them; and on his way he encountered four Spaniards, whose

harquebusses were discharged; but they surrounded him, and one killed his horse by a blow on the head. He was on his feet instantly without a word, and cut down two with his sword; but two more troopers rode up, and though they did not know him, they saw by his plumed helmet, collar of St. Michael, and gilded armour adorned with *fleurs-de-lys*, that he was a valuable prize, and they were ready to fight with one another for the possession of him, when the Seigneur de Pomperan, who had accompanied Bourbon in his flight, came up, and knowing the King, drove them off, stood by his side, and advised him to surrender to the Duke de Bourbon, who was not far off. 'No,' said François, 'I had rather die than surrender to a traitor. Where is the Viceroy of Naples?'

Lannoy came up, and with one knee on the ground, received his sword, giving him another, and conducted him to his tent, where his two slight wounds were dressed.

On hearing that the King was taken, Bourbon tossed up his leading staff in his hand for joy, and then dismounting, came to greet his captive sovereign. 'Well,' said François, 'are you very proud of your victory, when your kindred are vanquished and oppressed?' 'Sire,' he replied, 'if I had not been driven to it, I would willingly have abstained.'

It was Pescara whom the King wished to see, and who came, though he had three somewhat severe wounds, as soon as possible, in a plain black garb, as a token of sympathy with the King's misfortunes. 'A man alike exquisite in peace and war,' said François.

'How do you think the Emperor will treat me?' asked the prisoner.

'I think I know the Emperor's moderation,' said the Marquis. 'I am sure he will make a generous use of his victory. Even if he could forget what is due to your rank, virtues, and misfortunes, I would never cease to remind him.'

The King begged not to be taken into Pavia for the besieged to triumph in his fall, and Pescara placed him in the little fortress of Pizzighittone. He was so anxious to know how the Emperor would dispose of him, that he granted a pass through France to the Commander Peunalosa, who was to carry the tidings to Charles. He sent by this means two letters, one to his mother and one to the Emperor. They are by no means remarkable, for his style was diffuse; but the letter to Louise contained the sentence, 'Out of all things, nothing remains to me safe except my honour and my life,' and out of this, epigrammatic Frenchmen have manufactured the story that he wrote only the few striking words, '*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur,*' and this has gone far in making up the imaginary compound of chivalry and generosity who is the favourite ideal portrait of the vain, selfish, and shifty François I.

It was for the benefit of France to have the first tidings, and Louise of Savoy shewed to more advantage in this strait than at any period of her life. The army was routed, the King a prisoner, the first prince of the blood a traitor, and the second, Alençon, only reached Lyons to die

there of pleurisy, aggravated by grief and shame; many persons were disaffected, and cries of 'Vive Bourbon!' were actually raised. The Parliament of Paris, however, rallied, put the city in a state of defence, and the Count of Guise bravely repressed an insurrection of peasants on the Lorraine frontier, who were rising against clergy and nobles in the fermentation of spirits caused by Luther's doctrines.

Charles V. heard the great tidings with all his soberness and gravity of demeanour. He was at Madrid when he heard of the birth-day gift of his generals, a captive king. He read the letters without change of countenance, and then went at once to his chapel and spent an hour there in silent thanksgiving; but he forbade any public rejoicings, saying that wars with Christian princes were like civil wars, no cause for triumph, which must wait till he had a victory over the Infidel.

Yet he founded great hopes upon his capture, and demanded, as the price of the King's release, that François should renounce his Italian plans, give up the sovereignty of Artois and Flanders, should restore Burgundy as the inheritance of Marie, should reinstate Bourbon, and repay Henry VIII. for the sums he had advanced.

On hearing these conditions, François drew his sword, and cried, 'It were better for a king to end thus!' Then he declared that he had rather be a prisoner for life than accept such conditions. He expected to be taken to Naples by sea, and thought the French fleet might rescue him on the way; but it was decided that he should go to Spain, his mother and sister both trusting much to the effect of his personal fascination upon the Emperor. French ships manned by Spanish guards were even provided to take him from Genoa to Barcelona, where he arrived in the end of June. His faithless subject Bourbon came to Spain at the same time, and was received with great politeness by the Emperor. The army loved him as soldiers love a brilliant leader, but the great Spanish grandees infinitely despised his conduct. When Charles bade the Marquis de Villena receive him in his palace, the dignified answer was, 'I can refuse the King nothing, but as soon as the traitor has left my house I shall set fire to it, since no man of honour can lodge there again!'

In his absence and that of Lannoy, Italy, who had seen the French foe crushed, had hopes; and the Pope and Italian states tampered with Pescara to persuade him to head an Italian league, with Naples for his reward. He was tempted for a moment; but his noble Vittoria, Roman though she was, upheld him in firm faith to the Emperor, and he disclosed the plots so as to save his honour; but the struggle, added to the effects of the wounds received at Pavia, brought on an illness of which he died in November, 1525. Vittoria spent her life in faithful widowhood, a deeply religious highly cultivated woman, the friend of Michel Angelo who above all lifted his mind to piety.

Henry VIII. had been less moderate than Charles; he had appointed a day of public rejoicing for the victory, and at once sent off Tunstal,

the Bishop of Durham, to congratulate Charles, and to propose to him to invade and divide France, while he at once set to work to raise the means for his own army of attack; but here he found himself baffled, for neither clergy nor laity chose to raise the sum he required, there were symptoms of insurrection, and he found it wise to give up his demand.

Money too was lacking to the Emperor, and he was withheld from attacking France; nor did he entirely trust Henry. So he made cold and grave replies, not courting Wolsey as before, but complaining that his promised bride, the young Mary, was withheld from him, and demanding that she should be sent to the Low Countries at once.

Henry, on the other hand, excused himself from sending his little daughter, though he offered to deliver her over to the Spaniards for the small consideration of either the French crown at Paris, or else the person of the French King. He well knew that neither of such demands would be granted; and in fact, after true English fashion, he was becoming moved by pity for François, as soon as his first triumph was over, and inclining to support his cause. Wolsey too was hurt that Charles had not used any influence on his behalf in the two recent papal elections, and wrote to him less politely; and the Regent of France neglected no effort to detach England from Spain, and finally succeeded in obtaining a peace, at a heavy expense in money.

Meanwhile, Charles, suspecting the change, made another demand for his betrothed, Mary, and again was answered that she was too young. She was then eleven; but the real truth was, that she was Henry's only child, and neither he nor any of his English were prepared to see the fair island become a pearl in the Spanish monarch's ear; so he intimated at the same time that he did not wish to hinder the Emperor, who was nearly twenty-six years old, from making some more suitable marriage; and Charles accordingly contracted himself immediately to the sister of the King of Portugal, Doña Isabel, whom he married a few months later.

Meantime, the need of driving back the Infidel was becoming more pressing than ever. Solyman, one of the greatest of the race of Othman, was on the throne, and the bulwark realm of Hungary was in inefficient hands. Louis II., the King, had married Maria, the Emperor's sister, and his sister Anne, Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother, to whom the government of Austria and Germany was left in Charles's absence; but Louis was very young, only just out of his minority, and his hand was not strong enough to deal with his turbulent people. Solyman crossed the Danube with a huge army; the Hungarians bravely met him at Mohatz, but were totally defeated in the battle which was there fought, and in the flight Louis was killed by his horse falling back on him in trying to climb the steep bank of a river. This was in August, 1525, and it gave Buda and Pesth at once to the Turk. Solyman was indeed called home by a rebellion, and Ferdinand was proclaimed King of Hungary in right of his wife; but the succession was disputed, and an

interval of home peace, in which to deal with these infidel foes, was almost imperative to the existence of Christian Europe.

Charles's counsellors dreaded the effect of a personal interview between him and François. He was still very young, and the theatrical graces of the elder man might work dangerously on his Spanish courtesy, so they withheld him from visiting the King, who was kept in a strong castle at Madrid, pining and impatient, till in August he fell sick of a fever.

His sister Marguerite, the newly-widowed Duchess of Alençon, had been intreating for a safe-conduct to come and visit him, but her mother had coupled the request with a hint that she might be agreeable to the Emperor, and this probably offended him, for he took no notice of the proposal until François' illness, when he at once forwarded the safe-conduct, and went himself to visit his prisoner.

'Your Majesty is come to see your captive die,' said François pathetically from his bed.

'You are not my captive,' returned Charles, 'but my brother and my friend. I only wish to give you liberty and satisfaction.'

This was partly compassion, partly Spanish courtesy, but Charles committed himself by no promise.

The Duchess of Alençon was meanwhile on her way. She had landed at Barcelona, whence she proceeded in a litter. She had cared little for her husband in comparison with her idolized brother, and the verses with which she beguiled the way have a ring of genuine affection.

'My longing for my hoped-for prize,
To me is toil and pain;
Hours to me are centuries,
That blessing ere I gain.

My tardy litter seems returning,
Or halting on the way!
How slow our pace when hearts are burning—
How on the road we stay!

On every side I gaze,
Whence tidings they may bring;
The while my spirit ever prays
For healing to my king.

When none are seen, my eyes no more
Retain their hopeless tears;
Then on the paper do I pour
My sorrows, griefs, and fears.

Oh, welcome will that servant be,
Who knocking at my gate,
Shall cry, "Rejoice, the King is free,
With health and strength elate."

The sister then, now worse than dead,
The servant will embrace,
Who with such gladsome news has sped,
Of her loved brother's grace.'

She found her brother very ill; and immediately after her arrival he fell into a lethargy, and was silent and speechless for some time.

Marguerite caused an altar to be erected in his room, and she, with all the attendants, received the Holy Communion from the Archbishop of Embrun, who then approached the bed and besought the King to look up and behold the sacred Host. He partly awoke, and said, 'God will heal my soul and my body.' After this he began to recover, and by the 20th of October was well enough for his sister to leave him and go to negociate with the Emperor at Toledo.

Marguerite was thoroughly charming, for she united to the grace and courtesy of her brother, a much deeper, truer, and more religious mind; and the romance of the young widow come to seek and cheer her captive brother, so told on the Spanish mind, that the populace in the streets shewed her the greatest honour, and all the nobles were anxious to testify their admiration. Charles feared that her graces would do his cause harm, and told some of his nobles that he should be better pleased if they did not speak to her.

'But,' said the Duchess, when she heard it, 'ladies are not forbidden me, I shall talk doubly to them!' and she especially attached herself to the Emperor's sister, Leonor, the widow of the King of Portugal, to whose hand the traitor Bourbon aspired, but whom Marguerite hoped to gain for her own brother.

She spoke out her opinion on the treatment her brother suffered so boldly to the Emperor's face, that he was astonished, and respected her much, though he would not bate an inch of his stern requirements. He had made up his mind at the beginning of the war that France must be so far clipped of her power as to be prevented from impeding his grand scheme of a crusade against the Infidel; and he knew François too well to do as his confessor advised—to release him freely and appeal to his generosity.

François on his side knew that no King of France ought to consent to such terms; and with his sister beside him he came to the only right resolution, namely, to send letters abdicating the throne, and commanding that his little eight years old son François should be crowned, under the regency of his grandmother or aunt. By this means he made himself a prisoner of no value, and set France free to make her own terms.

Of course it would have overthrown Charles's plans; and it is said that as the Duchess was slowly on her way back to France with this important document, she received an intimation from Bourbon that she had better make haste, or the Emperor would have her seized, and any dangerous paper taken from her. She therefore took four days journey in one, and soon crossed the Pyrennees. She arrived at Lyons a few days after the young King of Navarre, Henri d'Albret, who had escaped from his prison by a rope-ladder. He was a fine young man of three-and-twenty, full of life and vigour, and Marguerite must have longed to see her beloved brother as unfettered as he was. Charles V. called him

the only man in France, and Marguerite and he soon became attached. Meantime, Louise did not take notice of the deed of abdication; and when his sister was gone, there was no one to lift François into a higher and better atmosphere. Instead of holding to his brave purpose of leaving France to make her own terms, he bade his plenipotentiaries agree freely to whatever the Emperor demanded, but at the same time made a solemn protest before them, Montmorency, and a few other Frenchmen, but not one Spaniard, Fleming, or German, that the terms were extorted from him by force, and that he did not regard himself as bound by them.

So he had no scruple in undertaking to give up Italy and Burgundy, and to reinstate Bourbon. He was also to marry the widowed Queen of Portugal; and his two sons—the Dauphin François, and Henri Duke of Orleans—were to be delivered up as hostages on his liberation for the fulfilment of the treaty.

This, which was called the Treaty of Madrid, was signed on the 13th of January, 1526; and immediately after, the Emperor and King went in the same litter to pay a visit to the Queen of Portugal, to whom François was betrothed before he left Madrid.

The Viceroy, Lannoy, who had made him captive, conducted him to Fontarabia in the end of February, exactly a year after he had been made prisoner. The Regent Louise had brought her two grandsons to St. Jean de Luz. A great barge was moored in the middle of the Bidassoa, the boundary river, and here the exchange took place. The two poor little princes only kissed their father's hand, and then were carried to the Spanish side, while he was ferried to the French bank, and mounting a Turkish horse, he waved his sword and cried, 'I am yet a king!'

Such doings take the fancy, and all the sympathy of the world in general has been bestowed on the handsome captive king and his charming sister; while Charles V. has had hard measure, and has been accused of want of generosity.

Be it remembered that the avowed purpose of the whole war had been to check the ambition of France. The perils from the Turk were imminent, the state of the Church cried out for a general council; this was acknowledged by all, and yet France would not leave the Emperor at peace to attend to these great objects. Therefore France must have such a lesson as to keep her quiet. The lesson was given, but by the Emperor alone. Therefore his allies were jealous; Italy strove merely for her own independence; and Henry VIII., removed from the danger of the Turk, relented towards François in a way he would hardly have done had he had a share in the glory of Pavia, or had made the conquest of Normandy. Why is Charles universally censured for insisting on crippling the foe he could not conciliate? Why has all posterity cried out upon him, because he did not set free a selfish, vain, and mischievous enemy, without trying to hinder him from preventing the performance

of these great ends? One man acted in good faith though with grave severity, and he has all the blame; the other was false and selfish from beginning to end, and he is tricked out as a hero of romance!

Henry VIII. thought François had too lightly signed the treaty of Madrid, and sent off ambassadors to congratulate him on his release, and infuse doubts whether a treaty so extorted were binding. It was a highly unnecessary suggestion, for François had never for a moment intended to observe the terms, but was only casting about for new allies.

Italy of course was ready to do anything to weaken the power which was now the strongest in Europe, and since Bourbon and Lannoy were absent, and Pescara dead, this seemed a time to attack the Imperialists. Clement VII. therefore undertook to absolve François from his oaths, and another 'Holy League' was formed between France, England, and Rome, to harass the Emperor and hinder him from attending to the welfare and safety of the Church and of Christendom. Meantime, Charles refused to believe that François could forfeit his personal honour as a prince, knight, and gentleman, and sent Lannoy to receive the investiture of the duchy of Burgundy.

François kept him waiting for the arrival of the deputies from the States of Burgundy, and asked whether they were willing to make the change from the rule of France to that of Austria. They refused decisively, declaring that the coronation oath forbade the King to dismember his dominions; whereupon François pronounced that the fulfilment of the treaty became impossible, and offered two million crowns as the purchase of his freedom from its terms, including the surrender of his sons, his rights over Italy, and his marriage with the Emperor's sister.

Charles indignantly refused. 'The King of France,' he said, 'has promised and sworn on the faith of a good king and prince, that if he did not fulfil the aforesaid restitution of Burgundy, he would come and surrender himself, and continue in captivity until the present treaty should be fulfilled. Let the King of France keep his oath.'

François did not like to be branded as a perjurer, and fancied he could get rid of the blame by convoking, not his States General—he was afraid of doing that—but all his Cardinals, Bishops, princes of the blood, and peers of France, and deputies from the Parliaments of the provinces. Before them he recounted, with all his theatrical graces of oratory, the history of his reign, his victories, his losses, his captivity. He read his intended letters of abdication, and ended by offering to go back as a prisoner to Spain, though he declared that he had given his word without thinking it pledged him to anything, since it had been passed while he was still a prisoner.

He could securely reckon on French vanity. His parliament declared that he was not bound to go back to prison, and that he might levy two million crowns to ransom his sons and for his other needs.

And thus the war in Italy was at once resumed, Lautrec taking the command of the French army, and Bourbon being sent to command the Spanish and German army. In vain did Ferdinand, now King of Hungary, represent to Henry VIII. the peril of Germany from the victorious Turks; Wolsey answered, that while the Emperor would agree to no reasonable terms with François, there could be no union in Christendom, and the Turks must prevail.

Things looked ill for the Imperial power when Bourbon arrived at Milan, in July, 1527. All the Italians who inclined to the Emperor were discouraged and out of heart; but Bourbon had conceived the wild vision of making himself King of Naples, and went to work with real genius and all the energy inspired by his ambition. Again he raised an army in Germany. He wrote to Georg of Freundsburg, the partizan of Luther, to invite him to aid in making war upon the Pope; and the old leader soon brought together a host of lanzknechts—Lutheran, if they had any faith at all except in plunder—while he himself caused a huge gold chain to be forged, to serve, he said, 'To hang and strangle the Pope with his own hands, for since he called himself the foremost of Christians, a little consideration was due to him.'

Fourteen thousand lanzknechts were raised by the hope of the plunder of the Campagna; and with five hundred horse given him by the King of Hungary, Freundsburg crossed the mountain passes, which the Venetians had not closed against him, and safely arrived at Piacenza, where Bourbon, with all the money and forces he could raise at Milan, came to meet them.

Bourbon was a leader after the adventurer's own heart. His speech to his troop was—'I am but a poor cavalier, without a penny more than yourselves; but if you will have a little patience, I will make you all rich, or die for it.' So saying, he divided all his money with them, and even his rings and clothes, keeping nothing but a cloth of silver cassock to wear over his armour.

'We will follow you in the teeth of all the devils!' cried the men. 'No more of Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, or Scipio—Bourbon for us!' On they marched, past Florence and Bologna, which both trembled at their approach; but Bourbon was bent upon Rome. Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, had promised the Pope that his city should be sacred; but Bourbon was jealous of Lannoy, and hated him as he hated everything loyal, and was glad to disobey him. The wild troops were disappointed at passing such rich cities; first the Spaniards mutinied for pay, and were barely persuaded to keep their ranks by the assurance that they could only pay themselves by following him. Then the Germans rose and killed one of his gentlemen, and could hardly be appeased by the Marquis del Guasto with some money that he had obtained from the Duke of Ferrara. Three days later, Georg of Freundsburg was struck with apoplexy while haranguing his mutinous soldiers; but they were now so near Rome, that the hope of ravaging it still kept them to the

Imperial standards, which were being carried where the Emperor would have never wished to see them.

Clement VII. had but twelve thousand men at the utmost, commanded by the Marquis de Saluzzi, Guicciardini the historian, and Macchiavelli the politician—men ardent indeed for the independence of Italy, but unable to make soldiers out of the degenerate Romans. The Pope had trusted to the splendid promises of François I. and the Venetians; but, of course, only to find them a broken reed. In his terror he made all sorts of concessions, and signed an eight months truce with Lannoy; but the Viceroy's pledges availed little to the army of robbers who were advancing, and whom Bourbon could not have stopped if he would. The Pope, however, confided in this arrangement, and would listen to no representation from his generals, but only when his territory was actually invaded caused some feeble operations to be made for standing a siege.

On the 5th of May, 1527, Bourbon, late in the evening, came before the walls of the city, and sent a trumpet to summon it to give him a free passage to Naples. The Pope, though often foolishly timid, was now incredulous of peril from such a disorderly host, and sent away the trumpet contemptuously, but would not have the bridges broken down, nor any precautions taken.

Bourbon addressed his troops in all the spirit of a brigand. 'The grand adventure of our fate,' he said, 'has brought us hither, to the place we desired, after so many bad roads, in the midst of winter, with snow and cold, rain and mire, hunger and thirst, and attacks of enemies, all without a penny. Now it is time to shew your courage, valour, and strength. If you are victors this time, you will be all rich and happy lords; if not, it will be quite the contrary. There is the city, where a wise astrologer prognosticated that I should die. I swear that I care little about dying, so my body may win perpetual glory and renown.' He then set the watches, arranged the storming party, and bade all the troops sleep till the early morning.

As the 6th of May dawned, all was ready. The attack was made on the walls of the Borgo, between the Janiculum and the Vatican. The grand old buildings of the Eternal City, the Colosseum, the Tomb of Adrian, the Pillar of Trajan, the countless churches, must have shone reproachfully upon the traitor French prince, recreant knight, and sacrilegious Christian, who had become a mere captain of banditti, and was outraging the treaties of even the sovereign he professed to serve. Probably he expected that success would justify him, and that terror at such an exploit might win from the sovereigns of Europe his promotion to be King of Naples. Defeat meant desperation, and if he survived the rage of the wolves behind him, the meed of his treason! Clad in his white surcoat, so as to be more easily seen, he cheered the soldiers desperately to the assault, and seeing that the Germans were slack in scaling the walls, he seized a ladder, planted it himself, and had mounted

the two first rungs, when a harquebus shot struck him in the left side, and he fell back dying, but with a last effort bidding his Gascon followers to cover him with a cloak and take him away, lest his fall should discourage the soldiers.

The great metal worker, Benvenuto Cellini, declares that it was he who shot down the Duke of Bourbon; but he was such a vain boaster, that no great dependence can be placed on his assertion, and French authors say it was a priest, who had taken up the weapon to defend the sacred city.

The leader's fall was not unseen, but added rage to the thirst for rapine, and the soldiers rushed up the ladders, carrying all before them, with the cry, 'Kill, kill! blood, blood! Bourbon, Bourbon!'

Clement VII. was on his knees in the chapel of the Vatican, when the cry in the streets shewed him that his city was taken. He fled at once to the Castle of St. Angelo, the fortress into which the Tomb of Adrian had been converted, and which communicated with the Vatican by a gallery which runs along the tops of the houses. At the bridges which crossed the streets, lest his white rochet should be seen, the priest in attendance, who was the historian Paolo Giovio, covered him with his violet mantle and his broad hat. All along, as he hurried in terror, he could look down and see his scanty troops, noble young Romans and Swiss guards, fleeing before the savage invaders, who cut down each man they reached with halberts and pikes. He might still have passed from St. Angelo through the other side of Rome, and reached a place of safety; but he was so much terrified, that he chose to remain in the Castle, where he was besieged by an Italian and a Spanish officer.

The army could scarcely be said to have a commander after Bourbon's fall. The Spaniards were under the Marquis del Guasto; and the fourteen thousand lanzknechts had the officers appointed by Freundsburg. The Italians had a variety of condottiere; and the person of highest rank was Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, who had joined the army on the road with a body of light horse; but there was little obedience to anyone, even among the soldiers, and they had been joined by all the disbanded men—deserters, robbers, assassins, and every sort of scum produced by these long wars. Lutheranism had destroyed every fragment of reverence the Germans might have once had, and the pillage of Rome on this occasion was one of the most shocking scenes of ferocity and debauchery that ever took place in the world. From St. Peter's Church to the meanest hut, nothing was safe from violence; murder and rapacity raged unrestrained from end to end of Rome. Long tables were spread in the churches, where the soldiers feasted and drank out of the sacred vessels, and dragged in nobles, bishops, priests, abbesses, merchants, servants, whom they tortured atrociously, to make them declare where their treasure was hidden—so that many died either under their hands, or of the effects.

The only favour shewn to Cardinals of the Imperial party, was to

allow themselves to ransom their persons, and in some cases their palaces; and even this did not always succeed, for no less than three Cardinals, after having ransomed themselves from the Spaniards, were seized by the Germans, robbed, beaten, and forced to obtain release by orders for five thousand ducats apiece; nor were Spanish and German Cardinals a bit better treated than Italians. Every street rang with shrieks and lamentations, and the squares before the churches were covered with relics, pictures, vestments, and the like, thrown away after being stripped of their gold and jewels. The Germans did most of this mischief out of fanaticism, but after the first fury of their attack, their national mildness prevailed, and they ceased to kill and torture, only caring to drink and to deface the pictures and images; but the more sober Spaniards really enjoyed cruelty, and only invented further tortures for their prisoners, in order to obtain gold; while the Italians were said to be worse than either, being as cruel as the Spaniards, and as sacrilegious as the Germans, without the bravery of these nations.

These horrible scenes lasted day after day. The Pope held out in the Castle of St. Angelo, hoping that the Duke of Urbino, who was hovering near with an army, would come to his deliverance; but he either could or would not attack the marauders, and retreated, after being just seen from the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo. Lannoy came to Rome, but found he had no control over the wild army, and fell back, waiting for orders from the Emperor.

Charles, meanwhile, was distressed and embarrassed. He was shocked at what was done in his name, stopped the rejoicings for the birth of his son, went into mourning, ordered processions and prayers to be made for the release of the Pope, and wrote to all his brother sovereigns, disclaiming all share in Bourbon's enterprise. And as Bourbon's plan had been to wrest the Two Sicilies from him, no doubt he could say so with perfect truth.

Lannoy, urged by the Marquis del Guasto and the other Spanish Generals, returned to Rome, and a little order began to prevail; while Clement and his thirteen Cardinals, having been reduced to living on asses' flesh, surrendered on the 6th of June, undertaking to pay an enormous subsidy to the pillagers, and to give up numerous towns to the Emperor. He was to remain in custody till the conditions were fulfilled, and the guard of his person was committed to Alarcon, the very same captain who had had the charge of François I.

Thus the young Emperor, who never yet had seen a battle, had, before he was twenty-seven, had both the King of France and the Pope as his captives!

And the man who had had so great a share in these victories lay in his unhonoured grave, marked for ever as an arch-traitor, but made so by his King's folly.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IX.

COLD HEART.

At that very moment, the two sisters in question were driving home in the opposite corners of the carriage in the dark.

'Really, Lenore,' was Lady Tyrrell saying, 'you are a very impracticable girl.'

There was a little low laugh in answer.

'What blast has come and frozen you up into ice?' the elder sister added caressingly; but as she felt for Eleonora's hand in the dark, she obtained nothing but the cold handle of a fan. 'That's just it!' she said, laughing; 'hard ivory, instead of flesh and blood.'

'I can't help it!' was the answer.

'But why not? I'm sure you had admiration enough to turn any girl's head.'

No answer.

Lady Tyrrell renewed her address still more tenderly—'Lenore, darling, it is quite needful that you should understand your position.'

'I am afraid I understand it only too well,' came in a smothered voice.

'It may be very painful, but it ought to be made clear before you how you stand. You know that my father was ruined—there's no word for it but ruined.'

'Yes.'

'He had to give up the property to the creditors, and live on an allowance.'

'I know that.'

'And, of course, I can't bear speaking of it; but the house is really let to me. I have taken it as I might any other house to let.'

'Yes,' again assented Eleonora.

'And do you know why?'

'You said it was for the sake of the old home and my father!' said the girl, with a bitter emphasis on the *said*.

'So it was! It was to give you the chance of redeeming it, and keeping it in the family. It is to be sold, you know, as soon as you are of age, and can give your consent. I can't buy it. Mine is only a jointure, a life income, and you know that you might as well think of Mary or Agnes buying Golconda; but you—you—with such beauty as yours—might easily make a connection that would save it.'

There was only a choked sound.

'I know you feel the situation painfully, after having been mistress so long.'

'Camilla, you *know* it is not that!'

'Ah, my dear, I can see farther than you avow. You can't marry till you are twenty-one, you know; but you might be very soon engaged, and then we should see our way. It only depends on yourself. Plenty of means, and no land to tie him down, ready to purchase and to settle down. It would be the very thing; and I see you are a thoroughly sensible girl, Lena.'

'Indeed! I am not even sensible enough to know who is to be this purchaser.'

'Come, Lena, don't be affected. Why! he was the only poor creature you were moderately gracious to.'

'I! what do you mean?'

Lady Tyrrell laughed again.

'Oh!' in a tone of relief, 'I can explain all that to you. All the Strangeways family were at Rockpier the winter before you came, and I made great friends with Margaret Strangeways, the eldest sister. I wanted very much to hear about her, for she has had a great deal of illness and trouble, and I had not ventured to write to her.'

'Oh! was that the girl young Debenham gave up because her mother worried him so incessantly, and who went into a Sisterhood?'

'It was she who broke it off. She found he had been forced into it by his family, and was really attached elsewhere. I never knew the rights of it, till I saw the brother to-night.'

'Very praiseworthy family confidence!'

'Camilla, you know I object to that tone.'

'So do most young ladies, my dear—at least by word.'

'And once for all, you need have no fancies about Mr. Lorimer Strangeways. I am civil to him, of course, for Margaret's sake; and Lady Susan was very kind to me; but if there were nothing else against him, he is entirely out of the question, for I know he runs horses and bets on them.'

'So does everybody, more or less.'

'And you! you, Camilla, after what the turf has cost us, can wish me to encourage a man connected with it!'

'My dear Lena, I know you had a great shock, which made the more impression because you were such a child; but you might almost as well forswear riding, as men who have run a few horses, or staked a few thousands. Every young man of fortune has done so in his turn, just by way of experiment—as a social duty as often as not.'

'Let them,' said Eleonora, 'as long as I have nothing to do with them.'

'What was that pretty French novel—"Sybille," was it?—where the child wanted to ride on nothing but swans? You will be like her, and have to condescend to ordinary mortals.'

'She did not. She died. And, Camilla, I would far rather die than marry a betting man.'

'A betting man, who regularly went in for it! You little goose, to think I would ask you to do that! As you say, we have had enough of that! But to renounce every man who has set foot on a course, or staked a pair of gloves, is to renounce nine out of ten of the world one lives in.'

'I do renounce them. Camilla, remember that my mind is made up for ever, and that nothing shall ever induce me to marry a man who meddles with the evils of races.'

'Meddles with the evils? I understand, my dear Lena.'

'A man who makes a bet,' repeated Eleonora.

'We shall see,' was her ladyship's light answer, in contrast to the grave tones; 'no rules are without exceptions, and I only ask for *one*.'

'I shall make none.'

'I confess I thought you were coming to your senses; you have been acting so wisely and sensibly ever since you came home, about that young Frank Charnock.'

Lady Tyrrell heard a little rustle, but could not see that it was the clasping of two hands over a throbbing heart. 'I am very glad you are reasonable enough to keep him at a distance. Poor boy, it was all very well to be friendly with him when we met him in a place like Rockpier, and you were both children; but you are quite right not to let it go on. It would be mere madness.'

'For him, yes,' murmured the girl.

'And even more so for you. Why, if he had any property worth speaking of, it would be a wretched thing to marry into that family! I am sure I pity those three poor girls! Miles's wife looks perfectly miserable, poor thing, and the other two can't conceal the state of things. She is just the sort of woman who cannot endure a daughter-in-law.'

'I thought I heard Lady Rosamond talking very affectionately of her.'

'Very excitedly, as one who felt it her duty to stand up for her out-of-doors, whatever she may do in-doors. I saw victory in those plump white shoulders, which must have cost a battle; but whatever Lady Rosamond gains, will make it all the worse for the others. No, Eleonora, I have known Mrs. Poynsett's rancour for many years, and I would wish no one a worse lot than to be her son's *fiancée*, except to be his wife.'

'She did not seem to object to these marriages.'

'The sons took her by surprise. Besides, Raymond's was the very *parti* mothers seek out for their sons. Depend upon it, she sent him off with her blessing to court the unexceptionable cousin with the family property. Poor Raymond, he is a dutiful son, and he has done the deed; but if I am not much mistaken, the little lady is made of something neither mother nor son is prepared for, and he has not love enough to tame her with.'

'Not love!'

'That may be seen at a glance. He can't help it, poor fellow; he would have had it if he could, like anything else that is proper.'

There was a moment's silence; then the exclamation, 'Just look there!'

One of the hats was nodding on the box in a perilous manner.

'It is *only* James,' said Lady Tyrrell; 'as long as it is not the coachman, it matters the less. There's no danger.'

'You will not keep him, though!'

'I don't know. He is much the best looking and handiest of the men; and your page, Master Joshua, is no great acquisition yet.'

'I wish you would not call him mine; I wish you would send him back to his grandmother. I can't bear his being among those men.'

'Very complimentary to my household! They are not a bit worse than the company he came from! You don't believe in rural simplicity, eh?'

'I believe that taking that boy from his home makes us responsible.'

'And do I hinder you from catechising him to your heart's content? or sending him to the school of design?'

Again Eleonora was silent. Perhaps the balancing of the footman's head occupied her mind. At any rate, no more was said till the sisters had reached their home. Then, at the last moment, when there was no time left for a reply, Eleonora cleared and steadied her voice, and said, 'Camilla, understand two things for truth's sake. First, I mean what I say. Nothing shall ever induce me to marry a man who bets. Next, I never have forgotten Frank Charnock for one moment. If I have been cold and distant to him, it is because I will not draw him near me to be cruelly scorned and disappointed!'

'I don't mind the why, if the effect is the same,' were Lady Tyrrell's last words, as the door opened.

Eleonora's little white feet sped quickly up the steps, and with a hasty good-night, she sped across the hall, but paused at the door. 'Papa must not be disappointed,' she whispered to herself, and dashed her hand over her eyes; and at the moment the lock turned, and a grey head appeared, with a mighty odour of smoke. 'Ah! I thought my little Lena would not pass me by! Have you had a pleasant party, my dear? Was young Strangeways there?'

She had nestled in his arms, and hoped to avoid notice by keeping her head bent against him, as she hastily responded to his questions; but he detected something.

'Eh? Camilla been lecturing? Is that it? You've not been crying, little one? It is all right, you know! You and I were jolly enough at Rockpier; but it was time we were taken in hand, or you would have grown into a regular little nun, among all those black coats.'

'I wish I were.'

'Nonsense! You don't know life! You'll tell another story one of these days; and hark, childie, when you've married, and saved the old

place, you'll keep the old room for the old man, and we'll have our own way again.'

She could but kiss him, and hide her agitation in caresses, ere hurrying up the stairs she reached her own rooms, a single bed-chamber opening into a more spacious sitting-room, now partially lighted by the candles on the toilette-table within.

She flung herself down on a chair beyond the line of light, and panted out half aloud, 'Oh! I am in the toils! Oh for help! Oh for advice! Oh! if I knew the right! Am I unfair? am I cold and hard and proud? Is she telling me true? No, I know she is not—not the whole truth, and I don't know what is left out, or what is false! And I'm as bad—making them think I give in and discard Frank! Oh! is that my pride—or that it is too bad to encourage him now I know more? He'll soon scorn me, and leave off—whatever he ever thought of me. She has taken me, from all my friends—and she will take him away! No one is left me but Papa; and though she can't hurt his love, she has got his confidence away, and made him join against me! But that one thing I'll never never do!'

She started up, and opened a locked purple photograph-album, with 'In Memoriam' inscribed on it—her hands trembling so that she could hardly turn the key. She turned to the likeness of a young man—a painful likeness of a handsome face where the hard verities of sun-painting had refused to veil the haggard trace of early dissipation, though the eyes had still the fascinating smile that had made her brother Tom, with his flashes of fitful good-nature, the idol of his little sister's girlhood. The deadly shock of his sudden death had been her first sorrow; and those ghastly whispers which she had heard from the servants in the nursery, and had never forgotten, because of the hushed and mysterious manner, had but lately started into full force and meaning, on the tongues of the plain-spoken poor.

She gazed, and thought of the wrecked life that might have been so rich in joys; nay, her tenderness for her father could not hide from her how unlike his old age was from that of Mr. Bowater, or of any men who had done their service to their generation in all noble exertion. He had always indeed been her darling, her charge; but she had never known what it was to look up to him with the fervent belief and enthusiasm she had seen in other girls. To have him amused, loitering from reading-room to parade or billiard-room, had been all that she aspired to, and only lately had she unwillingly awakened to the sense how and why this was—and why the family were aliens in their ancestral home.

'And Camilla, who knew all—knew, and lived through the full force of the blight and misery—would persuade me that it all means nothing, and is a mere amusing trifle! Trifle, indeed, that breaks hearts and leads to despair and self-destruction and dishonour! No, no, no—nothing shall lead me to a gamester! though Frank may be lost to me!

He will be! he will be! We deserve that he should be! I deserve it—if family sins fall on individuals—I deserve it! It is better for him—better—better. And yet, can he forget—any more than I—that sunny day—? Oh! was she luring him on false pretences? What shall I do? How will it be? Where is my counsellor? Emily, Emily, why did you die?'

Emily's portrait—calm, sweet, wasted, with grave trustful eyes—was in the next page. The lonely girl turned to it, and gazed, and drank in the soothing influence of the countenance that had never failed to reply with motherly aid and counsel. It rested the throbbing heart; and presently, with hands clasped and head bent, Eleonora Vivian knelt in the little light closet she had fitted as an oratory, and there poured out her perplexities and sorrows.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER III.

ALGY'S WISH.

'My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught that I see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming,' said she;
'Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Pray is that any reason that I should be drowned?
Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck;
For,' said she, (spite of all that her mother had taught her,)
'I am really remarkably fond of the water.'

Original Poems.

A DAIRY is always a pleasant place—pleasant at any time, more pleasant in the height of summer, most pleasant of all when you are at liberty to dip your fingers into the cream, drink the milk, and mould the butter, without running the risk of being told by the aggrieved dairy-maid that 'she is very busy now—and if *she* were' (that impossible combination) 'a young lady *and* gentleman, she would not want to come standing messing about in such a damp cold place!' and in short, altogether implying that your room is far preferable to your company. Frances and Algy had no such draw-backs to their perfect felicity; for Miss Philly being out, and Mrs. Myra laboriously writing to inform her honoured master of the safety of her charges, no one else dared venture to interfere with them, when they betook themselves thither directly after breakfast, and contrived to make themselves very busy, supremely happy, and not a little in the way.

Frances, having ousted Betsy from her lawful domain, had obtained possession of the churn; and with her sleeves rolled high above her elbows, and looking rather unsteady, not to say top-heavy, mounted on Miss Philly's pattens, was churning in a most energetic and business-like *looking* manner, but making frequent most unorthodox pauses to rest her aching arms, by peeping in at the top of the churn in order to see if the butter was coming, which—the churn not being atmospheric, and so professing to produce in ten minutes—it evidently had not the slightest intention of doing, in spite of her endeavouring to charm it into compliance by singing the old formula, which Jane had told her was an infallible remedy in such cases—

'Come, butter—now butter—quick, butter—come;
See where St. Peter at the gate
Stands waiting for butter to his cake,
So come, butter—now, butter—quick, butter, come!'

Algernon was far less disinterestedly employed; for he, sitting perched on the slab whereon the milk-pans were ranged, was dipping his fingers impartially into each in turn, thinking that, as he did not confine his attentions to one alone, he could not possibly be doing any harm; but Frances was rather taken aback, when she at length perceived the quantity which he had managed to skim off in this primitive manner.

'Algy, you'll be sick!' she said, availing herself of the pretext of looking at her brother, to fold her arms on the top of the churn, being ashamed to inspect the contents thereof twice in the space of a minute. 'Pray remember—

"Of a little *leave* a little,
'Tis manners so to do."'

'Stuff!' said Algy, lifting up a very bright brown face decorated with a white moustache from out of the nearest milk-pan, which certainly did not look as if her prediction was at all likely to come true. 'You meant to say

"Of a little *take* a little,
You're kindly welcome to!"

How's the butter?'

'I don't know. The handle gets heavier and heavier every minute. I suppose that's a good sign. You would not like to try?' she said, pausing as she made this generous offer.

'It strikes me, Fan, that you're rather like Artemus Ward's volunteers, who weren't first-rate at their drill, but could rest muskets with anyone.'

Frances, feeling that this comparison was an imputation on her industry which it was impossible for her to refute, said nothing, but returned to her labours with such redoubled energy, that a shower of cream descended on her brown-holland dress. A silence of two or three minutes followed, while Algy made another round of the milk-pans. 'I

wonder what Miss Philly wants such a lot of milk for. She can't drink it all!'

'She sells it, perhaps,' suggested Frances.

'Or washes in it, like that old Frenchwoman Miss Raymond was preaching about the other day. I say, Fan, what a sell it would have been if she'd been at home, and come down here with us. That would have been "a faggot above a load," as Johnston says, wouldn't it?'

Frances laughed; she was not aware that they had an auditor in the shape of little George, who, milk-can in hand, was standing in the doorway, looking somewhat astonished (as well he might) to find Betsy's place so very differently occupied.

'Why, there's the boy we saw at church,' said Algy, descending from the slab with a jump which set all the milk-pans dancing, and which must have effectually discomposed the 'settling' of the cream—'the one you were telling me about—don't you see, Fan?—What's your name? what do you want? where do you come from? what are you doing here?'

Little George was too much taken aback by this unexpected string of questions to remember whether he had a name or not, but stood gaping in open-mouthed amazement till Miss Frances came to the rescue. 'Don't, Algy, you will frighten him.—What do you want, my man? Milk?' spying the can, and jumping to the most natural conclusion.

'Yes, Sir!' said little George, following the genuine south-country practice of always addressing a superior, whether masculine or feminine, as 'Sir.'

'Wait a minute, then, and I will call Jane. She is in the kitchen.'

'Nonsense!' said Algy; 'if you want a thing done, do it yourself.—Here, give me the can, and I'll fill it;' and suiting the action to the word, he snatched the can from little George, and plunged it into the nearest milk-pan, whereon the cream was already standing in thick crinkly yellow folds.

Miss Frances and George were equally taken aback by this unexpected proceeding. 'Algy, what are you about?' and ''Tis the flit milk as we have, Master!' burst from their mouths simultaneously; and Algy had the grace to look somewhat ashamed of himself. 'Never mind. It's no good crying over spilt milk. There's no harm done.—Is there?' he said, turning his assertion into a question, as Jane, attracted by the sound of a third voice in the dairy, now put in an appearance, and much horrified, began vigorously scolding little George, he being the only to be scolded one of the party.

'It was my fault,' reiterated Algy, though not looking as if either the fault or its consequences lay very heavily on his mind. 'Come, can't you wipe up the mess, and put back the milk? and then it'll all be as you was, and nobody 'll be a bit the wiser.'

'That won't be no good, Sir. 'Tis the Alderneys cow's milk, and Betsy's mighty made up with it. She sets more store by it than she do by any two of—'

'Botheration!' said Algy. 'Well, then, you must do the best you can. I am sure that there's more left now than a dozen Betsys can drink, and it'll do her all the good in the world to go without; and you may tell her that I said so.'

'Betsy was not a-going to drink it,' began Jane, perfectly dumb-founded at the display of such crass ignorance; but Algy did not stop to hear the end of her sentence, for he, having an idea that he had done as much mischief in as short a space of time as in him lay, now thought that it might be as well for him to make himself scarce, and he hastened to carry this idea into execution with his usual promptitude. 'Come along, Fan,' he said, 'it's very slow being here. I am tired of it. Let's go down to the sea. Make haste!' and having issued these orders, he departed, followed by Frances, who was nothing loath to leave her present occupation, though at the same time, if butter-making had been the delightful and charming amusement that she had expected to find it, she would not have scrupled to leave it at a call from Algy.

Little George was left with two quite new facts strongly impressed on his mind: first, that young gentlemen did not know everything, as in his ignorance he had imagined; and secondly, that they were quite as able, and apparently still more willing, to get into mischief than he was himself, the only difference being that if *he* had been the sinner who had shewn such utter and wanton disregard for the Alderney's milk, Jane would have boxed his ears, and Betsy would have scolded till he did not know whether he was standing on his head or on his heels; and he might think himself uncommonly lucky if 'father' did not wind up by giving him a thrashing, when the matter came to his knowledge; whereas Master Algy was left entirely to the reproaches of his own conscience, which said conscience was too elastic and convenient an article to afford him any great annoyance. At least, to judge by the shouts of laughter which echoed through the window, and which sounded so joyous, that George felt more than half inclined to join in himself, though without knowing the cause. There was not much to laugh at, either; 'nothing,' Mrs. Myra said, when she saw that the mirth was only occasioned by the futile efforts which Philistine was making to get rid of Frances's flat hat, with which Algy had thought proper to adorn him. But though there was nothing to laugh at, there was quite enough to make the worthy woman extremely angry; and her wrath and indignant prophecy, 'That they would laugh the other side of their mouths before the day was over, that they would!' had the effect of making them resume their own lawful head-gear, and start in haste, for fear lest she should be tempted, like too many other prophets, to try and work out the fulfilment of her own prophecy at once.

Little George saw the pair climb the nearest sand-bank, and disappear from view, long before he was at liberty to follow them; for Jane kept him waiting while she repaired the damage of which he had been the

unintentional cause, and in spite of his impatience he could not dream of doing such an unheard-of thing as go without his milk.

All children, whether rich or poor, are natural hero-worshippers; and little George would have been no exception to the rule, but that his lonely life had not as yet supplied him with an ideal, and so Master Algy was speedily placed on the vacant post in his affections. It did not matter to him in the least that he had only seen him twice, and spoken to him once, for he was quite equal to the task of supplying him with all those attributes which he thought it essential for a hero to possess; and certainly Algy, being endowed by nature with perfect health, high spirits, a pleasant manner, and last but not least a considerable degree of beauty, was just the boy to strike an inferior with admiration—an uneducated person's ideal being always something akin to the demigods of old, inasmuch as they do not require any very great mental or intellectual superiority, but are content with merely physical perfections.

Fortune favoured little George to-day; for when he at length reached the shore cottage, he saw Algy and Frances disporting themselves on the sands at no great distance, so that, being too shy to venture out, he could watch them from the boat-house, and see without being seen, while they, being quite unconscious that they were being watched, gave themselves up to the most infantile amusements with hearty good will. They wrote their names in huge letters five feet long, they dug holes, they built castles—Frances's parasol proving a very inefficient substitute for the wooden spades of their baby days. They pelted each other with balls of wet sea-weed, and splashed themselves with water from head to foot—they started crab races, and ran races themselves; and finally—oh, shade of Mrs. Myra!—pulled off stockings and boots, and indulged in the dear delight of climbing bare-foot on the little round slippery sea-weed covered boulders, and paddling in the rapidly incoming tide, after a mad-cap fashion that would have driven Mrs. Myra distraught, but which (one man's meat being another man's poison) proved highly delightful to little George, and edified him extremely. Small chance for his getting any spelling learnt under similar circumstances; indeed, at one time it seemed likely that his dinner would have shared the same fate, only somehow dinner is a thing that no one ever does forget, but it argued something for his interest in his two—companions? (they could hardly be called that, seeing that they were quite unconscious of his presence;) that it was fully a quarter past twelve before he remembered it, and went in search of it. He had not been gone long, not more than ten minutes at the utmost, when a shriek, half horror half amusement, made itself distinctly heard above the monotonous consonants of the sea, and brought him in haste to the window to see what could be going on. The cause was obvious enough; Frances had left her boots at an apparently safe distance from the tide, and had forgotten all about them till her attention was attracted by the sight of

two black objects bobbing about on the waves, quite out of reach, which in her ignorance of such matters she first took to be 'some of the natural objects of the sea-shore,' but which she soon found to be none other than the aforesaid boots, which had been picked up and carried off by the sea without her perceiving it. Algy had fared better, for, thanks to good luck rather than to good management, he had flung his boots on the shingle further back, and warned by his sister's sad fate, hastened to resume possession of them again, after having made one frantic rush into the sea in the wild hope of recovering the missing articles; but he had only succeeded in getting thoroughly wet through, and in so nearly sharing their fate himself, that Frances in terror implored him to leave well (or ill) alone.

What was to be done? it was quite clear that Frances's boots were lost to her and her heirs for ever, so all that remained was to contrive how best to manage without them. There appeared to be only a choice of evils; and as Algy's disinterested proposal, that they should each try to hop home in one of his, did not approve itself to her, as being either a particularly agreeable or even feasible plan, it was settled that he should run back to Illium and fetch the requisite articles, and that she should await his return with the greatest patience she might. But where? The strip of sand on which they were standing was now rapidly becoming small by degrees, and beautifully less, and would certainly have altogether disappeared from view long before Algy could hope to effect a return, let him hurry ever so much, so that it was evident that she could not possibly stop there; and one step on the bank of pebbles which bounded it warned her that whatever else might be dispensed with, boots at any rate were an absolute *sine qua non* for beach walking. Algy offered to carry her above high-water mark; and she, seeing that better might not be, resigned herself to her fate, though not entirely sharing the certainty that he felt in the strength of thirteen being equal to the weight of fifteen years. Unluckily for her, her misgivings proved only too well founded, for after having made shift to stagger about a quarter of the way up the bank his foot slipped, and after making a vain effort to recover himself, he and his burden fell to the ground with a crash, which fully warranted him in making the half-laughing inquiry, 'Any bones broken? Shall I try again? Better luck next time.'

'No, thank you! "Once bitten, twice shy," is the proverb that I shall stick to,' said Frances, laughing in her turn, but rather ruefully. 'I think I can manage to crawl out of harm's way on all-fours. It's rather an ignominious way of proceeding, but it has its advantages, for I can't possibly be any lower, which is a comfort; I don't want to be like Jill, and come tumbling after you again, if I can help it.'

'You don't get on very fast, anyhow,' said Algy; 'if you don't put on the steam a little more, the sea will catch you up.'

'I hope not,' said Frances, pausing to regain breath, 'I don't want to

become food for fishes at all, but it's hard work; I feel like that wretched snail in the arithmetic book, who used to crawl up two feet in the day, and slipped back one at night. I always did sympathize with that unhappy creature, and I shall do so now more than ever. I never properly appreciated the comfort of boots before. I wish I had some!'

Hardly were the words fairly out of her mouth when she caught sight of little George standing in the door-way of the cottage, anxious to proffer the loan of his best Sunday boots, but too shy to venture further without encouragement. 'Algy, there's your little boy again; do run and ask if he cannot lend me something. Oh, he has got some boots already; what a jewel of a boy! he's worth his weight in gold, I declare!'

'He can't have been watching us all this time,' said Algy, rather afraid lest his dignity might have been compromised by his having been seen digging holes and running races, by another of the genus boy.

'Never mind! What can't be cured must be endured. Go and tell him to make haste, will you, that's a good boy, for it's rather broiling sitting here; and then I will go into the cottage, and wait there till you come back. An't please your majesty!'

'Can't you come with me?' said Algy, who did not altogether relish the idea of being the first to tell Mrs. Myra of the accident that had befallen them.

'My dear Algy! what are you thinking of? Your wits must be wool-gathering, for you to dream of such a thing.' Don't you know that I have got no stockings, and the bare idea of my having possibly contrived to walk half a mile without them would be the death of Myra? As it is, every cold that I catch for the next hundred years will always be traced back to the day "when you would go racing and chasing about the country bare-foot."—Oh, thank you!' as George came up at last. 'I am so much obliged to you! And now will you let me go and sit down in your cottage, till Master Algy can fetch me my own things?'

'Yes, Sir!' said George, afraid to venture beyond monosyllables, and feeling more than half inclined to run away, being quite as much frightened as gratified at the idea of having the privacy of the kitchen invaded by a real live lady.

He found that the expectation was considerably worse than the reality, for Frances was not only used to cottage visiting, but also to boys of all description; and so, while drying her petticoats, and inspecting the arrangement of the cottage, she soon contrived to set him completely at his ease, and he began to chatter to her almost as confidentially as he did to 'father.'

She made a better listener than 'father,' in one respect, for he felt quite certain that she was interested, almost as much interested as he was himself, if that were possible, in the kittie-wake's nests *(nesses* he called them) on the beach, and in the fate of the boat he had made, and the nets that he was making; whereas 'father' was apt to go to sleep

when he was talking, and used to add insult to injury, by declaring that he had been kept awake by his tongue's going when he woke up again. Miss Frances, too, took up his spelling-book, which lay open at that interesting and instructive, but somewhat confusing, column devoted to *round, mound, pound, found, hence, thence, pence, whence,* and made him come and read to her, by which means she discovered that his proficiency in the 'three Rs' was by no means all that was to be desired; and when she further learnt that he did not go to school 'cause 'father' could not spare him, she half promised that she would teach him herself, always provided 'father' did not object. There might be some doubt about 'father,' but there could not be the slightest question whether George liked this proposal or not. Indeed, he was extremely anxious to begin at once; but Miss Frances, seeing the much bethumbed state of his library, thought that they had better wait; and then, as Algy had not yet arrived, she began telling him a story—the first that she could remember—about the little mermaid who lived down below in the salt sea caves, with the fishes for birds, and the sea-weeds for flowers. The thread of the story was somewhat broken by little George's thinking it necessary to inform her that '"Father" said there were not no such creatures as maremaids, but Dan Whybourn his mate he said he seed one off the Ness with his very own eyes, and "father" said Dan was so despard soft that he didn't know what he did see—let alone that he was as blind as a beetle, and as stupid as a bat; but Dan said 'twas Gospel truth for all that.'

In the middle of these particulars Master Algy reappeared, and they were consequently brought to a somewhat abrupt conclusion. Frances dutifully went home at once; but Algy, having discovered that Mrs. Myra was as cross as two sticks, (as he did not scruple to declare,) thought that he should prefer remaining where he was. He was only too glad to make a companion of little George—he had no great love for his own company; and though George was at first so shy that he could not be persuaded to say more than Yes or No, yet Algy was perfectly willing to talk enough for two, and this speedily wore off. The difference in age was not much felt, for though Algy was a little the elder of the two, yet he was unusually 'young of his age;' and George's greater knowledge of the sea, and all therewith connected, also did much to equalize matters between them; so that by the time he had given Algy some instructions in the art of playing that exciting game, 'a duck and a drake, and a penny white cake,' and found that he could always beat him thereat, the two were sworn allies.

Little George was completely radiantly happy; and Algy would have been equally so, but for one draw-back. Like all boys, he could not be five minutes by the sea without being crazy to go on it, and George's somewhat highly-coloured accounts of what he and 'father' did in the boat ('father' being, be it observed, quite a secondary and apparently almost superfluous character) increased this desire a hundred-fold; and

yet he knew, in spite of George's reiterated assurances that he and 'father' would take him with them in the boat any day he liked to go, that this wish must remain ungratified, because Sir Francis had expressly forbidden him to go on the sea.

He had not the courage to tell such an experienced sailor as George of this prohibition, for fear he should think that he was afraid; besides, as he had just been boasting that he always did whatever he liked at home, it would have been decidedly inconvenient to have had to wear the leek so quickly. So he let his companion run on making plans for the morrow, while he lay on the beach beside him, idly throwing pebbles into the sea, and saying how jolly it would be, and how awfully he should like it, while all the time he was thinking how hard it was that his father would never let him do anything he liked; which being interpreted, meant that it was very hard Sir Francis would not let his son and heir run the risk of drowning himself, for nothing better than his own amusement.

There was no loop-hole by which he could hope to escape. He could not even persuade himself that he had forgotten the injunction, seeing that he remembered, only too well for his own wishes, how his father's last word to him had been, 'Now, Algy, remember I won't have you go out boating. I don't know anybody at Sawkett that I can trust you to mind, or even to keep you in order, and so you must make yourself contented on dry land. Do you hear and heed?' He had said, 'All right!' then, and had not troubled himself very much about the matter, for the sea had not then 'cuist its glamour o'er him;' and his thoughts were at that time too much occupied in wondering whether Johnstone would let him drive when they got clear of the village, (which he need not have wondered about, for Johnstone was much too cautious a man to trust *his* horses to anybody's guidance but his own,) for him to find room in his head for anything else. Indeed, he had answered so carelessly, that Sir Francis saw that he would have forgotten the whole matter in two minutes time, and therefore had felt it incumbent on him to repeat the caution, adding, 'Take care that you do not forget, for I shall be exceedingly displeased if I find that you have done so.' This time Algy was forced to listen, for his father had ensured his doing so by laying his hand on his shoulder; but as he wriggled away from under the detaining grasp, he felt aggrieved that he should speak like that to him when all the servants were about—he must know that he never did forget. Still, whatever Sir Francis might or might not know, *he* knew what the effects of the threatened displeasure were likely to be, too well to dream of exciting it, injured as he now felt by the restriction; but the unfortunate thing was, that though he was quite aware that he must obey, he could not make up his mind to obey cheerfully, and to forego the delights of a good grumble. The consequence of which was, that by the time he and little George parted company, he had worked himself up into such an unmistakeably bad temper, that he was not only ready,

but even anxious, to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, or its substitute, which in this case, unhappily for her, happened to be his sister Frances.

Frances had had her own troubles too; and though she did not look as gloomy about them as Algy did, yet I think that an unprejudiced observer would have decided that they were much the worst of the two—inasmuch as she had been obliged to spend the greater part of the afternoon shut up in the stone parlour with Mrs. Myra, who had availed herself of this opportunity to deliver a long lecture upon carelessness, which she had had brewing for some time, and the text for which had been furnished by the morning's misadventure. Mrs. Myra's mind had been greatly exercised by this mishap, (which she evidently thought had been one of those which happen accidentally on purpose,) the turpitude of which was also further enhanced by the fact that the boots were none other than the very best pair. 'Miss Frances might just as well have taken her old boots, if she must needs throw them away after that fashion. Boots did not hang on every bush, whatever she might think. Why, there were a many poor people, with never a boot to their foot, who would be only too glad and thankful for her leavings, she could assure her. Such an example for her brother, too! She for one should not be a bit surprised if Master Algy came home without ever a stitch of clothes to his back, if he came home at all, which she thought very unlikely indeed!'

Fortunately, 'For every evil under the sun there is a remedy, or there is none;' and though Frances had long thought that her case must come under the latter category, as being irremediably bad, yet Mrs. Myra, having had her say out, found herself becoming so sleepy that it was absolutely necessary for her to take 'forty winks' before tea, for the proper enjoyment of that meal, and therefore she at length found herself at liberty to make her escape. The rest of the afternoon had not been much more lively either, for that had been spent watching for Algy, wondering what he could possibly be doing to keep him so long away. An ominous clatter of cups and saucers began to sound in-doors, and Frances was almost afraid that tea would be ready before he put in an appearance; in which case Mrs. Myra would infallibly think it her duty to become very uneasy, and would indulge in the most dismal predictions respecting his fate, (always insisting on looking on Frances as responsible for any accident which might have befallen him,) till he turned up, when she would shift to the other side as quickly as a weathercock, and declare that 'naught was never in danger, and that *she* had always said that Master Algy was a deal too like a bad shilling to be lost,' for consistency was a virtue which Mrs. Myra did not pique herself on possessing. At last, however, after Frances had made five unavailing journeys to the top of the nearest sand-dune, like Sister Anne, to see if anyone was coming, her patience was rewarded; for she saw Algy coming slowly towards her, and ran to meet him.

'Why, Algy boy, what is the matter?' was her first exclamation, which, though an unlucky one, under the present circumstances was certainly natural, for his whole manner, the creep-mouse pace at which he was moving, and the deplorable groan with which he flung himself on the ground at her feet, all betokened that something had happened; nor did the tone of his 'Nothing, don't bother!' at all tend to reassure her, but on the contrary, rather served to convince her that instead of 'nothing,' something very serious had gone wrong. 'Why, you look as if you had lost a shilling and found sixpence, as Regy would say.'

'It's no concern of yours, what I look like.'

'Oh, nonsense, Algy! don't be cross.'

'But I will be cross, if I like!' said Algy, so much in the tone of 'I will be drowned, nobody shall save me,' that it was all Frances could do to help laughing; which, as she well knew, would have been an additional offence in the present state of affairs, so she struggled manfully with the corners of her mouth, as he went on, 'You would be cross—it's enough to make anyone cross, to be treated just like a baby!'

'But who has been treating you like a baby?' asked Frances, at a loss to discover what he could possibly be driving at.

'Why, Papa, of course. I should like to know what harm it could possibly do him, if I were to go in a boat? but it's always the same, he never will let me do anything I like. It's a great deal too bad! I won't stand it; I declare, I—'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' said Frances, a light breaking in on her; and having heard the present form of complaint, or at any rate something very near akin to it, too often to have the slightest compunction in interrupting it. 'It is a great bore, certainly; but still I suppose he thought it was safest.'

'Safest!' ejaculated Algy indignantly; 'I should like to know what harm there could possibly be? Why, there's that little Southerden boy, he's ever so much younger than me, and he goes out in the boat every day of his life, pretty nearly, and nothing happens to him.'

'But then, you see, he is used to it.'

'I suppose that he must have gone a first time once,' said Algy promptly, hitting the flaw in his sister's argument.

'And he has got his "father" to go with.'

'I could go with his "father" too, if Papa had not taken it into his head to say I must not.'

'Perhaps you would be sea-sick, if you did,' said Frances, attempting another form of consolation.

'Oh dear no! I should not; besides, I should soon get well again if I was,' said Algy, speaking with all the confidence of one who has never known what sea-sickness is like. 'I must say that it is very hard to be shut up in this nasty poky horrid stupid detestable place,' (it had been everything that was charming the night before,) 'and not be able to do the one thing that would make it endurable. He would not like it

himself, I know. I can't think why he said I wasn't to go, unless it was to aggravate me!'

'Very likely he thought you would get drowned.'

'Well, that's my concern, and not his; and if I did not mind, I do not see why he should care.'

'He would have to buy mourning,' said Fanny, taking the practical rather than the sentimental view of the case.

'How stupid you are!' said Algy, laughing a little, but much against his will. 'I do so want to go. Can't you think of some way to manage it?'

'I don't see what we can do. You might write to Papa, and ask him to give you leave, if you thought that that would be any good,' said Frances doubtfully. 'Or I would, if you liked, but—'

'Oh dear no, there would be no use in that—he would not read it, very likely,' said Algy, whose conscience reminded him of several letters of his father's which he had left unread, because he thought that they were likely to contain some pieces of unpalateably 'good advice.' Then, after a moment's pause, 'Do you think that he would be so very angry if I were to go?'

'Yes, certainly. Indeed, you must not think of such a thing, Algy! Don't you remember the scrape you got into the week before last, when you would go to Napinque without leave? and this would be twenty thousand times worse.'

'Don't!' said Algy, who did not find his recent escapade such a pleasant reminiscence, that he liked to have it alluded to. 'This is quite different; besides, he would never know.'

'He would be sure to find out,' said Frances, much horrified at such a speech; and indeed Algy was somewhat ashamed of it himself, as soon as he had made it. 'Indeed, Algy, you ought not to go. Promise me you won't. There's a good boy! Do promise!'

'Don't bother!' was all the answer she got; 'what's the good of promising? If I can't I can't, and there's an end of it!' And he turned on his heel and walked off.

If Frances had been prudent, she would have let matters rest here; but she was too anxious to be cautious, and she ran after him. 'Algy, you must promise. You know you oughtn't to think of going, and you sha'n't; for if you won't promise me not to, I'll tell—' It was not a very wise speech, as she felt directly the words passed her lips; nor did she make matters better by endeavouring to stop short in the middle of a threat to tell Papa—a threat which both Algy and she very well knew she was not at all likely to keep.

'You have not any right to say that to me!' said Algy savagely. 'I shall do just as I like, without asking your leave, I can tell you. It's no business of yours what I do; and it would serve you right if I did go with Southerden, as I have a great mind to, just to teach you to mind your own affairs, and not meddle with those that don't concern you.'

'O Algy, I did not mean—' but Algy was deaf to all attempts at making friends, and walked into the house without vouchsafing another word to her, in spite of all her entreaties.

Tea was ready, and Mrs. Myra impatient, by the time they came in; but tea had no beneficial effect on Algy's temper. Indeed, if he had been cross before, he was absolutely furious now, because Frances had refused to lend her countenance to any of his schemes. He could not visit his wrath upon her, and so he evinced his feelings by sitting with his elbows on the table and his shoulders up to his ears, looking so sulky, that Mrs. Myra remarked that she thought that he must have got out of bed the wrong side that morning; which naturally did not tend to mend matters, any more than did her subsequent observation, that if he was so cross, he must want a dose of medicine. A dose of medicine being Mrs. Myra's favourite panacea for all ailments, whether mental or physical, and one which she was therefore always anxious to administer accordingly.

(*To be continued.*)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER III.

BIRTH-DAY WREATHS.

It was the middle of April, and fresh young leaves were brightening the dark stems of the trees at Alston, as Esther and Helen Lockhart, with their little brother and sister, crossed the lawn in the late afternoon sunshine, and entering through the open library window, displayed their baskets full of primroses to Osmond.

'Are they not splendid?' said Helen, sitting down on the window-sill, and beginning to arrange her flowers into bunches. 'We have had such a delightful afternoon; I wish you could have seen the banks in the wood.'

'I wish I could,' Osmond answered, smiling; 'but as I can't, I feel all the more grateful to that little bit of bank there, for coming out all over primroses where I can see it. Mrs. Lockhart will soon be back now, will she not?'

'Yes, I suppose so; but the boys' train is not till after five, and trains are always late, when one travels at Easter.'

'What an experienced traveller you seem to be!' said Osmond, amused at her knowing manner.

'Oh, I never travelled at Easter myself, except once when we went to a flower-show; but everyone says so.—Well,' she continued, with the motherly manner which sat so comically upon her very childish person,

'and how have you got on all alone this afternoon? Did we leave you food enough for your mind?'

'Plenty, thank you, Madame,' said Osmond, to whom her patronage was a great amusement. 'I have been drawing most of the time, so I am afraid I have not made much impression upon your heap of books.'

'Well, perhaps that is rather a good thing,' said Helen, as she packed her flowers once more into her basket. 'You see, if you were always reading, you would soon have finished all the books in the room, and then we should not know what to do.'

'I do not see much prospect of such an emergency,' said Osmond, smiling; 'even if I read as quickly as you seem to suppose, I could not get through all those shelves in the course of a single week.'

'A week! O Osmond, you are not going next week!' exclaimed Helen, looking up in dismay. Esther said nothing, but it was for *her* reception of the words that Osmond had watched—he did wonder so earnestly whether she would care or not. She had only looked down upon the flowers she was arranging in a small table near the sofa, and he did not guess that she had been overtaken by a sudden disposition to cry, of which she was heartily ashamed. If all the bright delightful intercourse of the spring were coming to an end, there was no reason she should not be sorry, but she must not be so babyish as to cry about it.

Meantime, Osmond had answered Helen. 'Yes, next Wednesday, I believe; by that time they seem to think the Easter bustle, of which you have so much experience, will be over, and a live parcel may hope to be delivered safely.'

'Well, I don't approve,' said Helen, rising; 'we are all very sorry, and shall not know how to get on without you—shall we, Esther? However, of course, you are glad to go home.—Esther, don't come up to our room just now; I can't tell you why not—it is a secret, you know.'

'A curious sort of secret, apparently!' said Osmond, as the door closed.

'Yes, it is always the children's pleasure to suppose we don't know anything about our birth-day wreaths until they are presented to us; and this little farce is enacted twice every year—by Helen on the day before my birth-day, and by me on the day before hers.'

'Is it your birth-day to-morrow?' Osmond asked. He was well aware of the fact, having picked it up from the children some weeks before; but he wished for official information.

'Yes, I am going to be eighteen—a serious age to have arrived at! I suppose no one will ever let me be a child any more!' She hardly knew what nonsense she was not talking, for her thoughts were running on other subjects.

It was only as she stooped over her baskets, to search for the pig-nut leaves that were to frame her mass of pale yellow blossoms, that she found courage to say, 'Is not the time of your going settled rather suddenly?'

'Yes; that is, my father's letter making the final arrangements only

came this afternoon—Mr. Graham brought it in. Mrs. Lockhart knew my father wanted me to come either this week or next, and she very kindly said she should like me to spend Easter here—I did wish that very much. After that, it is high time to be going home.'

'Does that mean you are hoping to get to church on Sunday? That would be delightful!'

'I am thinking about it. I should not like to leave this place without; and I believe I could manage it. Mr. Graham thinks I can; and if I can I ought, certainly. I am quite well; and though one rather hates to be carried about like a tea-tray, one must put up with it.'

'Yes,' Esther said, colouring with gratified surprise at this unexpected call for sympathy in what all felt must at present be the worst part of the trial. Though his general health was nearly restored, he was still perfectly helpless, the whole of one side having been so terribly crushed that he could not as yet have borne the pressure of a crutch.

There was a silence, broken at length by Esther's saying regretfully, 'I am afraid we shall hardly be able to finish Tasso before you go. Mamma has so little time when the boys are at home.'

'No, I am very sorry;' and he sighed—adding, however, with a smile, 'In spite of her kindness, I know it *must* be a great relief to her to get rid of me; but you cannot wonder that I should not be overjoyed at the idea of leaving her.'

'No indeed!' and Esther certainly would have very decidedly disapproved of her companion, had she believed him capable of such a sentiment.

'I wonder if Mr. Graham brought any other letters?' Esther said.

'None for you. I am afraid I had all there were—my father's, and one from Amy besides.'

'I hope you had good news from your sister?' said Esther, shyly.

'Very good, thank you;' and he took up the letter, and glancing over it, added, 'I should like to shew it you. I want you to see what she says of your mother—it is so true, only not half strong enough; but I am almost afraid you might think the child crazy, as you don't know her.'

'I don't think I should,' Esther said eagerly; and he was far from unwilling to hand it over to her.

'Don't hurry to read it now,' he said—'when you have time;' and Esther slipped it into her pocket, seeing he had rather she did not embark upon it at once.

She had completed her work, and stood up so as to judge of its general effect.

'How delicious!' Osmond said, with a restful sigh, as he gazed as if revelling in the delicate harmonious beauty of the pale yellow flowers with their fringe of green; and Esther's eyes met his with a smile as she said, 'There is nothing like primroses!'

'How have *your* primroses been getting on?' she continued, as she

leisurely collected her baskets together, not quite liking either to stay or to leave him alone again. 'You said you had been drawing—have you finished them?'

'Yes, there they are, if you care to look at them; but yours put them to shame.'

'Thank you. Oh, that is very nice! This is a much prettier wreath than the one you did for Mamma. Those blue flowers are quite new this afternoon, are they not? I like them very much, they bring out the colour of the primroses so well. But you had not any to copy from, had you?'

'No, they were an after-thought; and as I wanted to finish I put them in from memory instead of waiting. I am very glad you like them, for I could not satisfy myself.'

'They are beautiful!' Esther said warmly, as she replaced the drawing and left the room. She thought Helen would not want her yet, so she went out into the garden, and sitting down on the step of the sun-dial, took out Mrs. Hay's letter.

It was a something quite new to Esther—the untamed effusion of a passionately loving woman, who is trying to pour forth in words the love that almost overpowers her. It had been a well-nigh unbearable trial to poor Amy to be in India, out of reach of her brother, during his terrible illness; this was the first time she had ventured to write to *him* since hearing of his accident, and no words seemed strong enough to express her love for him, her thankfulness that he was recovering, her grief that he had suffered as he had done.

It was not for the sake of this overflowing affection for himself that Osmond had given Esther the letter to read; he never supposed she would consider his sister's opinion of him worth anything, except to shew what a warm-hearted little darling Amy was. It was her glowing gratitude to Mrs. Lockhart which he wanted Esther to see; and Esther delighted in the letter, not thinking at all the worse of Amy because she detected some envy that anyone but herself should have had the privilege of nursing her 'darling Osmond.'

The letter was altogether delightful to Esther, and she read it again and again in the delicious dreamy sunshine of that April evening. It was a revelation to her; she could never have written about feelings herself, but she felt drawn towards Amy Hay, loved her for being so loving, and almost envied her the power of speaking her tenderness. Esther was very young, and the history of Osmond Lettridge was her first experience of anything like romance. She did not wonder that his sister thought he had not his equal on earth; and she was glad to know that at least one of his family seemed to love him as he loved them—that that great wealth of affection was not lavished entirely without any return.

And thus Esther sat and dreamed in the evening sunshine, feeling how full the world was of beauty, which she had never heeded till lately,

and how much more power beauty had to conduce to happiness and thankfulness, than she used to think possible, until her dreams were broken in upon by the sound of carriage wheels, and the unpoetic but most welcome return of 'the boys' from school.

The school-boys brought a great change in the way of life at the Manor. The quiet times of readings aloud, grave and gay, which the home party had shared in the library, were a thing of the past. Holidays had begun, and Helen would have felt herself greatly injured by anyone who had proposed to read aloud a sentence of the most entertaining French, Italian, or History; but Esther, though she felt it only natural, greatly regretted the sudden stop put upon all these delightful readings. Books were to her what they had never been before, now she had seen them, as it were, come to life, in the companionship of an all-appreciative mind. Osmond seemed to read anything of any sort with interest, and to find a glory and a beauty in some part of every subject. History could hardly be called *past* to him. Foreign lands were no further off than Dreamland—nay, even the fairy world, which Esther had long since despised as too unreal to be dwelt upon by anyone over ten years old, he taught her to respect once more.

He spoke of the celebrated White Cat, as if he still believed in her; and Esther, as she heard him relating her sensational history to May and Charlton, did not think Helen foolish for putting down her work and listening with all her might. *Why* they should any of them care to hear of an impossible cat in an impossible palace, Esther could not have told; but she too listened to the story, and for the first time in her life found something interesting in it.

All the settled occupations of the last six weeks seemed swept away now, and a new life began. Frank at once took possession of Osmond, as if he had never left him; and under his charge, Osmond was able to accomplish much about which he would have been miserably nervous with anyone else. Frank always laid his plans well and practically—never got flurried, and was pitying to flesh and blood, whilst he ignored nerves, not purposely, but because he did not half believe in their existence; and the knowledge that he would be kind though not exactly tender, and would laugh freely if mercifully at fidgets, gave Osmond unbounded reliance upon him, and set him entirely at his ease. They were very different characters, but they suited one another admirably, and formed a close friendship, founded more in the loneliness of each, than in either gratitude or pity.

By about twelve o'clock of the day after the boys' return, nearly all the young ones had found their way into the library on one pretence or another. Little May, who had been out for her walk, came in very rosy and bonny, leading her eldest sister.

'Look here, Osmond,' she said seriously; 'it is Esther's birth-day. Have you wished her many happy returns? She has not got many presents, not so many as I had; but she is going to shew them to you.'

'May insisted on my so doing,' said Esther, laughing and colouring. 'I am afraid you will not find them very interesting.'

Anything that told of a happy home had a charm for Osmond, independent of the secret that anything connected with Esther must interest him; and he examined with an attention that was not feigned for May's benefit, the collection of trifles chiefly home-made, as the child displayed them one by one. Esther stood by, smiling, whilst May proceeded to give the history of each article with an amount of detail which Herbert found so tedious, that he rose to wander up and down the room, pulling things about as only a school-boy can.

'Hulloa!' he exclaimed suddenly; 'why, Lettridge, here is the fellow to the primrose wreath you gave the Mater. It's awfully jolly, but how sentimental! Who is to be indulged with forget-me nots, I wonder?'

'They are not forget-me-nots, only speedwell,' Osmond exclaimed hastily, suddenly interrupting the genealogy of the shell pin-cushion, with an annoyance that startled May; but Herbert persisted.

'Oh, I dare say!—Look here, Frank. What do you say to them? I appeal to this goodly company. Aren't they forget-me-nots?'

'I don't know what they are,' Frank said bluntly; 'they are not much like any flower I ever saw.'

Helen of course jumped up to judge for herself. 'Well, I don't know,' she said sagely; 'they are so like both, that I can't tell. On the whole, I suppose they are most like speedwells; but either meaning is very pretty, and I like them so much.'

Osmond's temper was not a bad one, but it would have been a satisfaction to him to have knocked Herbert down, boxed Helen's ears, and then torn his unfortunate drawing in pieces, and let it be quite forgotten. Of course it was foolish and thin-skinned to care; but he *was* foolish, and he did not like it at all. It was not the criticism he minded—as to that, they might say what they pleased; but the primroses had been done for Esther, and Herbert's rough though entirely unconscious suggestion about the forget-me-nots, made him feel it altogether impossible to offer it to her. He recovered himself almost immediately, and went on talking to May; but Esther saw that he was vexed. She felt Herbert had been rough, and lingering after the others when they left the room for luncheon, she contrived to say, 'It was a great shame to pick your pretty flowers to pieces like that! we are very sorry. Herbert does not know anything about drawing; he did not mean—'

'He did not mean anything that one could have a sensible right to object to, I am sure,' said Osmond, brightening; 'one must be conceited indeed if one cannot stand criticism; and I am ashamed of myself—indeed I am,' he added, looking doubtfully at her face, as if very anxious she should believe him. 'Only—as I hope no more will be said about it—would you be so very kind as to put it out of sight in the portfolio?'

She did as he asked her, little guessing, as she paused to look at it long and regretfully, how sharp was his disappointment. She wondered

how she could ever have been presumptuous enough to indulge a fancy that what he had taken so much pains about was destined for her. It had been his manner that had somehow made her think so; and then he had given Helen a sketch—but of course this was too beautiful, it must be for his sister—how delighted she would be with it! And Esther hurried off to the dining-room, wondering whether she should ever have the good fortune to meet Amy Hay.

Easter Tuesday brought Mr. Lettridge, anxious to shew his gratitude to the Lockharts to the very utmost of his power, very agreeable in society, and overpoweringly nervous at the prospect of taking charge of his son on to-morrow's journey. Mr. Graham, who dined at the Manor to meet his old friend, saw at once that in the hands of anyone so much frightened Osmond would find the journey almost as dreadful a business as his father considered it, and in mercy to them both, suggested to Mr. Lettridge, 'Might it not be possible to persuade young Anstey to go with them? he would be a great help.'

Mr. Lettridge caught eagerly at the idea. It would be the greatest possible comfort to have Frank with them on the journey, and perhaps he might be induced to spend some days at Ashmoor. Mr. Lettridge almost implored him to come. Osmond did not speak, but watched Frank eagerly, whilst he coloured, looked awkward, and glanced at Mrs. Lockhart, the only one of the party who knew his entire dependence on her charity.

He had no mean pride, and was thoroughly grateful; but he never yet (son of the house as he was) had asked for a farthing; and he knew the journey would be an expensive one.

But Mrs. Lockhart saw what were Osmond's wishes, and came to Frank's relief at once, agreeing that it would be a very good plan, and the point was settled without more delay.

Frank's going to pay a visit at Ashmoor was an unprecedented event, for Frank had no friends of his own, and never went anywhere except to school. Mrs. Lockhart, who had sometimes felt painfully the contrast between him and her own children in this respect, rejoiced at the invitation; but Herbert—foolish boy—did not like it at all.

If it had been to some places, it would have been all very well; but when the house of Alston was forming an alliance with the distinguished house of Ashmoor, he felt surely the heir of Alston would be a more fitting representative of the family than the orphan of a spendthrift sea-captain. It never once occurred to the heir of Alston, that as he was not of much use he would probably never have been asked, and still less that *had* he been asked, his mother would not have willingly trusted anyone so self-sufficient within reach of Lady Mary Lettridge and her chaplain.

Frank did not reason the matter out, but he had a sort of instinctive knowledge of Herbert, and was by no means surprised that he made himself extremely unpleasant when asked that evening for the loan of

his little portmanteau; he always regarded it as very natural that Herbert should look upon him as an intruder, and jealously guard all his prerogatives as eldest son. Frank had no desire to carve the meat or cut the bread, if only Herbert would not be always late for meals, as if (as Esther sometimes thought) he had a positive satisfaction in finding Frank in his place and turning him out! It made Esther very indignant, (Herbert was on his guard before his mother, and Mrs. Lockhart had no idea whatever how insolently he sometimes behaved, when the two boys were alone,) but Frank would have felt it ungrateful indeed to resent what he called 'Herbert's snappishness.' Everyone else was thoroughly kind to him, and there was no one in the house who so fully realized all Herbert's disadvantages; he was but sixteen, rich, and fatherless.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER III.

'COME in,' said Cecil.

And the door opened, and Helen came softly into the room. 'O Cecil, I am so sorry!' she cried.

'But why should you be sorry, Helen? I have had a very comfortable evening—I have indeed.'

'I am sure that is more than I have, then. And Papa is so angry.'

'Well, I can't help that, you know, Helen.'

'But it is so unfair upon you, Cecil—so very unfair.'

'I can't help that either, Helen.'

'O Cecil, don't be hard and cold! Papa *isn't* going to harden you, is he? as one reads in books about hearts getting hard? O my darling Cecil! please don't let him harden you.' And the tears stood in Helen's blue eyes.

Cecil kissed her. 'Now don't be a goose,' said she; 'for a sensible girl, Helen, you really are a great little bit of a goose.'

But Helen only heaved a sigh of relief. 'Oh, you are not hardened,' she said, 'I needn't have been frightened; you would not kiss me, and call me a goose, if you were hardened.'

Cecil laughed, and kissed her again. 'Tell me,' said she, 'what did you all do when I was gone?'

'Mademoiselle played and sang; and I played a duet with her—you know—that horrid thing she is so fond of.'

'What, *Partant pour la Syrie*, with variations going up to the sky and down to the antipodes?'

'Yes, of course.'

'And my uncle beat time without ceasing, and then remarked he had no hesitation in saying it was one of the finest pieces of music he had ever heard.'

'Yes; that is to say Papa likes it, and said so.'

'And then?'

'Then they talked a little; and then Papa read aloud.'

'Oh! and what did he read?'

'I don't know exactly; it is stuff I don't quite understand, you know; something about social science, I think it is—out of the newspaper.'

'Well, Helen, I don't see that I have much to regret in my banishment. I have been *tête-à-tête* with the Talisman all the evening.'

'The Talisman! Have you indeed? Oh, you lucky girl! Dear Cœur de Lion! *does* he forgive Sir Kenneth? please tell me, Cecil.'

'No, I won't—I won't spoil it for you; besides which, I don't know, for I have not finished it yet.'

'Cecil, don't you think that Mademoiselle is too bad even for a Frenchwoman?'

'I was quite provoked with her to-night, certainly. Of course, French people never are as straightforward and upright as English; one does not expect *that;* but really she told regular falsehoods—didn't she, Helen?'

'Yes, she did; and stopping you when you tried to tell the truth!'

'I shall never try to tell the truth again.'

'O Cecil!'

'I sha'n't, indeed—not in that way, I mean; not to prevent Uncle James from being deceived; if he chooses to be duped, he must be duped.'

'He has such perfect confidence in her.'

'Yes; but *why* has he?'

'That is what I cannot make out.'

'Neither can I; he thinks people frivolous and foolish, who are fifty times wiser and steadier than she is; he seems to be so fastidious and particular, and then he is delighted with a person whom an *un*fastidious man might condemn; and she flatters him so. I should have thought *that* alone would be enough to make him doubt her.'

'Do you know, Cecil,' said Helen, rather timidly, 'do you know, I sometimes think he likes *that?*'

'O Helen, he can't; you don't really think he can—do you?'

'He believes it, you see—he supposes she really thinks it all; and, Cecil, if you believe praise, it *is* delicious.'

'Is it?' said Cecil doubtfully; 'but that depends on who praises you, doesn't it?'

'I don't know—yes, I suppose so, to a sensible person like Papa; but he admires Mademoiselle, and you know she *is* very pleasant.'

'Oh yes, she is very pleasant and nice, and *I* can't help liking her,

even when I disapprove of her most; and then I always remember she is French, which is an excuse for her.'

'But to-night she was too bad.'

'Yes, to-night she was really too bad.'

'I suppose Papa would have been dreadfully angry, if he had known we walked all down Honeysuckle Lane with Mrs. Wyndham—walked with her for an hour, and with Captain Feversham too.'

'Mademoiselle walked with Captain Feversham!'

'I think she likes him very much; but, Cecil, I did admire you so; it was awfully brave of you—wanting to tell Papa when it would have made him so angry.'

'I can't bear deceiving anybody, Helen. I don't consider my uncle has a right to prevent our walking with nice people if we like; but still, if the opportunity of telling him occurs, I should always do it, because I can't bear to be mean.'

'But it requires a great deal of courage *not* to be mean!'

'I'm not sure about that: I think it must take a lot of courage to tell a lie. Just think of being alone with one's conscience, in the dark, afterwards!'

'Well—yes—but,' with a sigh, 'do you know I am more afraid of people, than I am of the dark.'

'What, even with a bad conscience? I'm not one bit afraid of the dark; but I'm sure I should be if I told lies—dreadfully afraid—ugh!' And Cecil gave a little shiver as she spoke. 'It must be very *odd*,' she continued, 'to feel as Mademoiselle must do to-night, after talking in that way to Uncle James. I do wonder what she thinks of herself.'

'So do I—very much indeed.'

'Perhaps she does not think about it at all. She is so accustomed to it—so used to herself, you know—that perhaps she does not give it a thought afterwards, but takes it all as a matter of course.'

'I heard her tell Captain Feversham, when you were walking on in front with Mrs. Wyndham, that the English were so sadly *blunt*, she did not know what to do with them—they had no *finesse*.'

'I suppose she calls telling the truth a want of *finesse*; and what did Captain Feversham say?'

'I don't remember; I was only thinking about the ball, and wanting him to go on talking about it, so I suppose I did not attend to all they were saying to each other; but I will tell you something Captain Feversham said, if you like, Cecil?'

'Was it about the flags? I heard him speaking of the flags, and I asked Mrs. Wyndham directly, and I think she told me all about them.'

'No, it was not about the flags.'

'Was it *anything* about the ball?'

'No—yes—stop a bit; it had to do with the ball.'

'Well, if it was anything about the ball, I should like to hear it.'

'It was about *you*, Cecil.'

'About me? Oh yes, I know; he said he hoped I should go to the ball, and he asked me to dance with him; he was very good-natured about wishing me to go to the ball.'

'Yes, he said all that to *you*; but after you had walked on with Mrs. Wyndham, and we three fell behind, he said something more than that.'

'You tiresome child, why do you make such a piece of work about it, and not tell me at once? what *could* he say that was worth all this fuss?'

'I'll tell you, Cecil; he said that if you *did* go to the ball, you would be the prettiest girl there!'

'That *I* should! Oh, nonsense, Helen—he didn't really?'

'Yes, indeed—really and really he did, Cecil.'

Cecil coloured crimson over face and neck, and looked greatly astonished and a little fluttered. 'He actually said that I should be the prettiest girl in the room!' she said at last. 'O Helen, he was making game of you both; he must have been laughing.'

'He was as grave as a judge, and he evidently meant it; and do you know, Cecil, I really do believe that you are very pretty.'

'No, but am I really? How glad I am—or how glad I should be, if it *was* the case.' And Cecil ran to her looking-glass, held up a candle above her head with one hand, pushed back her hair with the other, and attentively scanned her features. A soft joyous look stole into her face as she did so, and she turned round to Helen, all smiles and blushes.

'I'm sure Captain Feversham would say so now,' said Helen, laughing.

'O Helen,' she cried, 'as if I cared what he said! I *am* glad; but—I am thinking of—my brother.' And her voice sank, blushes again covered her face, while happy tears filled her eyes. 'I should like to be pretty for his sake,' she said softly. 'I should like him to like me—to be proud of me.'

It was seldom Cecil said so much on the subject that lay nearest her heart, and was generally wrapped in that tender reserve with which we are apt to clothe the thoughts we hold most sacred. Cecil rarely mentioned her brother's name; but Helen guessed her feelings, and knew the reason why she did not. Of a less reserved nature herself, in matters of feeling, she had often wished that it was otherwise, and that Cecil would talk as openly to her of the thoughts, hopes, and aspirations, connected with this absent brother, as she was quite sure that she would do to Cecil, if their positions were reversed. Delighted now, at this little burst of feeling, she nestled up to her cousin, kissed her, fondled her hand, and said in a low timid voice, 'Dear Cecil, he will—he must; oh, how nice when he comes home!'

Cecil returned her caresses with tenderness, but did not say any more, rather to Helen's disappointment.

After a little silence, Cecil was the first to speak, but not of her brother. 'Certainly,' she said, 'it must be pleasant to be pretty, for a great many small reasons, as well as for a few great ones. It is odd one does not think about it more—that one does not wonder more what one is like, how one strikes others; isn't it, Helen?'

'But I have often thought about it, Cecil.'

'Have you really? I haven't—hardly at all till you told me this; and do you know, when I come to reflect, I believe the less one thinks about it, the better.'

'But why? Of course, one knows one oughtn't to be vain; but still—'

'I think it would be a burthen and a nuisance; and that it would not be *at all* nice either.'

'But how can one help it?'

'If one has a pretty dress on, one knows it, and is glad; and then it goes out of one's head, and one is not always thinking about it—if one was, it would make a pretty dress a horrid bore; and so in the same way we may know if we are—are—nice to look at, but still not mind about it, except that it is just a pleasant thing to know; but if we went on being full of it, it would be a horrid bore, like the dress.'

'But when I am really grown up,' replied Helen, 'I do think I shall wish very much to be pretty.'

'You will be pretty, Helen. You are fair, with blue eyes, and that's always pretty.'

'Do you think so?' said Helen, pleased but doubtful; 'it would be very nice, if it is, Cecil; it would be very nice if we *both* of us are to be pretty girls.'

Cecil laughed gaily. 'I think we are both of us goosy girls,' said she; 'talking about it is such nonsense, when we can *do* nothing; if we are pretty, we are pretty, and it will all come; and if we are not, we are not, and it won't; and if we talked for thirty years, we could not make any difference.'

'Only we should be two old women at the end of the thirty years, and not care about it one way or the other.'

'What I am wondering about much more than whether we are or shall be pretty, is, how Mademoiselle will behave to me to-morrow, and whether she will refer to the little scene of to-night.'

'Yes; I wonder very much indeed whether she will.'

'I don't think she will; I think she will treat it as quite unimportant, and behave as if nothing had happened.'

'And do you suppose that will be acting, Cecil? I am puzzled very often as to whether what she does is real, or acting.'

'I don't suppose it will be acting a bit. I think it will go out of her head, or be remembered only as a piece of *gaucherie* on my part, which it is wisest not to refer to, because those are points on which it is impossible we should understand each other.'

'She is never the least less good-natured for anything that happens, and I do believe she really likes to give us pleasure; she would manage for you to have another walk with Mrs. Wyndham to-morrow, just as much as if you had not tried to tell about it to-night.'

'So she would, though every walk, and everything of the kind she does, is at such a risk to herself; for if she was really found out only once, think how angry Uncle James would be!'

'Yes, what would he have done to-night, I wonder, if he had allowed you to tell him the truth?'

'It *is* so ridiculous his not choosing us to be with Mrs. Wyndham—the most delightful woman! and as to her being foolish or frivolous, she is neither one nor the other; and Mademoiselle is both. Mrs. Wyndham has been abroad too, but she is quite different from Mademoiselle; she has *seen* things, and can talk about them; and she has read a great deal more than Mademoiselle has—and nice books—books worth reading, not only novels.'

'But novels are worth reading.'

'Yes, of course they are worth reading in a way. I am not going to say a word against novels; they are delightful, and nothing can go beyond the Talisman—nothing—it seems to make one *too* happy only reading it; but still, if you read *nothing* but novels you *can't* have a well-informed mind. I am quite sure you can't. Now, Mademoiselle reads nothing but novels; and Mrs. Wyndham reads other things—she has read Proctor's Sun, and the Memorials of a Quiet Life.'

'Has she really?' said Helen, astonished.

'Yes; and she is most anxious to improve herself, because she says her husband is so much cleverer than she is.'

'How delightful! that is just what I should like best; and she is so young, too. Cecil, how old *is* she?'

'Well, she is not so very young; she was nineteen last February, so she is not far from twenty, you see.'

'And how old is he?' asked Helen.

'Ah, that I don't know, but I should think he must be thirty—shouldn't you?'

'Thirty—that is very old, and she is only nineteen! I wonder whether she is happy?'

'Yes, *that* she is; I never saw a happier creature—and she thinks that there is nobody like him, in the world.'

'Well, Cecil, you know *I* don't want to marry early. I should like to be twenty before I marry; and then, as I intend him to be a clergyman, he must be four-and-twenty; but I should not like him to be older than *that*.'

'He need only be three-and-twenty—they are ordained at twenty-three.'

'Yes, but I should like him to have been ordained a very long time, at least a year, and not only a curate, as they are at first, or a deacon—

what is it, Cecil?—but a priest; so that all *that* might be over, and have been over a *very* long time, before he fell in love with me; for I should like him to be so very *very* good, and—and high-minded, you know, Cecil, that he could not have thought of me while all *that* was going on.'

'Very well, Helen, that sounds extremely nice; and then, when you are married, you know, what am *I* going to do?'

'Live with us, I hope.'

'My *dear* child! certainly not. I have no idea of such a thing. Live with a young married couple? no, thank you—no! my dream, Helen—but never mention it to anybody—now mind you don't—my *dream* is to—keep house for Jocelyn.'

'For your brother!'

'Yes—ah, how often I think of it—to *live* with him.'

'And you don't know him one bit, Cecil.'

Cecil turned quite pale. 'Ah, Helen, don't say that!' she cried, as if in bodily pain. 'I *do* know him. I am quite sure that I do.'

'I often wonder what he is like.'

'Do you?' Cecil flushed a little, almost as if she considered this a liberty, and was angry. '*I* don't, then, because I *know* what he is like. I have his photograph and his letters.'

'Yes, so you have—that is true—but then—people *are* so unlike their photographs and their letters!'

'Perhaps they are sometimes; but it is their own fault if they are—at least, it is a fault for people not to be like their letters, people have no business to write letters unlike themselves. There must be an unreality somewhere, when they do, either in themselves or in their letters. Now, I am sure *my brother* does not write letters unlike himself.'

Cecil always spoke the words, 'my brother,' in a voice in which none other of her words were uttered—low and soft, with pride and tenderness mixed in it.

'Heigho!' said Helen, making a sound something between a yawn and a sigh. 'I am very sleepy. I suppose I *must* go to bed. Good-night, you dear old thing.'

'Good-night, darling.'

And the cousins affectionately kissed each other, and parted.

The school and bed-room arrangements at Fernley were of the most comfortable kind. A small sitting-room was snugly fitted up as a study, in a little wing built on at one end of the house, which contained only it and three bed-rooms; one of these, Mademoiselle's chamber, opened out of this study, and the two in which Helen and Cecil slept communicated with each other, while a door in Cecil's led into the school-room also. The four apartments made quite a little residence by themselves, and were shut off from the rest of the house by a door at the end of the lobby, into which the other bed-rooms—Mr. Vaux's among them—opened.

Mademoiselle was extremely fond of an easy-chair and bright fire in her own bed-room, so that Cecil and Helen spent many happy hours *tête-à-tête* in the study. Bonds of the strongest and tenderest affection united these two cousins together—affection so strong and so tender, that I believe it will stand the buffets of the world, and that when they are old women they will love each other still. They were certainly unfortunate in having very few to love in their home circle, and still fewer to respect, and without respect youthful love cannot burn very brightly. Mr. Vaux, we have seen, whatever his good qualities might be—and it is certain that he kept them very much in the background—had not succeeded in exciting either their affection or their reverence. Perhaps he had never tried. It is surprising how many people never do try to win either love or respect from those who live with them. They loved each other, and they loved Helen's brothers; they were fond, in a certain way, of Aunt Flora; and they had another uncle and aunt, and some cousins, for whom they felt a good deal of regard; and that was all—all, except the secret worship, which Cecil, enthusiastic and imaginative, poured forth at the feet of the ideal brother—a worship which shed a glow over the prosaic dullness of her real life, and without which—if she could have lived—she herself firmly believed she would die. In youth, as I said before, we seldom love much unless we respect also: our standards are high, our ideas pure and noble; we have much enthusiasm, and very little charity. As years roll on, we love those that we pity, those that we have helped, those for whom our hearts have bled when we have seen them tried and found wanting; but in youth we can only love those whom we can also admire and reverence; and our two heroines unfortunately knew very few people calculated to excite these feelings.

That Cecil's thoughts about and conduct to her uncle were quite wrong, and very different from what they ought to have been, no one who has been so happy as to be better trained than she, will for a moment doubt; and the history of a few weeks in her life may, we think, not prove unprofitable reading. She was clever, affectionate, and brilliant. She formed original opinions, and expressed them with a daring that possessed a certain charm; but how far it was safe for a girl of her age to form such opinions, and to act upon them, the following pages will, in some measure, shew.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE TEENS.

Up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, childhood, dependent on others, properly lasts. Afterwards, the relation to things spiritual becomes closer and more direct; and while still under obedience to parents, tutors, and governors, the nature is in a manner outgrowing them. The character is, as it were, to be formed between (speaking reverently) God and itself. Nobody else can do it. It has been truly said that we may make ourselves what we please between fifteen and five-and-twenty.

Of course, what we are and what we wish to be, depends much on the bent given in earlier years; but it is also the case that if that bent has been an undesirable one, or we find our ways such as we disapprove, and our training deficient, there is still time to take ourselves in hand before the real business of life begins, and do the work for ourselves. Or if, far happier, we have been trained in the way in which we should go, we have only to walk in it as obediently but with more intelligence, and becoming more and more able to see over the hedges that guard it on either side.

It does often happen that Confirmation is the starting-point in life. The Grace then imparted is spiritual strength to those who have the will to use it. Moreover, the previous preparation is, or ought to be, of a much deeper and wider nature than the religious lessons of childhood. More advanced devotional books are put into the hands; and the access to the Holy Eucharist brings a continuation of higher Help.

Thus, not merely from age, but from instruction, training, and above all Sacramental Grace, a higher level is obtained, clearer views of duty and more stringent obligations are felt; and if the world is opening on us, there is greater strength to overcome the world.

Sometimes here too begin the difficulties and questions of conscience. Family law settled everything before; now the higher law is felt. Previously the child was sure she was doing right if she was pleasing her mother. Now the thought of pleasing God has come before her more fully than before. 'To examine themselves whether they repent them truly,' is no longer only the signal that the Catechism is over, but a weighty present command, leading to a far more anxious estimate of right and wrong, than when a few months before the knowledge of the family and school-room code was sufficient guide to duty and conscience.

Happy those who have but to obey more intelligently and with a deeper sense of obligation, and whose conscience continues to be guided by the same hands that helped its first perceptions, with father and

mother still the entire and final judges of what is good and right, ruling the mind and opinions as well as the actions.

Of course this cannot always be the case. No person is infallible; and in the present day, it has become so much the custom to entrust the education and religious training, even of girls, to outsiders, that it is not the least to be wondered at that their opinions and standard should not be uniformly after the parental pattern. The father and mother who have scarcely meddled with their daughters' religious instruction since it was pretty to hear her lisp her hymns, have been content to know that the governess 'read with her,' and finally sent her to the young-lady Confirmation classes, are utterly taken aback when they find her notions of frequent Communions, almsgiving, &c., are on a much stricter scale than was dreamt of when they were young.

It would not have been so if they had taught her themselves. Then they would have had their minds alive to the same course of religious thought, and would have been with her at every step, either directing or accompanying the bent of her mind, and at any rate remaining the mould of her opinions.

But it is not so much in the parents that I want to live now, as in the young girl just come to the second period of life. For thus would I divide most lives: the period of being moulded by others, the period of moulding ourselves, the period of action, the period of influence, the period of rest. These last three are in fact the time for moulding others, more or less.

The girl of fifteen has generally not only reached her full stature within a few eighths of an inch, but she has passed over the childish animal restlessness and craving for motion that makes study or thought a trial. She is a great deal older than her brother at the same age, and if of the same scale of abilities, appears far superior, because his will grow later, when he will be in earnest about study that with her will have ceased to be compulsory; and yet, where he does do his best and takes an interest, he succeeds better than she does, either from masculine force or being more trained to work. His essay will be better constructed and more logical than hers; if he takes up a modern language in earnest, he will acquire as much in one vacation as she in a year or two; or if he have a fit of botany, he will go down to first principles, and begin to teach her, when she thought herself teaching him.

But she thinks and reflects more. She has altogether more self-consciousness and less simplicity than he, being in truth nearer to maturity, though of less power; and she is looking out upon life, and beginning to make herself. Books that she now reads will be landmarks, both in religious and secular matters, and her tastes are enthusiastic. There is a great effervescence of vehemence, admiration, and eagerness, with more or less solid material at the bottom; an intensity of everything, both of hope and fear, joy and grief, restlessness and enjoyment, hero worship and detestation; and withal, a certain unfamiliarity with her own machinery of utterance and expression, that often makes the creature a

trial to her friends and a still greater trial to herself. If she is at ease, her eagerness generally makes her commit herself by pertness—if shy or reserved, she falls into the miseries of embarrassment. Her inexperience tries experiments that become the laughing-stock of the family; her eagerness importunes the elders; in fact, nothing but the high spirits of her age bear her through the endless *contretemps* to which her undeveloped state exposes her.

The next two or three are generally her busiest years of study, at a good school, with a finishing governess, or with masters. Even if her family be unintellectual, there is apt to be a feeling that now she must make the most of her time, and bring herself up to the ordinary level of society; nay, perhaps, the pressure is the greater in such families, because, in the first place, the foundations are apt to be much worse laid; and in the next place, seventeen or eighteen is supposed to 'finish her education;' and the stock she has laid up by that time is to last her for life. After that, keeping up an available amount of fashionable company music is the most serious study required of her.

However, this class of young lady is fast diminishing, and I am not writing for such as acquiesce in such a doom of dullness. The words may startle them as they sit over German exercises in the school-room and hear the tap of the croquet mallet on the lawn—but they may depend upon it that perpetual amusement is the dullest thing in the world. Nothing but serious employment can give zest to recreation, only a real purpose of soul secure a sense of variety and power of playfulness.

The difference there is, or ought to be, is that before a girl leaves the school-room, she must acquire some knowledge of a good many subjects irrespective of her taste and abilities; afterwards she is free to pursue whatever course she is best fitted for.

There comes the old question—Why should girls learn a little of everything? a smattering, as it is contemptuously and sometimes deservedly called. *En passant*, let us observe that it should not be a smattering, but a foundation. Perhaps the philosophy of the question is this. Woman is the help-meet, meant to aid and soften life, and to give sympathy; and as it is impossible to predict in what line her aid and sympathy will be needed, it is best that she should have at least the germ of many varieties of knowledge in readiness to be developed on occasion.

Then of course there are certain demands of the present level of cultivation to which every girl has to be worked up alike if she is to be saved disgrace and mortification injurious to self-respect.

Is not this often the residuum of education, with a vague smattering of one or other accomplishment on the top?

What the imaginary damsel of sixteen or seventeen does in fiction is to read Dante and Goethe with ease, play ravishingly, and draw like an artist, besides being ready to command a household, nurse a sick person, and manage a Sunday-school, by nature—in fact, she is generally the only person gifted with presence of mind or common sense.

Now what should the possible girl be able to do when the school-room life ends? According to our notions, she ought to have been thoroughly well grounded in what is called an English education, and know French almost as well as her own language. If she also knows Latin grammar, and can construe a tolerably easy classic correctly, so much the better. German or Italian, or both, ought to have been begun, and brought to a state in which she can keep them up by reading, if no master be attainable.

So with exact science, she *must* have learnt enough to work with, and ought to know something of the higher branches. If she have the power, to go into algebra and mathematics is now a very beneficial study, and one much to be commended for the training in thought. It is one, likewise, in which the female mind can reach a very fair level, and which is so progressive, and so much connected with science and discovery, as to be full of new interests. But it is almost impossible to some intellects, therefore not to be universally recommended.

History should be known by this time, so far as that the outlines of English and ancient history should be thoroughly familiar, and that names and dates should be known beyond confusion. French history should likewise be known, partly as a key to that of other European states. And there should be an intelligent idea of the general course of European events; but the details may remain to be obtained by the steady reading of a portion every day, or what was once known will soon become misty; and it is *really* important to be thoroughly acquainted with history, for so much of opinion and judgement in politics, and all connected with national and individual welfare, is founded on past experience; and biography is so full of precious examples of our predecessors in the Church, that these studies are almost essential to the formation of the character.

As to accomplishments, it is well that the grammar of both music and drawing, and a certain facility of mechanical execution should be secured, such as will give trained appreciation to the mind and usefulness to the hand. If there be a talent for either art, the girl of seventeen will of course have gone beyond this minimum; but even where she is never likely to be either musician or artist, the training of ear and eye and hand are such additions to her faculties, that they ought by no means to be neglected while still under the hands of her educators. She should know how to look at and enjoy a picture, how to enter into the charm of a landscape, how to group flowers, arrange furniture, and choose dresses with taste enough not to offend the eye; and she will often be at a loss if she cannot use a pencil to trace out a design or recall a memory.

Thus, again, she should be able to enjoy a concert 'knowledgeably,' and to give intelligent aid if needed in Church music, even though her capacity do not rise above mediocrity. Either of these accomplishments, or both, are however to be pursued or let alone after the ground-work has been laid, according to the bent of the powers and talents.

The real point is, that when the educators resign their charge, the pupil should be turned out with all her faculties of mind and body in the best working order possible to them, with the ground-work laid, and an intelligent power of attention capable of being used in whatever direction either circumstances may lead.

(*To be continued.*)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

III.—PRELIMINARY TRAINING.

YET another requirement, over and above all those hitherto stated, needs to be fulfilled before a woman can be singled out as fit to help in beginning a Sisterhood, which is, that she must possess perfectly sound mental, and fairly sound bodily health. The exaltation and excitability often due to morbid action of the brain, are very apt (as already hinted) to take the form of religious enthusiasm, and thus to convey the notion of present vocation to inexperienced observers. And hysteria, which is even more dangerous to the well-being of any society into which it obtains entrance, has many ways of disguising itself as religion. As to bodily vigour, an obvious objection may be brought forward. Do we not know, it will be asked, many cases where the sick-room of an invalid is the main-spring of an entire household? how the sweet patience and loving counsel of one who is a prisoner for life often lightens, more than any other agency, the burdens of all the remaining members of the family? and if so, why should we deny a Sisterhood the blessing of such an example? The answer is very simple. When a community has been fairly launched, and has got its work well in hand, such an inmate, whether as member or visitor, may be of the greatest value; but at the outset she must needs be a seriously heavy drag upon the energies of the very few inmates. In an ordinary upper or middle-class household, in fairly easy circumstances, the girls of the family often have no tasks, save voluntary ones, to perform, and the tendance of an invalid is of use in providing them with tangible duties. But an active Sisterhood has so much to do, and so few hands to do it with, that it is unwise to weight it at home as well as abroad; whereas a permanent invalid demands a permanent nurse. Either one Sister has to be specially detailed for this purpose, or a roll of attendance must be drawn up, which exacts from all in turn as much care of that single case as practically amounts to the withdrawal of one effective member from all out-door work. This violates a primary law of all active Orders, which is this: that *the Home shall be, so far as possible, a place of rest and recruitment, not a place of work, for the Sisters.*

This law should be maintained even where the work of the Sisters is locally under the same roof with their private apartments, as in the case of a school, a hospital, or a penitentiary. When a Sister leaves the class-rooms or the wards, and passes into her own part of the house, she should leave all signs and tokens of the work as much behind as the merchant does who quits his city office for his suburban villa. This principle is based on two grounds, religious and physical. The former ground is the teaching, common to all masters of ascetic theology, that benevolent work of any active kind is an *accident*, not an *integer*, of the Religious Life. There may be very sincere, practical, and useful philanthropy, entirely divorced from all Christian belief, as the daily kindness of unbelieving physicians to the poor and suffering shews us; and there may, on the other hand, be the profoundest devotion, the deepest likeness to Christ, in persons altogether unable for exertion of any sort. The aim of the Religious Life from the very first, its consistent ideal, has been that whereas the majority even of professing Christians habitually lead lives which do not put God first in all things, there ought to be some willing to give themselves up as entirely as may be to His service, not departing from His temple day or night. The feverish activity of our epoch is hostile to calm meditation and unbroken prayer, and would always join in Martha's summons to Mary, calling her from her place at the Master's feet, to the 'much serving' of the parish, the sick-room, or the school. The inner life of a Sisterhood ought, for spiritual reasons, to be as little broken in upon by outward work as may be; and to make the tasks pursue the Sister into the privacy of her common-room, or of her own special apartment, will inevitably lower her tone, and make her activity degenerate into hurry and fuss. It is only Pharaoh who cries, 'Ye are idle, ye are idle,' when Israel demands a cessation of worldly labour in order to do sacrifice in the wilderness.

Physically, the need of rest and alternation is imperative. The work will not be nearly so well done, nor will the workers last so long, if they are to find their labours penetrating their time of so-called leisure, and the mental elasticity necessary for the successful planning and execution of new measures will fail them.

Many shrewd thinkers are of opinion that next to a distinctly bad and irreligious woman, the most unsatisfactory wife a clergyman can have is a very parochial lady, who knows more about the people than even he himself does: because, in that case, he can never escape from the routine of local work, even in his seasons of relaxation, and thus not only gets no rest nor change, but is prevented from ever rising to a higher level of thought than the bell-chamber of his parish steeple. *La politique du clocher* is a French phrase for all that is narrowest, pettiest, most local, in the views of those who

> 'take the rustic murmur of their bourg
> For the great wave that echoes round the world.'

And when the same spirit gets into a Sisterhood, it loses all its highest qualities, becoming a mere philanthropic club, and incapable of raising, as it should do, the tone of religion all around it.

In truth, the line of demarcation between active and contemplative Orders becomes much fainter on a close view than it appeared at a distance; and any active Order which is to be of real utility must have a large contemplative element in its constitution and working. But this can be secured only by shutting out the tasks and public life of members from their devotional and private life, to which, nevertheless, all the vitality of the former will be due.

Having then got, let us suppose, the necessary material out of which to select the first members of a new Sisterhood, it is clear that the first step to be taken, is to test the vocation of such as profess a desire for the Religious Life. The mode of doing this must needs vary according to two variable conditions. In some places, the projector of a Sisterhood will be a clergyman, strongly impressed with the need of some such organization to grapple with local difficulties—as, for instance, the lack of good schools for girls in India; and in other places, again, there may be no clergyman within a large radius with any sympathy for bodies of the kind, so that the movement may be a purely lay one, whether set on foot by a man or a woman. Again, women may have a very unquestionable drawing towards the Religious Life, and yet have no fitness for certain forms of activity. Some women are born nurses, others admirable teachers; others again, strong in the gift of acquiring personal influence. A large and long-established Society may, and probably will, have in it members who are fitted for each of these functions, and can therefore undertake various kinds of work. But, as a rule, it is well that a new community should have one definite object, to be pursued chiefly, if not to the exclusion of other and cognate aims; and this will, of course, limit yet further the area of choice. Yet these complications yield to a little patience; for a moment's thought will shew that there are only two things needful to be ascertained after a candidate has been classed as generally eligible from age, circumstances, piety, intelligence, temper, and health. These are, fitness for the particular work in hand, and the 'community spirit,' that is, the power of living with others as members of an affectionate and mutually helpful family. Each of these can be readily tested. The first and surest touchstone of fitness is patience under family opposition. Not by any means determined resistance, and open conflict of will, under the pretext of obedience to higher duties. For it must never be forgotten that the precept, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' is for all persons and all time, so that every woman can be sure that it binds her; whereas the call to the Religious Life is exceptional, and there may be a mistake in supposing it addressed to any particular person. Consequently, when parents, or those standing in their place, and clothed with their authority, refuse permission to a woman to join a Sisterhood, she can be certain that her

time to do so has not come, if it ever should come. If she have received a real call, God will clear away all obstacles one by one, and make the path to entrance easy. If her call be only her own self-will, and she declare all home claims and duties to be 'Corban,' she will find no peace in the life she chooses, and will be of no real use to her community. There can be no better proof of fitness than willingness to wait, and meanwhile to fulfil all duties which lie at hand. This is a true sacrifice of self-will, and the very best of preliminary training for any Sisterhood. But there ought to be a more special preparation for particular kinds of work. Just as we can be quite sure of the insincerity of a candidate for Holy Orders who, amidst loud professions of zeal and piety, will take no pains to acquire that knowledge of books which is necessary for the adequate performance of some of his duties; so we can be very certain that a woman who alleges a desire for the Religious Life, but will not submit to previous training, has no true vocation.

If a girl had promised herself in marriage to a poor man, and her affection were genuine and her judgment sound, she would endeavour to utilize the time of engagement in fitting herself to be a true helpmate; to learn, if she did not already know them, the management of a household, the economical expenditure of money, the arts of needlework and cooking—all, in short, that would enable her to spare his pocket and brighten his home. Similarly, the intending Sister should have her time of training. If she desire to join a teaching Order, she should go to a normal school, and be regularly trained; if she prefer to nurse, she ought to seek admission into an hospital for the same purpose, or if this be impracticable, to offer herself as a volunteer to the parish doctor, acting under his instructions for his patients. I must again dwell on the important truth, that a woman does not acquire knowledge and dexterity by the mere fact of wearing a Sister's dress, and that most of her preparation ought to be over before she puts one on. The old-fashioned District Visitors' Society, which it is too much the custom to decry now, forms a very good training-school for Sisterhoods wherever it is properly managed, because it gives on the one hand an insight into parish and mission work, and on the other tests in some degree the 'community spirit,' by the greater or less amount of disputes and factions amongst the members. Any woman who shews herself willing to be trained by these various methods, and who has passed creditably through the process, is ready then for the second and more difficult trial, that of amicable fellowship. For it must not be forgotten that the best candidates under the rules already laid down, will be, for the most part, women of forcible and somewhat independent character, and there is at least a probability that some of these will be abrupt in manner, and impatient of dullness, slowness, and personal defects of other kinds. Moreover, the comparatively sedentary mode of women's lives gives them less opportunity than men have of working off nervous irritability by active exercise and varied occupation, and this irritability, proportion-

ably greater in women than in men for physical reasons, is very apt to shew itself in temper. It is thus much harder for a number of women to live together without disputes and cliques, than for an equal number of men, and so the community test is a very severe one.

By far the best way, therefore, in beginning a new community, is to let it *grow*, as naturally and quietly as may be. To collect a number of ladies, hitherto strangers to each other, suddenly, and to give them a minute and strict rule, copied wholesale from some older society, and perhaps altogether unfit for local needs, is to begin at the wrong end. The Society should grow, and the rule should grow. Neither ought to be ready-made. Let the lady who from age, capacity, circumstances, or means, has the greatest liberty of action, be chosen to begin, in a quiet way, and without any large expenditure. Let her invite one or more lady friends, of sympathizing views, to take up their abode with her, as fellow-workers, for a definite time, not less than a month. It is very desirable, where it can be effected, that the first beginners should be already friends, and well acquainted, because then the Society starts with a real family character, and there is no question as to harmony. The very *first* thing to be provided, before bed-room, sitting-room, or kitchen, is thought of, is a separate room, or part of a room screened off, as an oratory or chapel. It is the most valuable element in the whole house; the place where rest and strength and comfort and counsel have to be sought daily; and till it is ready in some fashion, however humble, the Religious House is not even begun. It should have an Altar for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, a few low desks and kneeling-cushions, and a stall for the chaplain. That will be enough to begin with, and more can be added later.

(*To be continued.*) R. F. L.

CHRISTIAN ART.

XI.—THE RENAISSANCE AND SAVONAROLA.

Turning to Italy once more, and taking the year 1450, that of the great Jubilee, for a landmark, we will glance briefly over the conditions of Art there in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the influences which were gathering around it.

All hope of Reformation in Italy had passed away with the Council of Basle. (1431–1449.) The urgent wish of all the best members of that Council for a reform of morals, their protest against the autocracy of the Pope, their testimony in favour of the marriage of the clergy—all the last warning utterances of the last Œcumenical Council of the Catholic Church—had been drowned in the clamours of the Papal party.

Nicholas V., (1447–1455,) the humble, unambitious Thomas of Sarzana, elected as by momentary inspiration, staved off the degradation of the Roman Church for a space, by the force of the high moral and intellectual character of his influence, and by the respect and admiration which his great qualities secured to the Papal court during his pontificate. The Jubilee of 1450 was outwardly as splendid a success as the memorable one of 1300. Strangers crowded from all parts of Europe to do reverence to the new Pope; gold poured into his coffers, and a prestige more valuable than gold was restored to the Papal throne.

With Nicholas V. the age of the Renaissance begins. It was his noble ambition to make Rome the centre of literature and art; to gather around him all the scholarship and culture of his age, and consecrate them to the service of the Church.* Himself an accomplished scholar, always passionately devoted to literature, and accumulating books to the utmost of his resources, he now only desired wealth that he might spend it again in like manner. As the Turks gradually swept over Eastern Christendom and neared Constantinople, scholars and artists had flocked to Italy from the doomed city. The literature of ancient Greece became familiar in Rome, and the hitherto unknown Fathers of the Eastern Church were first made known, by translations, to the Latin world. Each branch of letters had its own expositors, chosen from the most learned European scholars. The celebrated scholar, Manetti, a Florentine, was employed to make a new translation of Holy Scripture. The Vatican Library was founded with a gift of five thousand volumes. So Nicholas V. thought to strengthen the hands of the Roman Church, and by opening an era of universal enlightenment, secure the future triumph of Christianity over the intellect of mankind. A splendid idea; but one which came too late to save the unity of the Latin Church, and which had for its only result the hastening of the Trans-Alpine Reformation, by the progress of independent thought. Had this great intellectual era been preceded by such a thorough reformation of morals as the Council of Basle so earnestly urged, what a glorious future might even then have been in store for a re-united Christendom! No less enthusiastic in the revival of art than of letters, Nicholas set himself to restore the ancient churches of Rome, which had been allowed by his predecessors to fall into decay. More than forty churches were either partially rebuilt or restored, and his princely munificence extended to districts far beyond the Papal city. It was he who first conceived the idea of rebuilding the Basilica of St. Peter's, with a splendour which should be worthy of the Cathedral of Christendom. The Vatican Palace, begun by Pope Symmachus as long ago as the beginning of the sixth century, was now to be made as magnificent as wealth and genius could ensure; and

* Latin Christianity, Vol. VIII., Book XIII., chap. xvii. Also Vol. IX., Book XIV., chap. x., p. 389.

Manetti has described the plans which were to restore to Rome her imperial grandeur, and rival the palaces of the Cæsars. Halls and chambers, gardens and fountains, state apartments for sovereign guests, a vast theatre for the Pope's coronation, surrounding palaces for the Cardinals, were all to rise in corresponding splendour in this, the new Capitol of Rome,* which was to include the whole of the Vatican Hill. Brunelleschi had died before the accession of Nicholas; but a worthy successor had arisen, in his fellow-townsman, the accomplished Alberti, whose architectural genius rose above his other talents, and marked him for the splendid commission. The library, which was to be the wonder and admiration of Europe, was the only part of this magnificent plan which was really accomplished, save the beautiful little chapel of the Vatican, to paint which, Fra Angelico was summoned to Rome, and which is now the only memorial of the vast projects of Nicholas V. Happily too small and unpretending to excite the vandalism which made later Popes destroy so many remains of mediæval art to make room for their own grander projects, it remains untouched, its frescoed walls filled with some of the happiest, as they were the last, inspirations of the monk-artist of Fiesole.

Sixtus IV. (1471–1488) was the next great patron of art. The approaching Jubilee, that periodical incentive to the Popes to exhibit the papal city in the greatest possible magnificence, induced Sixtus to hasten on the works of restoration; and under his auspices, the work of restoring the ancient basilicas went on with renewed vigour. It was now that the great reaction in favour of Pagan Art set in. On the instance of the King of Naples, who visited Rome at the Jubilee, the Pope commissioned officers to clear from the streets of Rome the hovels, and other unsightly buildings, which, in the increase of population, had gradually gathered round the ancient parts of the city, and destroyed its beauty.† In the course of their work, the officers employed discovered that marble columns, pieces of serpentine, porphyry, and other precious stones, had been taken from time to time by the people, to assist in building their own houses. The severest prohibitions were issued by Sixtus, on hearing this, against removing any of the ancient remains, which were from henceforth carefully protected or restored. The Pope also rescued the celebrated statue of Marcus Aurelius, and replaced it on its pedestal, on the Capitoline Hill, amidst the enthusiasm of the Roman people. The erection of this statue was a landmark in the progress of the Renaissance. The pride and patriotism of the people were aroused at the reminiscences of their ancient greatness; and from henceforth the tide of popular feeling joined with the paganism of the upper classes, and set rapidly towards the substitution of Pagan for Christian Art. The least fragments of antiquity were carefully searched

* Latin Christianity, Vol. VIII., chap. xvii., p. 475. Also Roscoe's Leo X., Vol. II., chap. xxii., p. 393.

† De l'Art Chrétien, Vol. II., chap. vii., p. 78.

for and treasured, and proprietors of land in the neighbourhood of Rome became objects of envy, not for the wealth which it brought them, but for the treasures which it might contain.* To such an extent did this passion for the monuments of Pagan Rome spread, that it was actually reported, with great probability of truth, that many persons had secretly returned to the Pagan faith, changing their Christian names for classical ones. Some professed an Epicurean philosophy, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was openly disputed. So great was the sensation produced on one occasion, by the discovery of the embalmed body of a beautiful Roman maiden, that the Pope had the body secretly buried, in fear that a kind of worship would be offered to it.

But it is in the famous Sistine Chapel, and in the immortal names of the artists who were called, one after another, from Florence and Perugia, to paint there, that Sixtus has made himself a lasting fame in the annals of Art. Perugino, assisted by Pinturicchio, then his pupil, inaugurated the work, painting the Baptism of Christ, the delivery of the keys to St. Peter, and three great frescoes at the east end afterwards destroyed; then came Sandro Botticelli, who painted three compartments, Ghirlandajo, by whom only one fresco is left; and other painters of more or less renown. The mighty paintings of Michael Angelo have now almost monopolized the interest and the fame of the Sistine Chapel, and the calm, dignified repose of the paintings of the earlier school, sinks, for the majority of spectators, into insignificance, before the fascinating excitement of that Last Judgement, which, one cannot but regretfully remember, obliterated three of the chief paintings of Perugino's golden prime.

Our last glimpse of Florentine Art was in the Convent of St. Mark's, then glowing through cloister, cell, and chapel, with the rainbow tints of Angelico's frescoes, and hallowed by the angel presences which lit up its walls.

It is in the hour of its rapid decline that we return to the beautiful and favoured city. Fra Angelico has gone to his rest, and his favourite disciple, Benozzo Gozzoli, has lived long enough to see the new school cast scorn on the traditions of Christian Art. He was too like his master to find favour with the godless successors of Cosmo de Medici, and one beautiful fresco in the Riccardi Palace is all we know of his work in Florence. He left the city after Angelico's death, weary perhaps with the noisy strife and growing Paganism of the days of its decline, and wandered to Pisa, where he left a worthy memorial of himself in the lovely painting of the Campo Santo cloister.

It was in the palace of Cosmo di Medici that Thomas of Sarzana first conceived the noble ideas which, as Nicholas V., he spent his life and fortune in endeavouring to realize; and the work which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, we have seen him doing in Rome for art and

* D l'Art Chrétien, p. 139.

literature, Cosmo de Medici had begun ten years before, in Florence. Never had the city been so wealthy, and so prosperous in commerce, as during the life-time of the best of that talented and unscrupulous family. His splendid fortune was lavished equally on works of art and works of charity; expended as lavishly in pensions to scholars and artists, and gifts and loans to all who were in need, as in the building of churches and hospitals; so that it was found at his death that nearly all the principal citizens of Florence were in his debt. He was wont to say that he 'had never been able to lay out so much in the service of God, as to find the balance in his own favour.' *

To the Council of Florence, held in 1439, among the learned Greeks sent to represent the Eastern Church, came one whose vast learning and profound writings had gained him the reputation of being equal to the philosophers of ancient Greece—Georgius Gemistus, known in the Western world as Pletho. This celebrated man, from his unbounded reverence for Plato and his philosophy, first inspired Cosmo di Medici with that enthusiasm for Greek literature, which resulted in the great revival of letters for which the latter half of the fifteenth century was so conspicuous, and for the encouragement of which, Cosmo attracted scholars from all parts of Europe by his munificent patronage. To reform Catholicism by means of the intellect, to reconcile the philosophy of the ancient world with the philosophy of Christianity, Plato with the Fathers, was the great idea of the fifteenth century. With entire faith in Christianity, but wearied with the hair-splitting definitions and innumerable fables with which the schoolmen had overlaid the Catholic system, and alienated the intellect of the age, the best of the Platonic philosophers sought but to open an era of intellectual life which should raise mankind above the slavery which the Papal system had wound around it.† Purged from the spirit of falsehood and narrow-minded bigotry, and with all the resources of the wisdom and intellect of the day at her feet, what might not the Catholic Church achieve? So thought two of the master-minds of the age—Cosmo de Medici, and Nicholas V. We know that the great idea failed, supported as it was by the resources of boundless wealth and immense power; and we know that it so failed, because to extend the culture which had purified and elevated a few noble minds, to a generation sunk in moral depravity, was but to open the flood-gates of an anti-Christian morality and religion. The champions of the modern movement, which might be called the Revival of the Renaissance, and which is distinctively Pagan in its character, appear disposed to insist exclusively on the opposing influences which the early Renaissance school exercised against Christianity; and it seems, therefore, the more important to notice those features in the movement, without bearing which in mind, we should fail to understand it.

* Machiavelli's History of Florence, Bohn's Edition, Book VII., chap. i., p. 311.

† Maurice's Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, (Modern,) chap. iii.

It was not till Lorenzo the Magnificent succeeded to the government of Florence, (1469,) that the flood of Paganism and immorality swept unrestrained over the city. The profligate and unscrupulous Lorenzo sought to blind the Florentines to the political and financial ruin which he was bringing on them, by providing constant amusements and diversions, and by indulging, to the utmost of his power, the growing passion for the art and culture of ancient Greece. He laid out the celebrated gardens of St. Mark's, with all their treasures of ancient sculpture and statuary, and threw them open to the people. Here all the young artists of the age came to study the forms of classical art; and in these almost sacred groves of heathen deities, the inspirations of Christian Art were forgotten, and men learned to think scorn of the dignity and purity of the draped sculpture of the Christian schools. Poets, artists, philosophers, flocked to the far-famed court of Lorenzo, and received welcome and patronage from him. Dividing his time between state duties, intellectual exercises, and immoral amusements, this extraordinary man discussed religious questions at the Platonic Academy, conversed with artists at his palace, wrote poetry in his hours of leisure, and spent his evenings in the society of the profligate young noblemen of the city, who, disguised as devils, sang through the streets at night songs and ballads composed by him, which were, says Villari, 'an outrage on public decency.'

The example of Lorenzo had, as might be expected, corrupted the morality of the entire city; immorality had brought irreligion with it, and scepticism had spread over all the cultivated classes of Florence. Plato was discussed even in the monasteries, and the Bible was eschewed, for fear, as Cardinal Bembo said, 'such a barbarous style' of Latin 'should corrupt taste.' St. Paul's Epistles were 'old wives' fables, unworthy of men of grave habits.' *

Such were the conditions of Florentine life, when the brilliant and accomplished Pico della Mirandola came to settle there. The delight of the philosophers of Italy, the beloved of all men for his grace and beauty and gentleness—without seeing whose sweet face once more, Lorenzo said he could not die happy—this man brought to Florence its great Reformer, pleading with Lorenzo, till at last he consented, that Savonarola might be installed in the Convent of St. Mark's. There, under a damask rose-tree in the garden, preserved or renewed ever since in loving memory, those wonderful sermons were begun, which so thrilled through the heart of Florence, and which Savonarola was obliged to adjourn first to St. Mark's, and then to the Cathedral. And the gifted young nobleman who had well-nigh exhausted the wisdom and the learning of the world, listened to him day after day, till, hearing with an honest and true heart, it was given him to know that true philosophy is the pursuit of the highest wisdom, and the end of

* Villari's History of Girolamo Savonarola and of his Times: Horner's Translation, Vol. I., Book I., chap. v., p. 71.

theology the knowledge of God.* He spent the rest of his short and brilliant life in furthering the interests of the Christian faith, and was buried in the cloister of St. Mark's, in the dress of the Order, and under the shadow of the Church to which he owed his conversion—the first-fruits of Savonarola's work in Florence.

Of that work, which has made his name immortal, and numbered him among the martyrs, it is not our place here to tell. How he gathered up all of purity and goodness that was left in Florence, inspiring them to one great effort for the salvation of the city; how he trained eight thousand of its children to form, as he hoped, a new and better republic in the times to come—all this belongs to the pages of history. It is only with one side of his character and work which we have to do—his exquisite perception of beauty, and the influence which it exercised on that artistic race. There is no quality of soul so powerfully attractive to mankind as a fine sense of beauty spiritualized by religion, and combined, as it so rarely is, with a high order of intellect. We can well imagine, then, the secret of the fascination which Savonarola exercised over the highly cultivated people of Florence, and especially of his influence over the artists of his age. They who, from amidst the artificial life and sensuous excitements of the luxurious city, wandered into the fields where the children of Savonarola's flock were weaving garlands of the white olive-blossom for the churches, chanting the while the sweet hymns he had taught them as they sat in groups on the grass, said that it seemed to them as though they had been in Paradise. Those who heard the spiritual teaching which fell from his lips, as he walked with the brethren of St. Mark's among the beautiful hills and groves of Val d'Arno—or, as seated amongst them, he would knead the white pith of the fig-tree into doves, telling his followers, as he distributed them, of the mystic bird of the old and new Creations—thought, as they listened entranced, that he was inspired.

Again and again Savonarola addressed himself, in his sermons, to the artists of Florence. He hoped that the purification of artistic taste might be, among such an art-loving race, the harbinger of a purification of morals and religion; that he might inspire some few lofty souls with such a desire for the beauty of holiness, and enthusiasm for the majesty of Christian Art, as would prove a powerful antagonist to the Pagan schools. He demanded, first of all, from those enrolled among his disciples, the sacrifice of all works of art which could offend modesty, or sully purity of thought. The great 'bonfire of vanities' has helped to obliterate the traces of the immorality, which had extended to painting, in that age; but we may form some idea of it from Savonarola's sermons. 'Young men,' he said, on one occasion, 'go about saying, She is a very Magdalene, or, He is a true St. John; or, She is an image of the Virgin; and then ye place their portraits in our churches, to the great scandal of Divine things. In this, ye painters, ye do much mischief; and if ye

* Maurice, chap. iii., p. 78.

knew, as well as I do, how great the mischief were, ye would not be guilty of it.'* 'You represent the Virgin Mary clothed as a whore,' was the stern reproof of another sermon; 'I tell you that she went about clothed modestly as a poor maiden.' Well might Savonarola say this, when the head of the Church was causing Pinturicchio to paint an Adoration of the Magi, with Julia Farnese for the Blessed Virgin, and himself kneeling before her! 'Your ideas,' he went on, 'are stamped with the grossest materialism. . . . . The more creatures participate in, and approach to, the beauty of God, the more beautiful they are; even as the beauty of the body is in proportion to the beauty of the soul. For if you took two women in this congregation equally beautiful in body, it would be the holiest one who would excite among the spectators the most admiration, and the palm would not fail to be awarded to her, even by sensual men.'† The chord which Savonarola thus touched, vibrated in the hearts of the best of the Florentine artists; and nearly all those of that generation who won for themselves lasting fame, are known in history as the followers of Savonarola. Cronaca, the great architect of his day, the builder of the beautiful Franciscan Church, and of the façade of the Strozzi Palace, was his disciple and dear friend. Faithful to the bitter end, he treasured the dear remembrance of Savonarola all through his long life, so that Vasari contemptuously said of him that whatever might be the subject on which he begun, he was sure to end with Savonarola. Then there was Cronaca's friend, the gentle Lorenzo de Credi, the sweet pure thought of whose pictures tell of the power of Savonarola over his spirit, since the day when he too brought his share of pictures to the great 'Bonfire.'‡

The young miniature painter, Bettuccio, who was leading the gay and dissolute life so sadly common in Florence then, was persuaded, by a lady, to go and hear Savonarola preach. He went, and returned a changed man; gave up his evil ways, despite the ridicule of his friends; reformed his life, after many struggles and falls; and then threw himself at Savonarola's feet, and begged to be admitted into St. Mark's. Not until after many trials did the Prior consent to receive him, but at last he was permitted to put on the Dominican habit, under the name of Fra Benedetto. His chivalrous, high-spirited nature was yet untamed when the hour of trial came; and he it was who took up arms in defence of his master, on the invasion of the convent, and receiving a like rebuke as St. Peter had from a greater Master for a similar action, asked only that he might share Savonarola's fate. A long captivity was his martyrdom, which he spent in writing a poem called The Cedar of Lebanon, containing all his gathered memories of the life of the great

* Villari, Vol. II., Book III., p. 140.

† De l'Art Chrétien, Vol. II., chap. xii. p. 433.

‡ Lorenzo's best picture is a Nativity in the Academy of Florence; and there are many by him in the Uffizzi Gallery. A Madonna by him is in the National Gallery.

Prior of St. Mark's. A small portrait of Savonarola, painted at the head of some of his prophecies, is all that is left of his pencil.

Another of the Florentine miniature-painters took the habit under the name of Fra Eustachio, and, in his old age, furnished Vasari with some of the materials for his history. The great painter, Dominico Ghirlandajo, who always cherished a special reverence for the Order from which he derived his name, probably came under Savonarola's influence also; and his little son Ridolfo, also a painter in after days, under Raffaelle and Fra Bartolomeo, was one of the children trained by Savonarola. Ghirlandajo first adopted the method of representing the characters of his pictures in the costume of his own age and country; the adjuncts of the pictures being also taken from Florentine architecture and scenery. His favourite subject was the Adoration of the Magi, and two of his best pictures are of this subject; one in the Uffizzi Gallery, and the other in the Church of the Innocents. His frescoes are thought to be much superior to his easel-pictures;* but of those he painted in the Sistine Chapel, only one remains.

The Della Robbia family, a little school in themselves, were devoted followers of Savonarola. Luca della Robbia was the inventor of those beautiful tinted bas-reliefs, which are so celebrated, and of which there are many specimens in the Kensington Museum. Originally a sculptor, Luca worked for the Duomo of Florence, and won his reputation there. It occurred to him, while so pursuing his art, that the hardness of sculpture might be subdued and softened by working in plastic material. He first tried his new idea in pure white, and finding it successful, began to tint his groups, always working, however, in subordination to the conditions of plastic art, and never over-colouring his figures, or hiding the entire surface of the bas-relief. Leaving the flesh in the original tone of the material, he harmonized all the tints which he laid over dresses and landscapes, into a pale spiritualized tone of inimitable beauty, which never jars crudely on the eye, or fails to attune itself to the ideality of the conception. Luca's two brothers were his first pupils; then his nephew Andrea, two of whose sons were received into the Convent of St. Mark's; the three others remaining with Luca, modelling those innumerable works with which Tuscany became filled, among which were many medallion portraits of Savonarola.†

Among all the artist followers of Savonarola, Fra Bartolomeo, known in the world as Baccio della Porta, is perhaps the most celebrated. The quiet blameless life of the young artist had prepared his mind for Savonarola's teaching, and he was one of the few painters of that day who had learned his art in the solemn quiet of the Carmine Church, in preference to the Medici gardens. He was but twenty when Savonarola

* Kügler's Schools of Painting in Italy, Eastlake's Translation, Vol. I., Book IV., chap. i., p. 210.

† The arms of Leo X., done by Luca in the Vatican, are still to be seen. He is said to have been recommended to the Pope by Raffaelle.

first preached in Florence, and gathered the young artist under his influence. One would have liked to have known somewhat of the thoughts with which Savonarola inspired him, during those years of his spiritual training; but of all the works painted by him at this period, only one remains, besides the fragments of a fresco of the Last Judgement in the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova. That one is the portrait of his master, inscribed by the painter, 'The picture of Girolamo of Ferrara, the prophet sent from God.' *

On that terrible Palm Sunday of 1498, when sacrilege and murder were enacted at St. Mark's, Baccio della Porta † was one of the five hundred citizens who entered the convent, to defend it and its Prior. Horror-struck at the awful scene, he threw down his arms, and vowed to consecrate himself to God under the Dominican habit, if he escaped alive. From that day he renounced the world, and with it the occupation of his life, and joined the Dominican Order at Prato, returning to St. Mark's to make his profession. Six years later, the Prior used his influence to induce him to take up his pencil again in the service of Christian Art. His first work was the restoration of Fra Angelico's frescoes; and all the pictures which remain of his, were painted in this period of his life.‡ When Raffaelle went to Florence, he chose the friendship of Fra Bartolomeo, in preference to that of the group of naturalistic painters then flourishing there; and, himself learning much from the monk-artist, taught him much in return, in those graceful lines and soft folds, which are such a charm of Raffaelle's early work.

Alessandro Filipepi, (1447–1515,) known as Sandro Botticelli, which last name belonged to the goldsmith to whom he was apprenticed, was a pupil of Filippo Lippi. Receiving from his master a coarse type of beauty, and a style much wanting in grace and beauty, his pictures were yet always preserved from vulgarity by the refinement of his own mind, and the ideality with which he conceived them. His chief characteristic was a kind of mysticism, which shewed itself both in a passionate admiration for Dante, for the illustration of whose Divina Commedia he executed drawings § and also in a special delight in mythological representations. He too was called to Rome, to paint in the Sistine Chapel; but most of his works which remain are easel-pictures, especially Madonnas, and designs for ornamenting books. He is an instance of the influence which Savonarola exercised over men who lived and worked in the world; and though we do not know how or when

* This picture is now in the possession of Signor Rubieri of Florence, who bought it from the Dominican nuns at Prato.

† Baccio is the diminutive of Bartolomeo.

‡ There are some beautiful Madonnas of his in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and several of his works in the Pitti Palace.

§ This edition of Dante, published in 1488, was one of the first books ornamented by copper engravings. He also ornamented a MS. of the Divine Comedy with his own hand, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton.

that influence worked on his life, we can trace it * in gradually ascending power, in the painting of those numerous sweet Madonnas,† with which the picture-galleries abound; and in which we see no traces of the Paganism which might have absorbed his dreamy, fanciful imagination, had not higher aspirations purified his soul. No traces, save in the infinite sadness of his Virgin Mother, who, so unlike the radiant glorified Madonna of an earlier age, is less conscious of the victory won through her, than of the rejection of the blessing she brings, by those who need it most. A recent writer ‡ of some charming studies on the Renaissance, has seen only in Botticelli's Madonnas a tone of thought akin to Paganism; the wistful dreaminess he has interpreted into listlessness; the sadness into an oppressed sense of the 'intolerable honour' which has made all generations call her blessed. We may venture to think that Sandro Botticelli would have shrunk, dismayed, from an interpretation which suggested such thoughts as the words we have quoted.

Space fails us to tell more of the work which Savonarola did for Florentine Art. All whom we have named here, and many more, followed, through trouble and danger, through final disgrace and failure, him who would have saved Florence while yet there was time; and these are with him now. There came a supreme hour when, degraded by an iniquitous tribunal, mocked and hooted by the multitude for whom he was laying down his life, the voice of the great leader passed into eternal silence, without a farewell word save that one answer to the miserable Bishop who excommunicated him: 'You cannot cut me off from the Church Triumphant.' One failed him in that hour, and his story is the saddest in the history of Christian Art.

Pietro Vannucci della Pieve, called Perugino, from his place of residence, was born in 1446, of a poor though well-connected family. He studied in Florence under the great sculptor Verocchio, and in 1476 went to Perugia, where he painted many frescoes, and seems to have made his reputation, since, about 1483, he was sent for to Rome to paint the Sistine Chapel. Two of his frescoes there remain—the Baptism of Christ, and the Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter; the other three were destroyed to make room for Michael Angelo's Last Judgement. Perugino's attachment to the traditions of mediæval art, probably debarred him from the patronage either of the Popes who succeeded Innocent VIII., or of Lorenzo de Medici, and accordingly we find no traces of his employment by them. After the death of Sixtus IV. (1488) he returned to Florence, his first work there being a painting in the monastery of Fiesole. There he came under the influence of the great preacher, whose first words were echoing through Florence in that year; and it is during this period of his life that all his best pictures were painted. Vasari, who never lost an opportunity of casting scorn

* De l'Art Chrétien, Vol. II., chap. xiii., p. 475.

† There is a beautiful one in the National Gallery.

‡ W. H. Pater. Studies in the History of the Renaissance.

on the followers of Savonarola, and who was besides the devoted admirer of Michael Angelo, with whom Perugino had frequent disputes, has accused Perugino of avarice, falsehood, and infidelity, covering his name with reproach. M. Rio has, however, defended the early life of the great painter eloquently; 'if indeed,' as Mr. Ruskin remarks, 'there be not contradiction enough' of Vasari 'in every line that the hand of Perugino drew.' * Happily, the two of his paintings most known in England, are also two of his best. One is a reproduction by the Arundel Society of his fresco of the Crucifixion, in the chapter-house of Sta. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi; the other, the Madonna of the National Gallery, with the beautiful St. Michael on the wing of the triptych, the type of which is peculiarly his own, reproduced in several pictures. 'His triple crest of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crossleted sword, the truth-girdle binding his undinted armour, ... vessel and instrument of Omnipotence, filled like a cloud with the victor light, the dust of principalities and powers beneath his feet; the murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of a shell on the far-off sea-shore.' †

Of the many lovely frescoes and pictures which Perugino painted in these ten years of his inspiration, the Assumption of the Florence Academy was the last. Then came two years in which we have no traces of his pencil; and when again we meet him, it is in the failing of his power. In the Vatican Museum is a picture of the Resurrection, painted in this latter period of his life. The Lord passes out of the tomb amidst the sleeping soldiers, one of whom only is awakened, and is gazing doubtful and perplexed, as though disbelieving his sight. In that soldier Perugino has represented himself, both actually and spiritually, ‡ and furnished a key to the problem of his mysterious and sudden decline. He too, as we have said, had followed Savonarola—drawn to him, probably, by the wonderful fascination which he exercised over imaginative minds. Perhaps he failed to carry out in his life the inspiration with which Savonarola had endued his imagination; perhaps, contented with idealizing the great teacher, he had not learned to look to the Master of all beauty, to Whom Savonarola would have led him. We know not. We only know that he failed in the hour of trial; and that, having renounced his faith in the master whose last earthly days were clouded with shame and humiliation, he ended by denying Him for Whose sake Savonarola died the martyr's death.

Perugino lived long enough to see his art supplanted by Raphael and Michael Angelo, and his studio deserted for theirs. He finally left Florence, and spent the last years of his life at Fontigniano, where he

* Modern Painters, Vol. II., Part. III., Sec. i., chap. xv., p. 132.

† Ibid., Vol. II., Part III., Sec. ii., chap. v., p. 216.

‡ This interpretation may seem somewhat fanciful. It is, however, Rio's view; and whether correct or not, the fact remains that Perugino's scepticism dates from about this time.

had some property, and where he died at a great age. They urged him, when he was dying, to make his confession. 'I wish to see,' was the sarcastic answer, 'how a soul will fare in that Land, which has not been confessed.' And with these words, we turn sadly from the wrecked life of the last great painter of Christian Art.

(To be continued.) A. C. Owen.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF SCOTTISH EPISCOPACY.

'I am,' said Mr. Paulus Pleydell to his distinguished guest, Colonel Mannering, 'a member of the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland, the shadow of a shade now—and fortunately so.'

We are not told whether his friend made any inquiry into the history of this phantom, or learnt with any surprise, as many Englishmen have done since his time, that Bishops and a Liturgy existed north of the Tweed. We know now, that in the brilliant advocate, one of the most life-like portraits in a wondrous gallery, Sir Walter Scott has sketched the character, views, and habits of more than one comrade at the bar and in Edinburgh society; and in the words just quoted, we have a tolerably accurate definition of his own and probably of others' Churchmanship. They do not describe any very intelligent adherence to the communion in question, and how little do they anticipate the striking change which the present day witnesses! Those who love the Scottish Episcopal Church, and adhere to her with a better-informed and warmer devotion than that of the great novelist, may well muse with wonder and gratitude over the last ninety years of their Church's history, and it will be good for us and for our brethren to dwell on such thoughts, for amid the troubles and perils which seem to beset the Church wherever we turn our eyes, the remembrance of the past may surely inspire us to 'thank God and take courage.'

The last twelvemonth has seen the occurrence of several events in the Scottish Episcopal Church, which are of special interest and importance to an undeniably very small section of the nation in general. Little attention has been bestowed on them save by those immediately concerned—the din of political strife has overpowered most other sounds—but they have nevertheless a great significance, not merely for Scottish Churchmen, but for all who belong to any branch of the Anglican Communion.

The readers of this Magazine have occasionally had their attention drawn to Scottish Church affairs, and it is on the principle of calling our friends and neighbours to rejoice with us that we venture to set before them at some length an account of certain recent events, claiming their kindly sympathy, and hoping too that the reflections thereby suggested

may cheer and encourage those who see much cause for anxiety in the Church of England's future.

On Thursday, May 21st, the first stone was laid of a new Cathedral for Edinburgh, and with this ceremony was combined the gathering of a Church Congress, held for the first time in Scotland. This double event is an era in Scottish Church progress, and together with two Consecrations to the Episcopal Office, which have lately taken place, it marks the point reached by the silent growth of years as surely as the fair opening flowers trace the footsteps of the spring. Let us look back a little on the events of bygone centuries, that we may the better appreciate the significance of what is passing around us.

When the mighty wave of the Reformation reached Scotland, the existing state of things was widely different from that which had been found in England, and the two countries were therefore very differently affected by the movement. In spite of much that England has to regret from those years of convulsion, the strength of the civil government was an inestimable blessing to the Church in preserving her from more violent change, and the lack of any such check in Scotland is one reason why, in that country, reform became revolution. But that is not all. Whatever may have been the state of corruption of the ante-Reformation Church in England, things were infinitely worse in Scotland, whose constant antagonism to her southern neighbour, as well as her poverty, cut her off from much of the intercourse which England enjoyed with other men and other lands, depriving her of the good influence which her rival might have exercised had the two countries been more at one, shutting her up within herself, and making her suffer in a tenfold degree from that insularity which has, in some respects, been a cause of weakness to Great Britain as well as of strength. In England, many a noble spirit saw the need of reformation, and lent itself heartily to the work, carrying along with it a crowd of more imperfect natures, and of less noble aims, which yet felt the influence of that mighty revival, and which in the hand of God were useful instruments in the task of wholesome purifying change.

It was sadly different in Scotland, where the offices of the Church, great and small, had long been the prey of the violent, the slothful, the hypocrite, and the greedy favourite of great men. The faithless shepherds wronged and oppressed the flock, and in the deep resentful Scottish nature a fire was burning, which when it did burst forth, spread ruin far and wide. When we read of the unutterable and loathsome corruption of Scotland's priesthood and aristocracy in the sixteenth century, we need not wonder that root and branch destruction was the one idea when at last reformation began, and that recoil from the existing state of the Church carried men lamentably far in the opposite direction. The Government of the day did indeed strive to keep up a semblance of Church order, according to the old model; but fear of popular ascendancy, and the lust of power and wealth, were the principal

motives, and these were ill calculated to win back the justly alienated hearts of men. The union of the two kingdoms under James I. seemed for a short time the dawn of a brighter day. Episcopal succession was restored through England, and if better statesmanship and sounder policy had governed the House of Stuart, the Great Rebellion might never have been, and peace would have given the Reformed Church time to root itself in the affections of the nation.

When the Restoration gave back both Throne and Altar, the rejoicing, which was the general feeling of England, was not equally shared by Scotland. The old jealousy of her neighbour came into play, and willing as the more moderate of the Independent party might have been to join with the Royalists in bringing back the King on their own terms, they were not so disposed to accept him on those of England; while in the hearts of a party, small in number but strong in fanaticism, and dangerous through the possession of many commanding qualities, there was deep and inextinguishable hatred for Charles Stuart, who had signed the Covenant and then drawn back. So when Episcopacy was re-established and the extinct succession restored once more through England, religious and political fanaticism combined to overthrow the perjured King, and the Church, which was deemed his creature. The stern measures of punishment and repression adopted by the Government were chiefly directed against political offenders, and most unjustly has the odium of them fallen upon the Church. A very false impression of the state of parties is given us even by the best writers, because, until quite lately, the only contemporary accounts at their command were supplied by Covenanting partizans, whose voluminous, inaccurate, and garbled statements are as untrue to fact as the brilliant romance which Lord Macaulay has founded on them and called history. In the charter-room of many a noble family; in the correspondence and private papers of the men who lived and acted in those times; in public documents, utterly ignored by these partial historians, the materials must be sought for what has yet to be written—a true history of Scotland in the seventeenth century. Some of these have already seen the light through the diligence of Mr. Napier, Dr. Grub, and others, and they present to us a picture of the times very unlike the ordinary conception. The peaceable, religious minded Scottish peasantry, Presbyterian to a man from intelligent conviction, only desiring the undisturbed exercise of their own form of worship, and meekly enduring persecution for conscience sake, exist in the pages of fiction, but almost disappear when we come to examine facts. In the north of Scotland, in the isles of the west, and in large districts along the eastern seaboard on either side of the Firth, Episcopacy was strong, and persecution unheard of. It was in the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Dumfries, that the stern adherents of the Covenant were found in arms on principles utterly subversive of all order in Church or State. Harsh and unsparing as were the measures adopted to crush rebellion, they were aimed chiefly at offenders against the State,

while in matters of religious conformity a good deal of toleration was shewn. A rightly ordained ministry was indeed insisted on, the oaths to Government and prayers for the King required; but in those disaffected districts the use of the Prayer Book and surplice was not enforced, and even Presbyterian ministers were allowed to gather their own people if they would acknowledge the King's supremacy and refrain from preaching sedition. But nothing less than the utmost of their demands would satisfy the wild sectaries and the misguided enthusiasts whom they influenced; so the weary struggle went on, until the misgovernment of James II. precipitated the Revolution of 1688.

Fear of his Romanizing tendencies had taken strong possession of the English mind, and William of Orange found a ready submission to himself from the whole Church, with the exception of the inconsiderable body of Nonjurors.

The English Bishops transferred their allegiance easily if not altogether honourably to the new monarch, and the position of the Established Church remained unassailed. If the Scottish prelates had done the same, their Church would have remained the national Establishment, but Bishop Rose of Edinburgh, to whom William made the offer, had no authority from his brethren to pledge them to any such course. Communication was slow in those days, and he had been sent to confer with the English Bishops while Scotland was still ignorant of King James's abdication, and on his return the Scottish prelates resolved to adhere loyally to the banished King and his heir. William, simply for the securing of his own authority, and indifferent to all the other questions involved, forthwith established Presbyterianism, and from that hour the Episcopal Church entered on a period of darkness and trial in which her very existence was well-nigh lost, and from which she is only now emerging. The full effect of the blow was scarcely felt at once. In the districts where an extreme Presbyterian spirit prevailed, her clergy were maltreated and driven from their homes, and everywhere disendowment, sudden and complete, was her fate. But in many parts of the country, especially in the north, the Episcopalian pastor was left to minister to his flock without interference, and as long as he and they remained quiet no harshness was used towards them. It was only as the Episcopalians became more and more involved in Jacobite plots, that penal statutes were enacted and enforced against them, the object of such legislation being the stamping out of the obnoxious sect by rendering ordination well-nigh impossible by Scottish Bishops. As these were Jacobites to a man, they could only ordain secretly and at great risk those who chose to defy the law and abide by the consequences; and the Church was thus grievously crippled. Some relaxation of the penal laws in the reign of Queen Anne, gave temporary ease to these political sufferers. Her secret Jacobite leanings and sincere attachment to the Church, had doubtless much to do with the passing of an Act of Toleration, whereby all episcopally ordained clergy were permitted the

free exercise of their office if they would take the oaths to Government and pray for the Queen and the Princess Sophia of Hanover. The strict Jacobites would of course make no such submission, but they refrained from any action against the last Stuart sovereign, hoping, to the last hour of her life, both in England and Scotland, that the succession would eventually be settled on the rightful heir.

Soon after the accession of George I. came the Jacobite Rising of 1715. Its suppression was followed by severe measures against the Episcopal Church which had taken such a leading part in it.

Legislation hitherto had regarded Episcopacy and Presbyterianism as co-existing and almost co-equal facts, but from this time the old communion met with nothing but repression and harshness from Government. We, of the present day, do not complain. The Hanoverian succession had to be maintained, and the measures adopted were only in accordance with the temper of the times. We only ask from English Churchmen of the nineteenth century some little sympathy for those who, one hundred and sixty years ago, endured joyfully the spoiling of their goods, danger of imprisonment—aye and of transportation to the American plantations—for a principle which is scarcely likely ever to be suffered for again—'the divine inalienable right of kings.'

The Episcopal Church was an enfeebled body when Charles Edward landed in 1745, and the consequences of his non-success fell heavily on her. New laws were framed, which for the first time included the lay members of the Church in the penalties they inflicted. Four persons assembling for worship, even in a private house, were held to be a congregation; fine and imprisonment were the lot of those who officiated or formed one of such a congregation; and special clauses were framed, to prevent ordination by Scottish Bishops, and to ignore the position of those clergy who had previously obtained recognition. The voices of several English prelates were raised in Parliament to protest against these severities, but in vain; and during the latter half of the eighteenth century the suffering Church did indeed become 'the shadow of a shade.' Active persecution gradually ceased as the once dangerous temper of the Jacobites faded into a mere sentimental loyalty; but those were evil days for the disendowed Church, when membership in her communion meant, for the laity, renunciation of the natural rights and distinctions of their position, and for the clergy who received her orders, poverty, obscurity, and the risk of legal penalties. Tribulation must have done its work, and the worldliness which was once the curse of Scotland's Church, must have been thoroughly purged out of the hearts of those who ministered at her altars and clung to her worship, during those long years when the spiritual life of her Anglican sister lay bound in a deadly lethargy, lasting even to our own time, when the Oxford movement roused to fresh energy the partially awakened slumberers of Wesley's and Simeon's days.

We have now brought our retrospect down to a period about ninety

years remote from the present time. In 1784, the American States were rejoicing in their newly acquired independence, but the Church was awakened to the peril in which she stood of losing, through this boon, the organization necessary to her existence. Appeal was made to the Mother Church of England, but in vain. The State connection, to which she owes so much of her power, proved in this instance, as more than once in our own time, a fetter on her free action. It is commonly supposed that the English Bishops advised the American Church to supply the link of Apostolic Succession through that Communion, which, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, might have said that from earthly powers nought save 'bonds and afflictions abide me.' Sixty years of penal statutes had reduced her to the lowest condition, and there was no longer active persecution of what had ceased to be an active enemy of the State, which had almost forgotten the existence of the insignificant and proscribed remnant; but a knowledge existed in America—carried there, perhaps, by some of those banished for conscience sake from their native land, and affectionately retained by one who had sojourned in Scotland.

Some years before, a young man had come from our American colonies to study medicine at the celebrated school of Edinburgh. On the first Sunday of his residence there, his host led him, at his own request, secretly, and with many precautions, to the obscure chamber, where, at the risk of fine and imprisonment, men worshipped God after the manner of their fathers. The youth returned in time to his own country; and when in after years he visited Scotland once more, it was to Aberdeen he came, the member of a still nobler profession than that of medicine, and in the old granite city, Samuel Seabury, now a Priest in the Church of God, was consecrated to the office of Bishop for America.

Ten years after this, the severer laws against Episcopacy were repealed after the death of Charles Edward had set the most scrupulous consciences free to acknowledge the reigning sovereign; but provisions were still retained prohibiting anyone in Scottish Orders from even officiating in England without special license, and it is wonderful how, under this heavy discouragement, there were any found at all to embrace a life which renounced, at its outset, all hope of honourable distinction, and cut men off from every chance of preferment.

At the beginning of this century, society barely recollected the Church's existence, and many of her nominal adherents, like Sir W. Scott, considered her doomed to speedy extinction; but among her more attached and intelligent members, whether lowly or well born, there was a warmth of devotion, a real comprehension of what they believed and why they believed it, which reflect the highest honour on the despised communion, and which were not to be found in equal proportion in her richer and more prosperous sister. Let us not be misunderstood. Those were the days when, in England, religious

energy was to be found as a rule among Dissenters and not in the Church; when her paralyzed arm was letting slip the masses; when nearly every parish in the kingdom shewed, in the neglected condition of the House of Prayer, how men esteemed the worship of God; and when, with some bright exceptions, such a state of things prevailed in the rural districts as Mrs. Gaskell has described in her Life of Charlotte Brontë. With quiet perseverance, the Church in Scotland pursued her way, much cramped in her action by her poverty, courting no notice, and slowly recovering from the blighting effect of years of penal laws.

Let us pass on now to speak of those events of the last twelvemonth to which we have referred, as marking such a change in the Church's position with the public, and in her real progress.

On All Saints Day, 1873, there was in Edinburgh a Consecration to the Episcopal office of unusual interest, for he who received the laying on of hands had laboured for many years in South Africa, and was being sent forth once more to that distant land to plant the standard of the Cross in the vast district of Independent Kaffraria, lying beyond the British dominions. In that same month, ninety years before, during her own most bitter distress and humiliation, the Scottish Church (fearless of the possible consequences to herself) stretched forth her hands to bless and consecrate the first Bishop for America. In the spread and prosperity of her daughter Church, she has a rich reward; and now, emerging from her low estate, she is planting among the heathen another outpost of the great Catholic Church, and has added another diocese to the group, which may, we trust, in days to come, restore Africa, by God's grace, to her old renown in Christendom.

Three months later, another received Consecration for his mission in as distant and trying a sphere of labour. The difficulties which have hindered the development of the Church's organization in Madagascar, are probably known to English readers; and here again State connection has impeded the free action of the Church at home. So it is to her unendowed, unacknowledged, but independent sister, that she has turned for help, and Bishop Cornish goes forth to his island diocese with the laying on of Scottish hands.

The month of May witnessed two events of still more peculiar interest, from the change they mark outside of the Episcopal communion as well as within her borders.

A Congress met for the first time in Edinburgh on the 18th; and three days later, the first stone was laid of a new Cathedral, which in some years will, we trust, do great work in extending and strengthening the Church. We shall not dwell on the papers and discussions of the Congress, for such gatherings on a very much larger scale must be familiar to many of our readers. We will only recommend to them, for the sake of their own intrinsic interest, the two valuable papers on 'The Past and Present Position of the Scottish Episcopal Church,' which appropriately stood first on the list of subjects, gently hinting that it is

one on which we have frequently found the ordinary English mind to be far from well-informed. The Congress was an experiment and an encouraging success, and it certainly marks an era in the Church's eventful history; but over it we will not linger. We will rather speak of the ceremony of the 21st, and ask the sympathy of our brethren across the Border, for the work begun in faith and hope that day. She who founded the new Cathedral died some three years ago, the last survivor of her family, leaving the bulk of her fortune to the Church to which they had always been warmly attached, in which her grandfather had ministered, and been a sufferer for his loyalty.

Streets and crescents cover the grounds of once beautiful Drumsheugh, but a space reserved for years past from their encroachments will soon shew the rising walls of St. Mary's. A Scottish May is seldom the balmy month of which English poets have sung, and on the 21st, the gloomy sky and bitter wind were fit emblems of the Church's past history, and it may be, of the troubles awaiting her in the future. Well, what of that? She is no tender exotic, as some have ignorantly deemed her, but a hardy plant of true Scottish growth, as hardy and as full of vigorous life as the lowly delicate harebell of her native hills. The long white-robed procession was a fair sight even on that gloomy day, and the 'shadow of a shade' made a goodly appearance as it wound its way among blocks of stone and groups of spectators, chanting the sixty-eighth Psalm.

Less than fifty years ago, a clergyman venturing to appear in the streets in his surplice, would assuredly have been mobbed and insulted. Some sixty years ago, such was the poverty of the Scottish Church, the excellent Bishop Torry possessed no Episcopal robes until a friend presented him with a set which had belonged to a deceased English prelate. Now, there was no lack of surplice and cassock, of lawn sleeves and academic hoods, among the long train of clergy and choristers, while the rough crowd which pressed around was only eager to hear and see, and listened without a thought of molestation to the prayers so audibly read by the Bishop of Edinburgh.

Yes, it was a sight to gladden the hearts of Scottish Churchmen, as they look back thankfully on their preservation in the past, and forward hopefully to the future. 'Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity,' is the prayer of the Scottish Church in these days. Trial and suffering, sunshine and refreshment, chequer always the Christian's path. The perils which surround the Church of Christ in all lands are neither light nor few, and ere this generation has passed away, the shadows may be falling thickly round her. Disestablishment and disendowment have befallen one branch of the Anglican communion in our own day, and none can tell how soon a similar blow may fall in a quarter where the wrench would be infinitely greater, the consequences infinitely more disastrous. May God in His mercy avert such evil, and preserve His

Church pure and strong, uncontaminated by worldliness and that friendship which is enmity to Him. But if ever such dark days do come upon her, the Church in Scotland will be and is a living witness to the truth that strength is made perfect in weakness, that she relies upon no arm of flesh for safety, but on Him Who has ever been our refuge, on

'God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home.'

COMPOSED WHEN IN PAIN.

Not solely from the gay parterre,
Whose odours float upon the air,
The bee collects his sweets;
The lowly weed he does not scorn,
And something bears from every thorn
And bramble that he meets.

Kind monitor! From thee I learn
Some good in all things to discern;
And now when racking pain
Acutely wakes the thrilling sense,
By thy example taught, ev'n thence
Strive to extract a gain.

Since here I've no abiding place;
Since, should I hold the longest race,
The goal awaits me soon;
Whate'er has power to wean my soul,
Whatever weakens earth's control,
Is it not Heaven's boon?

And since, as all too well I know,
Within me dwells a mortal foe
To my eternal peace;
I bless, although they pierce my side,
The friendly wounds that quell his pride,
And work his strength's decrease.

Give pain its utmost date, 'twill cease
When in the narrow house of peace
These frail materials lie;

How light an ill compared with sin,
Whose keenest pang shall then begin,
Whose worm shall never die!

Father, who dost by chastenings prove,
No less than gifts, that Thou art love,
Hear me while thus I pray:
My outward man, if such Thy Will,
Spare not; but grant, the inward still
May thrive by his decay.

J. M. 1807.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Monthly Packet,

MAGISTRA'S letter has solved a problem that has perplexed me for years. My problem is this. Knowing that most parents wish to get clever governesses for their children, and believing that there are plenty of clever women in the world eager to teach, how comes it that persons of mediocre talent and culture get employed as governesses, and give satisfaction enough to retain their places for years, and leaving with the highest recommendations, find it easy to get a fresh place? MAGISTRA explains the mystery to my mind perfectly. Parents are not always capable of judging of a governess's teaching power, but they can always tell whether her habits and manners, and also her ideas on social subjects, are of a style which they would feel it necessary to prevent their daughters from adopting. Now a lady who *objects* to join the family of an evening, when she has a general invitation to do so, must be a person out of sympathy with the mother of her pupils; and such a person soon becomes a *gêne*, and either her pupils will not like her, or they will adopt her peculiar views, and by so doing, become discontented with the talk that satisfies their own family. The end of this is, that the clever governess does not please, and a less lofty personage takes her place. It is a pity, because the girls will learn less, and the teacher disdain her office more every year.

But I suspect, ladies who hold the opinions of MAGISTRA will not *get on* in any house but their own. Every household has its own pet topics for talk, and surely one hears subjects worn to rags in some family circles, which are far more tiresome than the beautiful birds * so obnoxious to MAGISTRA. But I dare say partridges and grouse and foxes are as distasteful to her as 'pheasants.' However, I am inclined to think that your correspondent misunderstands the motive which induces some people to invite governesses to spend the evening in the drawing-room. It is not likely that 'men whose chief object in life is shooting pheasants' would find conversation of the 'didactic' style much to their taste. And the poor ladies, whom MAGISTRA forbids to talk of dress, visiting, or health, would hardly find her an amusing companion. And I suspect their motive for inviting her is pure kindness; and most governesses accept the invitation in the same spirit, unless they are selfish women. I think there can be no doubt that a young woman learns to understand her fellow creatures more readily by mixing freely in society, than by spending her evenings alone with books. I suspect that MAGISTRA is mistaken, too, in fancying that

* If it were their beauty, and not the slaughter of them, that was discussed, MAGISTRA might not object.—ED.

governesses are expected to amuse company. For this reason: music is the usual talent expected in those who are asked to amuse guests. Now there are two classes of people who choose to have music of an evening—those who know nothing about it, and those who do. Those who are ignorant of the art, are sure to have among their acquaintances a stock of young ladies and young men who play or sing indifferently; and amateurs of this feeble type don't want artists among the audience, to make them nervous, or to outshine them. In the opposite case, that of those who understand art, they will hear all the best artists in public, and probably have friends who are amateurs of a high stamp, and unless a governess has a special musical organization, which has been highly cultivated, she will not be able to amuse persons of that class.

I have one more of MAGISTRA's grievances yet untouched. She says that 'in most private houses there are few books worth the trouble of reading.' She must have been very unfortunate, for in places where there are 'pheasants,' there are generally old libraries, and if you don't find all the new works, still you are sure to get the old classics of the English language. I think MAGISTRA will hardly go the length of saying that Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and a host too numerous to be cited, are not worth reading more than once. We read them in a superficial way in youth, not understanding half that meets the eye, but we take in as much as is good for us in our 'green and sallet days.' Later in life we return to such authors with a mind ripened by culture and experience; and feel as we do when we re-visit some beautiful landscape which we have not seen for many a long year, which now strikes us as ten thousand times more lovely than ever it did, when we gazed on it with all the delight that the uncultivated eye of youth is capable of taking in.

MAGISTRA is no doubt a classical scholar. She will find Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, not to speak of many other Latin authors. And if she knows French and Italian, she has a treasure-house at her command, as few libraries of the old school are without the classics of French and Italian literature. Really, I think, the pleasure of going into an old library in a country house, would more than compensate for having to listen to ever so much prosing about game and poachers and foxes, which, however, *I* consider amusing enough by way of change now and then. Doubtless those who possess no manors cannot be expected to feel the same interest in game that those do who hold such things; but then, MAGISTRA should reflect that the subjects she would like to discuss may be equally uninteresting to others; yet, unless she is thrown among very ill-bred people, she will find they will let her say her say civilly, when they are good-natured enough to make her free of their drawing-room of an evening.

About being asked to dinner. Well, there are two sides to that question, but it is such a complicated matter, that I don't care to enter upon it now. And I fear I have already trespassed too far on your space, my dear and valued Monthly Packet. Long may you flourish, is the wish of your admirer,

M. H.

Cheltenham, July 16th, 1874.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

OCTOBER, 1874.

THE OTHER SIDE.

STANDING here, within the shadow,
With the glory nearly won—
Looking out, beyond the portal,
We can *almost* see the sun.

Hearing, through the dreary moaning
And the throbbing of the tide,
Echoes of the 'many waters'—
Voices—on the 'other side.'

Listening, silent, to the singing,
We, too, fain would join the song,
And our voices rise in pleading,
With the cry—'O Lord, how long?'

Ah! how long? but, hark! the answer
Comes across the moaning tide—
'*Couldst* thou not watch *one* little hour,
Knowing I am by thy side?

'All thy weary plaint and weeping,
Falls with discord on the strain;
But we gather prayers and praises,
Sealing them with one "Amen."

'Children! if the path be weary,
I have trod the way for you;
Dark the road, and narrow doorway,
Where the glory passes through.

'Could you see it—so you murmur—
You would care for naught beside:
Children, wait! your eyes would dazzle,
Looking on the "other side."'

Wait! and watch! the day is dawning—
Look beyond the weary strife!
If *this* world be so entrancing,
What must be the other life?

If the joys that earth can offer
Can enwrap and fold us so,
What must be the greater pleasures
Of the world that 'none may know'?

If the *wrong* side of the Heavens
Shines so like a starry road,
What must be the perfect splendour
Of the *right* side—seen of God?

GERALDINE BUTT.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER X.

A TRUANT.

Since for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Cowper.

'How like Dunstone you have made this room!' said Raymond, entering his wife's apartment with a compliment that he knew would be appreciated.

Cecil turned round from her piano, to smile and say, 'I wish Papa could see it.'

'I hope he will next spring; but he will hardly bring Mrs. Charnock home this winter. I am afraid you are a good deal alone here, Cecil. Is there no one you would like to ask?'

'The Venns,' suggested Cecil; 'only we do not like them to leave home when we are away; but perhaps they would come.'

Raymond could not look as if the proposal were a very pleasing one. 'Have you no young-lady friends?' he asked.

'We never thought it expedient to have intimacies in the neighbourhood,' said Cecil.

'Well, we shall have Jenny Bowater here in a week or two.'

'I thought she was your mother's friend.'

'So she is. She is quite young enough to be yours.'

'I do not see anything remarkable about her.'

'No, I suppose there is not; but she is a very sensible superior person.'

'Indeed! In that common-place family.'

'Poor Jenny has had an episode that removes her from the common-place. Did you ever hear of poor Archie Douglas?'

'Was not he a good-for-nothing relation of your mother?'

'Not that exactly. He was the son of a good-for-nothing, I grant, whom a favourite cousin had unfortunately married, but he was an excellent fellow himself; and when his father died, she had Mrs. Douglas to live in that cottage by the Rectory, and sent the boy to school with us; then she got him into Proudfoot's office—the solicitor at Backsworth, agent for everybody's estates hereabouts. Well, there arose an attachment between him and Jenny; the Bowaters did not much like it, of course; but they are kind-hearted and good-natured, and gave consent, provided Archie got on in his profession. It was just at the time when poor Tom Vivian was exercising a great deal more influence than was good among the young men in the neighbourhood; and George Proudfoot was rather a joke for imitating him in every respect—from the colour of his dog-cart to the curl of his dog's tail. I remember his laying a wager, and winning it too, that if he rode a donkey with his face to the tail, Proudfoot would do the same; but then, Vivian did everything with a grace and originality.'

'Like his sister.'

'And doubly dangerous. Everyone liked him, and we were all more together than was prudent. At last, two thousand pounds of my mother's money, which was passing through the Proudfoots' hands, disappeared; and at the same time poor Archie fled. No one who knew him could have any reasonable doubt that he did but bear the blame of someone else's guilt—most likely that of George Proudfoot; but he died a year or two back without a word, and no proof has ever been found; and alas! the week after Archie sailed, we saw his name in the list of the sufferers in a vessel that was burnt. His mother happily had died before all this, but there were plenty to grieve bitterly for him; and poor Jenny has been the more like one of ourselves in consequence. He had left a note for Jenny, and she always trusted him; and we all of us believe that he was innocent.'

'I can't think how a person can go about as usual, or ever get over such a thing as that.'

'Perhaps she hasn't,' said Raymond, with a little colour on his brown cheek. 'But I'm afraid I can't make those visits with you to-day. I am wanted to see the plans for the new town-hall at Wilsbro'. Will you pick me up there?'

'There would be sure to be a dreadful long waiting, so I will go to

luncheon at Sirenwood instead; Lady Tyrrell asked me to come over any day.'

'Alone? I think you had better wait for me.'

'I can take Frank.'

'I should prefer a regular invitation to us both.'

'She did not mean to make a formal affair.'

'Forms are a protection, and I do not wish for an intimacy there, especially on Frank's account.'

'It would be an excellent match for Frank.'

'Indeed, no; the estate is terribly involved, and there are four daughters; besides which, the family would despise a younger son. An attachment could only lead to unhappiness now, besides the positive harm of unsettling him. His tutor tells me that as it is he is very uneasy about his examination—his mind is evidently preoccupied. No, no, Cecil, don't make the intercourse unnecessarily close. The Vivians have not behaved well to my mother, and it is not desirable to begin a renewal. But you shall not lose your ride, Cecil; I'll ask one of the boys to go with you to the Beeches, and perhaps I shall meet you there.'

'He talks of my lonely life,' said Cecil to herself, 'and yet he wants to keep me from the only person who really understands me, all for some rancorous old prejudice of Mrs. Poynsett's. It is very hard. There's no one in the house to make a friend of—Rosamond, a mere garrison belle; and Anne, *bornée* and half a dissenter; and as soon as I try to make a friend, I am tyrannized over, and this Miss Bowater thrust on me.'

She was pounding these sentiments into her sonata with great energy, when her door re-opened, and Raymond again appeared. 'I am looking for two books of Mudie's. Do you know where they can be? I can't make up the number.'

'They are here,' said Cecil; 'Lanfrey's "Vie de Napoleon;" but I have not finished them.'

'The box should have gone ten days ago. My mother has nothing to read, and has been waiting all this time for the next part of "Middlemarch,"' said Raymond.

'She said there was no hurry,' murmured Cecil.

'No doubt she did; but we must not take advantage of her consideration. Reading is her one great resource, and we must so contrive that your studies shall not interfere with it.'

He waited for some word of regret, but none came; and he was obliged to add, 'I must deprive you of the books for the present, for she must not be kept waiting any longer; but I will see about getting them for you in some other way. I must take the box to the station in the dog-cart.'

He went without a word from her. It was an entirely new light to her that her self-improvement could possibly be otherwise than the first object with everyone. At home, father and mother told one another

complacently what Cecil was reading, and never dreamt of obstructing the virtuous action. Were her studies to be sacrificed to an old woman's taste for novels?

Cecil had that pertinacity of nature that is stimulated to resistance by opposition; and she thought of the Egyptian campaign, and her desire to understand the siege of Acre. Then she recollected that Miss Vivian had spoken of reading the book, and this decided her. 'I'll go to Sirenwood, look at it, and order it. No one can expect me to submit to have no friends abroad nor books at home. Besides, it is all some foolish old family feud; and what a noble thing it will be for my resolution and independence to force the two parties to heal the breach, and bridge it over by giving Miss Vivian to Frank.'

In this mood she rang the bell, and ordered her horses; not however till she had reason to believe the dog-cart on the way down the avenue. As she came down in her habit, she was met by Frank, returning from his tutor.

'Have I made a mistake, Cecil? I thought we were to go out together this afternoon!'

'Yes; but Raymond was wanted at Willansborough, and I am going to lunch at Sirenwood. I want to borrow a book.'

'Oh, very well, I'll come, if you don't mind. Sir Harry asked me to drop in and look at his dogs.'

This was irresistible; and Frank decided on riding the groom's horse, and leaving him to conduct Anne to the rendezvous in the afternoon—for Charlie had been at Sandhurst for the last week—running in first to impart the change of scheme to her, as she was performing her daily task of reading to his mother.

He did so thus: 'I say, Anne, Cecil wants to go to Sirenwood first to get a book, so Lee will bring you to meet us at the Beeches at 2.30.'

'Are you going to luncheon at Sirenwood?' asked Mrs. Poynsett.

'Yes; Cecil wants to go,' said the dutiful younger brother.

'I wish you would ask Cecil to come in. Raymond put himself into such a state of mind at finding me reading Madame de Sevigné, that I am afraid he carried off her books summarily, though I told him I was glad of a little space for my old favourites.'

Cecil was, however, mounted by the time Frank came out, and they cantered away together, reaching the portico of Sirenwood in about twenty minutes.

Cecil had never been in the house before, having only left her card, though she had often met the sisters. She found herself in a carpeted hall, like a supplementary sitting-room, where two gentlemen had been leaning over the wide hearth. One, a handsome benignant-looking old man, with a ruddy face and abundant white whiskers, came forward with a hearty greeting. 'Ah! young Mrs. Poynsett! Delighted to see you!—Frank Charnock, you're come in good time; we are just going down to see the puppies before luncheon. Only I'll take Mrs. Poynsett

to the ladies first.—Duncombe, you don't know Mrs. Raymond Poynsett —one must not say senior bride, but the senior's bride. Is that right?'

'No, Papa,' said a bright voice from the stairs, 'you haven't it at all right; Mrs. Charnock Poynsett, if you please—isn't it?'

'I believe so,' replied Cecil. 'Charnock always seems my right name.'

'And you have all the right to retain it that Mrs. Poynsett had to keep hers,' said Lady Tyrrell, as they went up-stairs to her bed-room. 'How is she?'

'As usual, thank you; always on the sofa.'

'But managing everything from it.'

'Oh yes.'

'Never was there such a set of devoted sons, models for the neighbourhood.'

Cecil felt a sense of something chiming in with her sources of vexation, but she only answered, 'They are passionately fond of her.'

'Talk of despotism! Commend me to an invalid! Ah! how delightfully you contrive to keep your hair in order! I am always scolding Lenore for coming in dishevelled, and you look so fresh and compact! Here is my sanctum. You'll find Mrs. Duncombe there. She drove over in the drag with her husband on their way to Backsworth. I am so glad you came, there is so much to talk over.'

'If our gentlemen will give us time,' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'but I am afraid your senator will not be as much absorbed in the dogs as my captain.'

'I did not come with my husband,' said Cecil; 'he is gone to Willansborough to meet the architect.'

'Ah, about the new buildings. I do hope and trust the opportunity will not be wasted, and that the drainage will be provided for.'

'You are longing to have a voice there,' said Lady Tyrrell, laughing.

'I am. It is pre-eminently a woman's question, and this is a great opportunity. I shall talk to everyone. Little Pettitt, the hair-dresser, has some ground there, and he is the most intelligent of the tradesmen. I gave him one of those excellent little hand-bills, put forth by the Social Science Committee, on sanitary arrangements. I thought of asking you to join us in ordering some down, and never letting a woman leave our work-room without one.'

'You couldn't do better, I am sure,' said Lady Tyrrell; 'only, what's the use of preaching to the poor creatures to live in good houses, when their landlords won't build them, and they must live somewhere?'

'Make them coerce the landlords,' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'that's the only way. Upheave the masses from beneath.'

'But that's an earthquake,' said Cecil.

'Earthquakes are sometimes wholesome.'

'But the process is not so agreeable that we had not rather avert it,' said Lady Tyrrell.

'All ours at Dunstone are model cottages,' said Cecil; 'it is my father's great hobby.'

'Squires' hobbies are generally like the silver trough the lady gave her sow,' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'they come before the poor are prepared, and with a spice of the autocrat.'

'Come, I won't have you shock Mrs. Charnock Poynsett,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'You illogical woman! The poor are to demand better houses, and the squires are not to build them!'

'The poor are to be fitly housed, as a matter of right, and from their own sense of self-respect,' returned Mrs. Duncombe; 'not a few favourites, who will endure dictation, picked out for the model cottage. It is the hobby system against which I protest.'

'Without quite knowing what was conveyed by it in this instance?' said Lady Tyrrell. 'I am sure there is nothing I wish more than that we had any power of improvement of the cottages here; but influence is our only weapon.'

'By-the-by, Mrs. Poynsett,' continued Mrs. Duncombe, 'will you give a hint to Mrs. Miles Charnock that it will never do to preach to the women at the working-room? I don't mean holding forth,' she added, seeing Cecil's look of amazement; 'but improving the occasion, talking piously, giving tracts, and so forth.'

'I thought you gave sanitary tracts!' said Lady Tyrrell.

'That is quite different.'

'I doubt whether the women would see the distinction. A little book *is* a tract to them.'

'I would abstain rather than let our work get a goody reputation for indoctrinating sectarianism. It would be all up with us; we might as well keep a charity school.'

'I don't think the women dislike it,' said Cecil.

'Most likely they think it the correct thing, the grain which they must swallow with our benefits; but for that very reason it injures the whole tone, and prevents them learning independence. Put it in that light, I know you can.'

'I don't think Anne would understand,' said Cecil, somewhat flattered.

'I doubt whether there are three women in the neighbourhood who would,' said Lady Tyrrell.

'People always think charity—how I hate the word!—a means of forcing their own tenets down the throats of the poor,' said Mrs. Duncombe. 'And certainly this neighbourhood is as narrow as any I ever saw. Nobody but you and—shall I say the present company?—has any ideas. I wonder how they will receive Clio Tallboys and her husband?'

'Ah! you have not heard about them,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'Most delightful people, whom Mrs. Duncombe met on the Righi. He is a Cambridge professor.'

'Taillebois—I don't remember the name,' said Cecil, 'and we know a great many Cambridge men. We went to a Commencement there.'

'Oh, not Cambridge on the Cam! the American Cambridge,' said Mrs. Duncombe. 'He is a quiet inoffensive man, great on political economy; but his wife is the character. Wonderfully brilliant and original, and such a lecturer!'

'Ladies' lectures *would* startle the natives,' said Lady Tyrrell.

'Besides, the town-hall is lacking,' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'but when the Tallboys come, we might arrange a succession of soirees, where she might gather her audience.'

'But where?' said Lady Tyrrell. 'It would be great fun, and you might reckon on me; but where else? Mrs. Charnock Poynsett has to think of *la belle mère*.'

'She has given up the management of all matters of society to me,' said Cecil with dignity; 'you may reckon on me.'

'No hope of the Bowaters, of course,' said Mrs. Duncombe.

'Miss Bowater is coming to stay with us,' volunteered Cecil.

'To be near that unlucky Life Guardsman *manqué*,' said Mrs. Duncombe.

'Come, I'll not have honest Herbert abused,' said the other lady. 'He is the only one of the Bowaters who has any go in him.'

'More's the pity if he can't use it. Is his sister coming to help the Reverend Julius to drill him?'

'On Mrs. Poynsett's account, too, I fancy,' said Lady Tyrrell; 'Jenny Bowater is her amateur companion. Indeed, I believe it was no slight disappointment that her sons' appreciation did not quite reach the pitch of the mother's.'

'Indeed!' asked Mrs. Duncombe; 'I thought there had been a foolish affair with poor young Douglas.'

'*Celà n'empêche pas.* By-the-by, have you finished Fleurange?'

'Oh, you are quite welcome to it. It is quite as goody as an English tale in one volume.'

This opened the way to Cecil's desire to borrow Lanfrey, not concealing the reason why; and she was gratified by the full sympathy of both ladies, who invited her in self-defence to join in their subscription to Rolandi, to which she eagerly agreed, and would have paid her subscription at once, if there had not been a term to be finished off first.

The gong summoned them to luncheon, and likewise brought down Miss Vivian, who shook hands rather stiffly, and wore a cold grave manner, that did not sit badly on her handsome classical features. The countenance was very fine, but of the style to which early youth is less favourable than a more mature development; and she was less universally admired than was her sister. Her dress was a dark maroon merino, hanging in simple long straight folds, and there was as little distortion in her coiffure as the most moderate compliance with fashion permitted; and this, with a high-bred distinguished deportment, gave an air almost of stern severity. This deepened rather than relaxed

at the greeting from Frank—who, poor fellow! had an uncontrollably wistful eager look in his face, a sort of shy entreaty, and was under an incapacity of keeping up a conversation with anybody else, while trying to catch the least word of hers.

She, however, seemed to have more eyes and ears for her father than for anyone else, and he evidently viewed her as the darling and treasure of his life. His first question, after performing the duties of a host, was, 'Well, my little Lenore, what have you been doing?'

'The old story, Papa,' raising her clear sweet voice to reach his rather deaf ears.

'Got on with your drawing?—The child is competing with a club, you must know.'

'Not exactly, Papa; it is only a little society that was set on foot at Rockpier, to help us to improve ourselves.'

'What is your subject this month?' Frank asked.

'A branch of blackberries,' she answered briefly.

'Ah!' said Lady Tyrrell, 'I saw your pupil bringing in a delicious festoon—all black and red fruit, and crimson and purple leaves. He is really a boy of taste; I think he will do you credit.'

'The new Joshua Reynolds?' said Frank, glad of an excuse to turn towards Eleonora. 'Rosamond mentioned her discovery.'

'You might have seen him just now figuring as Buttons,' said Lady Tyrrell. 'Degradation of art, is it not? But it was the only way to save it. Lenore is teaching him; and if his talent prove worth it, we may do something with him. Anyway, the produce of native genius will be grand material for the bazaar.'

'Card-board prettinesses!' said Mrs. Duncombe; 'you'll spoil him with them; but that you'll do anyway—make him fit for nothing but a flunkey.'

'Unappreciated zeal!' said Lady Tyrrell, glancing at her sister; who flushed a little, and looked the more grave.

'Eh, Lenore,' said her father, 'wasn't it to please you that Camilla made me take your pet to make havoc of my glasses?'

'You meant it so, dear Papa,' said Eleonora, calling up a smile that satisfied the old gentleman. 'It was very kind in you.'

Fresh subjects were started, and on all the talk was lively and pleasant, and fascinated Cecil, not from any reminiscence of Dunstone—for indeed nothing could be more unlike the tone that prevailed there—but because it was so different from that of Compton Poynsett, drifting on so unrestrainedly, and touching so lightly on all topics.

By the close of the meal rain had set in, evidently for the afternoon. Frank offered to ride home, and send the carriage for Cecil; but the Duncombes proposed to take her and drop her at home, and to this she consented, rather to Frank's dismay, as he thought of their coach appearing at his mother's door.

Lady Tyrrell took her up to resume her hat; and on the way, moved

by distaste to her double surname, and drawn on by a fresh access of intimacy, she begged to be called Cecil—a privilege of which she had been chary even in her maiden days; but the caressing manner had won her heart, and spirit of opposition to the discouragement at home did the rest.

The request was reciprocated with that pensive look which was so touching. 'I used to be Camilla to all the neighbourhood, and here I find myself—miles—no, leagues further off—banished to Siberia.'

'How unjust and unkind!' cried Cecil.

'My dear, you have yet to learn the gentle uncharitableness of prejudice. It is the prevailing notion that my married life was a career of dissipation. Ah! if they only knew!'

'The drag is round,' said Mrs. Duncombe's voice at the door, in all its decisive abruptness, making both start.

'Just ready,' called Lady Tyrrell; adding, in a lower tone, 'Ah! she is startling, but she is genuine! And one must take new friends when the old are chilly. She is the only one—'

Cecil's kiss was more hearty than any she had given at Compton, and she descended; but just as she came to the door, and was only delaying while Frank and Captain Duncombe were discussing the merits of the four horses, the Compton carriage appeared in the approach, and Raymond's head within. Lady Tyrrell looked at Cecil, and saw it was safe to make a little gesture with the white skin of her fair brow, expressing unutterable things.

Mrs. Duncombe lost no time in asking if any steps were being taken for improving the drainage; to which Raymond replied, 'No, that was not the business in hand. This was the architecture of the town-hall.'

'Splendour of municipality above, and fever festering below,' said Mrs. Duncombe.

'Wilsborough is not unhealthy,' said Raymond.

She laughed ironically.

'The corporation have been told that they have an opportunity,' said Raymond; 'but it takes long to prepare people's minds to believe in the expedience of such measures. If Whitlock could be elected mayor, there would be some chance; but I am afraid they are sure to take Truelove; and as things are at Wilsborough, we must move all at once, or not at all. Individual attempts would do more harm than good.'

'Ah! you fear for your seat!' said the plain-spoken lady.

Raymond only chose to answer by a laugh, and would not pursue the subject so treated. He was politeness itself to all; but he withstood Lady Tyrrell's earnest entreaties to come in and see some Florentine photographs, growing stiffer and graver each moment, while his wife waxed more wrathful at the treatment which she knew was wounding her friend, and began almost to glory in having incurred his displeasure herself. Indeed, this feeling caused the exchange of another kiss between the ladies, before Sir Harry handed Cecil into the carriage, and Raymond took the yellow paper books that were held out to her.

Looking at the title as they drove off, he said quietly, 'I did not mean to deprive you, Cecil; I had ordered Lanfrey from Bennet for you.'

She was somewhat abashed, but was excited enough to answer, 'Thank you. I am going to join Lady Tyrrell and Mrs. Duncombe in a subscription to Rolandi's.'

He started, and after a pause of a few moments said gently, 'Are you sure that Mr. and Mrs. Charnock would like to trust your choice of foreign books to Mrs. Duncombe?'

Taking no notice of the point of this question, she replied, 'If it is an object to exchange books at home faster than I can read them properly, I must look for a supply elsewhere.'

'You had better subscribe alone,' he replied, still without manifest provocation.

'That would be uncivil now.'

'I take that upon myself.'

Wherewith there came a silence; while Cecil swelled as she thought of the prejudice against her friend, and Raymond revolved all he had ever heard about creatures he knew so little as women, to enable him to guess how to deal with this one. How reprove so as not to make it worse? Ought not his silent displeasure to suffice? And in such musings the carriage reached home.

It had been an untoward day. He had been striving hard against the stream at Willansborough. The drainage was not only scouted as an absurd, unreasonable, and expensive fancy, but the architect whom he had recommended, in the hope that he would insist on ground-work which might bring on the improvement, had been rejected in favour of a kinsman of Mr. Briggs, the outgoing mayor, a youth of a lower walk of the profession—not the scholar and gentleman he had desired, for the tradesman intellect fancied such a person would be expensive and unmanageable.

Twin plans for church and town-hall had been produced, which to Raymond's taste savoured of the gimcrack style, but which infinitely delighted all the corporation; and where he was the only cultivated gentleman except the timid Vicar, his reasonings were all in vain. The plan was accepted for the town-hall, and the specifications were ordered to be made out for competition, and a rate decided on. The church was to wait for subscription and bazaar; the drains, for reason in Wil'sbro', or for the hope of the mayoralty of Mr. Whitlock, a very intelligent and superior linen-draper.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER IV.

But some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me. All are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—*Charles Lamb.*

My childhood yearned to reach the span
Of boyhood's life and be a man;
And then I looked, in manhood's pride,
For manhood's sweetest choice, a bride;
And then to lovely children come,
To make my home a dearer home:
But now my mind
Must look behind,
For joy and wonder with a sigh,
When all my joys have passed me by.—*Rev. W. Barnes.*

A GOOD night's rest, though it worked a decided improvement in his temper, did not produce the slightest alteration in Algy's sea-going wishes and aspirations. These were not only stronger than ever, but had found a very inconvenient outlet, for when Frances came down to breakfast the next morning, she was horrified to find that the copies which she had been setting the evening before on her own letter-paper for little George were now covered with sketches of ships of all sorts and sizes, but all of such an inartistic and unseaworthy condition, that, as she said, she should have been ashamed for a sailor to see them.

'There's a letter for you from Papa,' was the greeting with which her mouth was stopped, as she began an indignant expostulation. 'Make haste, I want to know if he's going to send Tom Trot over here. He said he would, you know.'

'You asked him, you mean, if that's the same thing, and he said he'd think about it.'

'Come, don't be all day and a little piece of night.'

Thus adjured, Frances opened the letter; and Algy, looking over her shoulder, read—

Lurgershall, Sunday.

My dear Frances,

You will be glad to hear that Mr. Churchill gives a very favourable report of the two little ones. In fact, there does not seem to be much amiss with them; but as he says they have certainly got the scarlet fever, I suppose that he is right, and so you and Algy must make yourselves contented at Illium for the present, for your grandmamma has the Tempest children staying with her now, and she is afraid to have you till they have left her. I hope you are not very dull. I am sorry Algy's holidays should be spoilt, but there is no help for it. The house is very quiet without either of you; and I think M'onums misses you even more than I do, for he walks about the house hunting everywhere for you, and I have at last been obliged to take pity on him, and let him

come into my room. Tell Algy I hope he is a good boy, and has not been getting into mischief. I trust to you to keep him in order. Let me know how you get on.

Your affectionate father,

F. A. Darell.

It seemed a harmless letter enough, and Frances was therefore at a loss to account for the triumphant tone of the 'There!' with which Algy concluded it.

'What is it, Algy? I don't understand.'

'Why, Papa says you're to keep me in order, so of course he meant I could do what I—I mean what you liked,' said Algy, correcting himself, though the first speech was in all probability the more correct of the two.

'Yes,' said Frances, still puzzled, for though her dignity had been flattered by the sentence in question, she had been prepared to find Algernon's feelings hurt, since he was generally extremely averse to the notion of being under anyone's control or guidance, more particularly hers.

'Well; and of course, if you don't mind my going out boating, he can't make a fuss. Don't you see?'

'Oh, but Algy, this is quite different. Papa did not mean that you were to do anything that he had told you not to,' said Frances, ungrammatically.

'Stuff!' said Algy. 'I suppose he meant what he said in the letter, or he would not have said it. "I would not be such a "shell-fish" as you are for something, I know.'

On ordinary occasions Algy could turn Frances round his finger by calling her a 'shell-fish' or 'crab-apple,' or any other similarly agreeable name; but to-day she was quite determined, and remained so in spite of all his efforts to worry her into compliance by alternate coaxing and threatening, though how much of her firmness was owing to the fact that the wicked disobedient boys, who would go to sea against the wishes of their parents, invariably got drowned in the story-books she chiefly affected, and how much to Mrs. Myra's opportune entrance with the tea-pot before her patience was completely worn out, I have no means of knowing.

Poor ill-used Algy! What was he to do? Frances was generally so extremely ready to aid and abet him in any of his schemes, that her present refusal had all the merits of novelty, at any rate. He thought of forming an alliance with Mrs. Myra; for she, though a most estimable woman, had her weaknesses, one of the most marked of which was a mania she had for being in the opposition; independently of which, she was not a little jealous of Frances's having any influence or exercising any authority, over her brothers. Algy was perfectly well aware of these two characteristics of hers, and quite sharp enough to profit by them whenever the occasion offered; but for once he reckoned without his

host. If Mrs. Myra was a jealous, she was also a wise as well as a prudent woman; and though she had often predicted that Master Algernon was not born to be drowned, yet she did not place such implicit credence in her prediction as to render her at all inclined to lend an ear to any of his delicate hints, or make her in any way accessory to his going to sea. No, she did not think that going out in a boat would be at all pleasant—quite the contrary; and she for one was quite contented to be where she was and as she was, and she thanked her stars for it. She did not want to be drownded, as Master Algernon did, seemingly. He did not want to be drownded—then what did he tell her he did for? It was very odd that he could not make himself happy on dry land, particularly after what his papa had said to him. But that was always the way with boys. Tell them not to do a thing, and they were all agog after it. She supposed that he would not rest satisfied till he was brought home a stone dead corpse. People did not get drownded! Pack of nonsense! Don't tell her! Why, there was her very own cousin Michael, as likely looking a young man as ever anyone laid eyes on, and he got swept overboard the very first voyage that ever he made.

Algy had feared that his cause was hopeless before, but he felt quite certain of it now that this cousin appeared on the scene, for he, or at any rate his relations, were old acquaintances, who had been brought in so often whenever Mrs. Myra wanted to point a moral or adorn a tale, that 'Myra's cousins' had passed into a proverb in the Darell family—indeed, Frances could not help privately suspecting that they were near akin to the celebrated Mrs. Harris. Otherwise (unless they had amiably sacrificed themselves with a view to turning into awful examples for the young Darells) it was certainly remarkable, to say the least, that they should all meet with violent deaths. There was one, who was Algy's special enemy, who had blown his arm off with a gun, who always turned up when he was going out shooting; another who had lost his way in the dark, and only escaped being frozen to death by falling down a precipice, or *vice versa*, for his fate used to change in proportion as frost or precipices appeared the more imminent danger; a third had broken his neck by a fall from his horse; a fourth had tumbled off a hay-stack, and been taken up for dead, but survived to turn into an idiot for life; a sister, who killed herself by taking the wrong bottle of medicine—a fate which was not like to befall Algy, seeing that he strenuously objected to taking any medicine whatever; and lastly, this drowned hero, who had never been heard of before—owing, no doubt, to the seas having only just come into the category of dangers which required guarding against.

What should he do? he was too angry with Frances to avail himself of her companionship; neither did he care to go near little George, for fear that he should say anything about the proposed boating expedition. He tormented Mrs. Myra, Joe, and Tib, the old cat, till they all three turned and rent him; but still the question, what should he do? appeared

unnaswerable. He began to think that quarrelling with Frances was a case in which *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*—or rather, as he himself would have said, cutting off his nose to spite his face; he was even meditating on the possibility of holding out an olive branch—a measure which it is needless to say would have been extremely repugnant to his feelings, (he being most decidedly in the wrong,) so he was proportionately relieved when Miss Philly came to the rescue, and spared him from this painful and humiliating necessity. Miss Philly, who acted on the old saying, 'He that would thrive must rise by five,' and did not think that she had thriven enough to lie till eleven, had had her breakfast long ago, and was just coming in for a somewhat ante-dated 'elevener' before starting for market, when she fell in with Algy, who was sitting on the gate leading into the straw-yard, looking grievously in want of something to do, being all the more disconsolate because he had not even been able to find any mischief wherewith to occupy his idle hands.

'I saw old Master Farrall awhile back,' was Miss Philly's greeting to him, as he jumped down to unfasten the gate for her, 'and he sent word to you that young Jack was going to ferretting rats in the tithe barn, in case you liked to step across and see them worked.' Like! there was no question whether Algy liked the proposal or not; indeed, Miss Philly said it did her heart good to see the way he was off, like a shot out of a shovel, without giving her time to tell him in which direction the tithe barn lay, and it required the full force of old Daniel's lungs to make him hear that the 'nighest way was to cater cross dat dar fil.'

It was an immense relief to everyone. Frances felt as if she could have embraced the ferrets, one and all; and Mrs. Myra not only allowed that rats were unked creatures, and Master Algy might be doing worse than helping to get rid of them; but actually, to her companion's intense surprise, refrained from relating that cheerful and inspiriting anecdote about one of her cousins, whose finger was so poisoned by the bite of a rat, that he could not do a hand's turn for more than two months, and the doctor thought that the arm would have to come off, which story was usually produced whenever rats were mentioned.

Algy being safely out of harm's way, Frances again began to turn her attention to her plans for little George's instruction. The re-ruling and re-writing the copies delayed her somewhat, but not so long as did her hunt for a reading-book, among the dusty old Farmer's Almanacks, and Mark Lane Expresses, which constituted Miss Philly's library; and when *faute de mieux* she had to fall back on Mr. and Mrs. Jones's long-winded conversations in Elements of Morality, she felt somewhat like 'her of whom the tale is told—"She'd spin three straw-ricks into gold"' before Rumpelstiltskin came to her assistance.

Wonderful to relate, Mrs. Myra made no objection to the scheme, and confined herself to remarking that 'She'd warrant Miss Frances would be sick and tired of teaching before many days were over her head,'

a comparatively harmless observation, which Frances felt might safely be left to time to refute.

The hands of her watch pointed to half-past eleven before she reached the shore; and as she paused for a moment to watch

> 'The wild white horses play,
> Champ and chafe and toss in the bay,'

she found the sea-air so pleasant, that she began to wonder whether it was not too near the Southerdens' dinner-hour to make it worth her while to go into the cottage. She felt more than half inclined to stay where she was, and yet, remembering Mrs. Myra's words, she did not like to go home without having made an attempt; so, feeling very virtuous, she turned her back on the enticing waves, and climbed boldly up the mountain of beach which lay between her and her destination. She knocked at the door, but it was so long before there was any answer, that she thought the house *must* be empty, though the thin curl of grey smoke from the chimney seemed to tell a different tale. She knocked again, still no answer; and growing impatient, she pulled the latch-string, and the door flew open. Old Southerden was sitting on the settle, crouching over the fire, with his head on his hands, and his knees and nose so close together, that it was not wonderful that he did not either see or hear his visitor, who was rather at a loss how to make him aware of her presence. The draught from the now open door, however, solved this difficulty by rousing him. ''Rabbit the door!' he exclaimed testily, 'it's alers coming unhapsed;' but turning his head in that direction, he saw that he had 'company,' and began slowly and laboriously heaving himself up to do honour to the unusual event.

'Don't disturb yourself, please. Do sit down,' said Frances, advancing further into the room, and taking the chair that the old man offered her, somewhat distressed to find that he did not immediately follow her example, but was surveying her with the critical eye of one who has just found a new and strange animal, and does not quite know what to make of it. 'I am Miss Darell, and I came—that is, your little boy told me that he did not go to school, and I thought that I should like to try and teach him to read, if you did not mind,' said Frances, plunging at once into the subject.

'I thank you, Sir. It's very good of you to think of him, and I return you my duty. My little lad did tell me as how you had said some'at about it, but I never thought that you'd a come to-day, or I would a kep him at home.'

'Oh, that does not signify at all,' said Frances. 'Has he gone far? Will he soon be back?'

'He's only gone across to the town, but I can't rightly say when he will be back, for I sent him to Master Barnes to see if he could lend me the loanst of some yarrow harb tea, and if he should not be able to lay hands on it just at oncet he'll mayhap have to wait.'

'What is yarrow herb tea?' said Frances, delighted to find another question that she could fairly ask.

'I don't justly know what it is, but 'tis a herb that grows hereabouts, and Master Barnes he makes a cure of it for the ague. I have heard tell as how there's no sickness common to a place without you can find the cure close handy; and I don't know for what there mayn't be some truth in it, so I thought I'd take and give this a turn: I have tried a'most everything you can think on—Queen Anne and cob-web pills, and wormwood and candle-snuff powders, and varjis wine and sting-nettle plaisters, but nothing seems to touch it, it's that set.'

'Have you got the ague now?' inquired Frances, not much surprised to find that these miscellaneous remedies had failed to work a cure, and indeed only wondering that old Southerden had survived to tell the tale, and had not rather been like that gentleman of happy memory, who declared on his tomb-stone that 'I was well, I would be better, I took medicine and died.'

'It isn't exactly ague as I have. 'Tis the intermitting, but that's next door neighbour to it, I take it; and I have not got that on me just this minute. I was mortal bad with the hot fit, it's not an hour gone, and I don't feel very gay yet. There's nothing like the ague for taking the heart out of a man, you see.'

'Have you had it long?' said Frances, perceiving that the old man liked talking—and indeed forgot some of his ailments in describing them.

'Yes; I have had a spice of it now and again these forty years and more, ever since I was simple enough to go dove shooting, and lay out all night in a wet ditch; but of late I have had it regular every month at the full of the moon. I lost it once a while back, by wearing some'at a mate of mine, a foreigner, gave me, as was given him by a Papish priest from over the water. I have heard tell that they Papishes are rare hands at anything of that kind—any way, it did me a deal of good while I wore it; but one day I got talking the matter over with an old gentleman, a Methody I fell in with at the harbour, and he said 'twasn't in accordance with Scripture to carry such a thing; and when I come to turn it over in my mind, I did not know if he were not about right, so I give over wearing it, but I kep it still for the sake of the young fellow that give it me, for he meant neighbourly, and 'twasn't his fault that he was born a Papish and did not know any better.'

'Have you got it still? I should like to see it so much, if it's anywhere handy,' said Frances, without entering into a discussion of the propriety of wearing charms or of the amount of knowledge that might be reasonably expected from a 'Papish.'

A prolonged hunt in the corner cupboard produced a box which contained another box which contained another and yet another, reminding Frances of the Tunbridge ware nest, which used to be one of the most valuable treasures of her childish days, and making her think that the charm must be very potent to require so many wrappers

in order to make it ineffective. She was perhaps just a little disappointed, when the last box was opened, to see nothing more wonderful than a little three-cornered scrap of yellow parchment, which had evidently seen service, for it required being very gingerly handled indeed for fear it should drop to pieces while it was being inspected; on it was written, in a three-cornered shape, and in almost illegible letters:—'Txlevotd lpyhthdp sbygcttŏ nomzlvda olozidvd ehbhxbsm dhonrehst˘ lipzlppc zni ŏ eteihmto.'

'You can't make head nor tail of it, can you?' said the old man, with a little triumphant stress on the 'you,' as Frances returned the valuable document to him, after having read it backwards and forwards, and turned and twisted it round and round in the vain hope of getting some clue to the meaning of the queer jumble of unpronounceable letters. 'There ain't many that can; and yet there is a sense to it, though I don't know myself justly what it is. A mort of people have been at me to let them make a say of it, but I will have none of it, for I don't think that it would be altogether just right for me to let poor silly creatures that know no better peril their mortal souls after that fashion. So I keep it safe hidden away, for fear my lad should lay hold on it and be after loaning it to some on 'em,' he said, as he began replacing the numerous boxes in their proper order; as he did so, he was seized with such a fit of trembling, that he was obliged to sit down again and leave his work unfinished. 'Don't mind, it's only the cold fit coming on,' he said, compassionating Frances's frightened face. 'I did not think that I should have it yet a while, but I am regularly out of fettle to-day. I am ter'ble put out about it,' he went on, speaking as well as he could for the chattering of his teeth, which threatened to rival Harry Gills of parsimonious memory; 'for George he told me that the young Squire had set his heart on having a turn in the boat; and I did think as how I could have seen to it to-day, but I don't know that I could get through with it now, though I am loath to put him by.'

'Oh, thank you. It's very kind of you; and I am sure Algy would be very much obliged to you, but I don't think that he could go without asking Sir Francis—I mean that I don't think Papa would like him to go without leave—at least, he said he was not to,' said Frances, who was a little puzzled how to explain the true state of the case without implying an uncomplimentary distrust of her new friend's powers of seamanship, though at the same time she was relieved to find an opportunity of doing so, for she knew that if such a proposal had been made to Algy he would have caught at it at once, and then it would have been worse than useless for her to try and stop him, as cart-ropes would not have held him.

Old Southerden was feeling too ill to care what became of either himself, Algy, or the boat. 'Yes,' he said, 'then I would not take him, not on no account whatever, for I am the last that would ever think for to help a lad to go against his father.' And he sighed so heavily as he said this, that Frances was certain that he must be much worse.

'There's nothing that I can do for you, is there?' she asked, as she rose to go, thinking that it was high time for her to do so, for she saw that the old man would not give up while she was there, though she felt unwilling to leave him all alone while he was so ill.

'Naught, thank you kindly, all the same. I must fight it off as best I can by myself; but this is the worst bout I have had for many a long day. I am no ways my own man to-day.' And a second fit of shivering cut short while it confirmed his words.

'Good-bye, then,' said Frances. 'I will come and see how you are to-morrow, if you will let me.' And without waiting for an answer she left the house.

She saw nothing of little George on her way home, but she did not linger, for she was afraid of being late for dinner, which would have been an irremediable offence to Mrs. Myra. She was in plenty of time, however, for the cloth was only just being laid as she came through the kitchen; and Mrs. Myra (who had already been troubled by some uneasy thoughts as to whether she should or should not be kept waiting) was so pleased by such unusual punctuality, that as a reward she actually condescended to ask how the scholar got on.

'He was not at home. I only saw his father, and he was—oh so ill!'

'What was the matter with him?' said Myra, pricking up her ears, for she was a professed doctress, and consequently took a lively interest in all cases of sickness. 'Nothing catching, I do hope and trust. If I had my way, you should not go poking here, there, and everywhere, into cottages and such like places, that are safe to breed a pestilence.'

'But this is not a pestilence, it's only ague.' And Frances proceeded to give an account of her visit, being pleased to see that Mrs. Myra was even more shocked than she had been by the list of remedies that had already been tried. 'Bless the man, what is he made of? Does he think that he's an ostrich, and can live on stones,' (the good woman's natural history was vague, and she was a profound believer in that celebrated bird who lived or rather starved on a Winchester bushel of tenpenny nails and a pump-bolt a day,) 'that he puts such rubbish inside himself? He'd a sight better have taken ratsbane at once, for that would have made a finish and an end of him, instead of leaving him to kill himself by inches by taking such messes. Yarrow herb tea! who ever heard tell of yarrow herb tea before, I should like to know? Don't tell me!'

'It won't kill him, will it?' said Frances, beginning to look somewhat frightened, and wondering whether she could possibly get back to the shore cottage in time to warn the patient of the dangerous nature of the remedies which he was taking.

'There's no telling,' was all the comfort she received; 'but there, there's men enough in the world and to spare, so one more or less won't signify. No doubt it's all ordered for the best; and I for one don't set much store by fishermen.'

'Can't you do anything for him?' said Frances, without troubling

herself to account for Mrs. Myra's dislike to fishermen; and indeed, Mrs. Myra's likes and dislikes were past accounting for.

'Well, I dare say I could if that were all,' said Mrs. Myra, who did not at all approve of being hurried.

'But what is it? I can take him any physic, if you will only make it, and tell me how he's to take it, and all that.'

'Don't be so simple, Miss Frances. How am I to tell what kind of medicine the man wants, without I see him? Why, what cures one man would be safe to kill another.'

Frances, who had not been prepared to exhibit such violent remedies, looked aghast. 'A little quinine would not hurt him, would it?' she ventured to suggest.

'A little quinine! Grant me patience, child! What will you say next, I wonder. Why, if the man had the fever on him, quinine would be the thing of all others to feed it, if it was not the death of him at once. Quinine, indeed!'

Frances felt as much snubbed as Mrs. Myra intended, and was glad that Jane's somewhat primitive announcement that dinner was dished came at this timely juncture, and so spared her the necessity of making any reply. The meal was as silent as a quaker's meeting. Mrs. Myra was evidently thinking deeply over something; and Frances, seeing that she could do no more for her *protégé*, was occupied in composing a thrillingly sensational story, in which a certain Lord Rainault was kidnapped by smugglers in very early life, for no apparent reason, unless maybe they wished to make themselves as notorious and conspicuous as possible, this being the great aim and object of smugglers, as far as I can make out from books. Silence reigned unbroken till the pudding was removed, when Mrs. Myra suddenly asked, 'How far do you call it to that cottage, Miss Frances?'

Frances gave a great start, as well she might, for the unlucky Lord Rainault was just hanging helplessly over a cliff, exposed to three out of the four elements, in an effort to escape from the inaccessible cave in which he was confined, while a peculiarly bloody-minded villain was about to cut the rope by which he was suspended; and this being the case, she was naturally quite lost to all sublunary affairs. 'That cottage—what cottage? Oh, you mean old Southerden's. A quarter—no, half a mile off; but why do you ask? He could never get here, I am sure.'

'Well; and why should not I go to him, I should like to know?'

Frances stared in blank astonishment. If the mountain really had obeyed orders and come to Mahomet when he commanded it, she could not have looked more surprised. Poor Lord Rainault, in spite of his very uncomfortable predicament, completely faded from her mind as she exclaimed, 'Oh, will you really and truly? Thank you so much. What a dear good old darling you are!'

Mrs. Myra smiled graciously, she liked to have her good deed properly appreciated; and really she deserved some credit, for she was making a

most unusual effort. In the ordinary course of things it always took her a good week to make up her mind whether she should go out or not; consequently, as may easily be imagined, she did not often feel in a walking humour.

'Will you come directly?' said Frances, who was anxious to strike while the iron was hot, and be off at once.

'Oh dear no, Miss Frances; there's nothing so bad as walking directly after eating. I remember my poor aunt used always to say, "After dinner sit a while, after supper walk a mile," and she was always reckoned a very knowledgeable woman. Besides, I have got the medicine to make, and to dress myself, and a dozen other things to do, before we start.'

Frances's countenance fell; she knew from sad experience that Mrs. Myra's dressing was a solemn process, which consumed an immense time; but she had hoped that a bonnet and a shawl would suffice for a quarter of an hour's walk, in a place where they were tolerably certain to meet no living creature, unless they might chance on divers and sundry parson-mews and stone-runners, who were not likely to look at anyone with a too critical eye.

But no, Mrs. Myra would have felt this to be *infra dig;* and so, as it would have been labour lost trying to hurry her, Frances was left, much against her will, to try patience, being thankful that Algy was not by to inform her that

'Patience is a virtue,
Virtue is a grace,
Which ought to shine everywhere,
But isn't in your face,'

and feeling almost inclined to say, as she used to do in her baby days, when the aforesaid rhyme was quoted, 'I hate paty.'

She had a long time to wait—time enough to get very deep in the life and adventures of Lord Rainault, and even begin to write them down, which was *toute autre chose*, as she found, when having fixed on the names and ages of the ten brothers and sisters, (who as they were not kidnapped were of no apparent moment in the story,) she became sorely puzzled to find something for them and herself to do, when Mrs. Myra re-appeared. At first sight one was inclined to think that her time had been wasted, since there was so little to shew for it; for one hardly realized that any change had taken place in her attire, beyond the absolutely necessary addition of a black satin bonnet, sitting close to her face, (with a veritable crown and curtain—a sight for sore eyes in these days of scanty head-gear,) and a china crape shawl, the border of which was adorned with natural flowers, worked in the most unnatural manner; but a second glance shewed that the brown front had been exchanged for a bay wig, which made no pretence of being other than it was, and was secured in its place by a black velvet strap. Moreover, Mrs. Myra's ordinary expression had softened into a smile, which shewed

that she was not only pleased with herself, (as indeed she usually was,) but was also inclined to look with a favourable eye on everybody about her, which was by no means so customary.

'It's the longest of long times since I have been anywhere handy to the sea,' she said, as they left the house. 'It sounds so natural to hear the waves rake on the beach, that I could shut my eyes, and fancy that I was back at the old place again.'

'Did you ever live by the sea, Myra?' asked Frances. (Myra was not a communicative person; very little more of her private history was known than that she had come to Lurgershall (her first place) at sixteen, and had remained there ever since, gradually rising to her present position of importance in the household through various intermediate stages.)

'Yes, Miss Frances, I was born and bred by the sea; and after poor father's death an aunt of mine took me to live with her, and she was a sea-dweller, not hereabouts though.'

'Do you ever go there now?' said Frances, hazarding a question, which, if Mrs. Myra had been in a bad temper, would have made her say that that was talking for talking's sake, inasmuch as Miss Frances must know that she had never left Lurgershall by herself for a day together since Lady Jane died; but being in a talkative mood she only said, 'No, they are all dead and gone that I used to know, and it would be but cold comfort to see everything changed, except the bare bricks and mortar.'

'Then have not you got any relations living?' asked Frances.

'Well, I don't know if I have or if I have not, and that's the long and the short of it, Miss Fanny. My cousins, Damis and Rebecca, went to America years back, and I have not heard tell of them for so long, that it's as like as not they are gone too. Anyhow, they are as good as dead to me, for they don't think it worth their while to keep me in mind if they are not. It is not often that you see such a fine looking upstanding family as ours drop off so fast—just for all the world, as one might say, like the snuff of the candle, without leaving behind either chick or child to keep up the name. Who'd have thought, to see us all growing up lads and lasses together, that in fifty years time I should be the only one left out of all the thirteen—a baker's dozen, as poor Uncle used to call us.'

'What did the last die of?' said Frances, wishing to shew her sympathy, but not knowing how, and being still young enough to think that fifty years was such a length of time that it was by no means wonderful they should all be dead.

'The last—let me think. That was my cousin George; he got drowned at sea. Perhaps you may remember to have heard tell of him, for it was he who married your Mamma's maid Gambrel that was, and had the keddle-nets somewhere hereabouts.'

'Where did he live?' asked Frances.

'Well, I don't exactly know where, for I never saw much of him after

he was married, and nothing at all after he lost his wife. He was put out because I would not countenance his taking up with Gambrel; but I never set much store by her when we lived in service together, and I could not abear the thoughts of her being wife to him, and so I told him when he asked me to advise upon it, and he took huff at my saying so, and so there grew up a coldness between us. Poor man! I think that he must have wished that he had not been so set upon taking his own way, before he was many weeks older; for he bought his troubles cheap—at least if all that people say is true. Gambrel did just lead him a life; and then, when she died, and he might have hoped for a little peace and quiet, a storm broke his nets all to bits and pieces, and that was as good as five-and-twenty pound loss to him if it was a penny, and he had to take to deep-sea fishing again; and then, just as the boys were getting a little off his hands they were both drowned, and the boat was lost, and he fell sick. Oh, he had a peck of troubles just then; and the long and the short of it was, that all the money he had laid by was spent, and so he took to sea-faring ways again, and they were the death of him.'

'What, was he drowned too?' said Frances. 'Poor man! how long ago did it happen?'

'How long ago? Oh, it must be eight years and more; but there, time flies so fast that it seems only like the other day that I got the news. I remember, as if it was yesterday, I'd asked Brookes to let me have the *Chronicle* that I might read about Lady Hester's wedding in it, and I was just casting my eye over the rest of the paper to see if there was any other news, and the very first thing I happened upon was that the Wave of Napinque (that was the ship that he sailed in, you know) had gone down with all hands on board, somewhere off the north coast. Well, it was just when Master Algy was so ill with the measles, and I had been sitting up with him the best part of three nights, (for he was very bad, and I made sure that we should have lost him one time;) and what with feeling tired and put about, and what with the turn it gave me to read straight off that there was no one in the whole wide world who cared the value of a brass farthing for me—I was so took to, that I began to cry, though I was never one that was much given to crying. I suppose Master Algy heard me, though I thought he was asleep, for he sat right up in bed, and he did just make great eyes at me. "What are crying for, Mamy?" says he; (he could not speak plain, though he was turned five years old,) "is it because I 'ont take my medicine? I will be such a good boy next time. I'll take it now directly moment, if you only won't cry." And he was as good as his word, for I brought him his physic, as it was just time for it, and he took it straight off, like a lamb, for all he used to make such a fuss about it at other times. "Now you won't cry?" says he, when he settled down again; and seeing him take it so much to heart, and seem so put out about it, really did me good, for it brightened me up to think that come what

might I'd still got somebody who looked to me after all; so I put on black for my cousin because I felt it his due, but I did not fret after him any more; and I've always had a leaning to Master Algy—bless him! —ever since.'

'I am sure you don't spoil him any the more for that,' said Frances, laughing.

'That would not be shewing him any kindness,' said Mrs. Myra, giving a well-pleased smile. 'I know my duty, and I hope I do my duty as far as in me lies. Depend upon it, he'll thank me some day for having looked well after him while he was young. I, for one, don't hold with letting young people have too much of their own way.'

'You won't get Algy to agree with you,' said Frances.

Mrs. Myra's breath was too much affected by climbing the sand-hills to allow her to make any reply; and so conversation flagged till they reached the shore cottage.

Old Southerden was wide awake now, and came to the door at once in answer to the very decided knock with which Mrs. Myra announced her arrival. Frances began to explain: 'I have come because Myra—my nurse, I mean—thought that she could give you something to cure—' But to her surprise she was cut short. Mrs. Myra and Southerden were standing staring at each other in open-mouthed amazement, looking as if they had severally and respectively seen a ghost. 'George Southerden!' 'Myra Barham!' burst from their lips at the same moment; and Frances, looking from one to another, could arrive at no other conclusion than that her new friend was none other than Mrs. Myra's cousin. Then arose a confusion of voices, neither of the interlocutors paying the slightest attention, or even pretending to listen to a word that the other was saying, and which lasted till Frances (who, being a looker-on, naturally saw most of the game) became so confused, that she did not know whether she was standing on her head or her heels, and was consequently much relieved, when she at length found herself established in the three-cornered chair of state by the fire-place, while Myra, who had made herself mistress of the situation through her greater determination of words to the mouth, was saying in a somewhat aggrieved voice, 'Why, you were drowned—drowned dead!' she repeated, as if to give more force to her assertion. 'Don't tell me that you wern't. I know better, for did not I see with my very own eyes all set down in black and white, that the Wave of Napinque had gone down with all hands off Treddlestone? Answer me that, now.'

'So she did, so she did,' answered Southerden, 'worse luck!'

'How did it all happen?' said Myra, speaking as if she still felt inclined to believe the paper rather than her own eyes. 'How came it you were saved and not anybody else?'

'That I don't know; but this was how it come about. It was the second or third trip I made after I lost the lads and took to sea-going again. I was on board the Wave, and we was going on our way noth,

when there come on a fog, the worst as ever I were out in, and the Favourite, that was coming south coal-laden, ran slap into her. They were both pretty tidily knocked about, but the Favourite came by the worst of it, and she stood in at once, but our captain did not want to lose time and have to pay fine, and he thought that we might make shift to finish the trip, and so we should if things had gone a bit straight, but the weather was unkind, and everything went dead agen us. At night the fog lifted just enough to shew us that we were out of our bearings, but not enough to tell us where we were; and when we heard the Danish man begin to strike up, we knew that we were in for a rough time of it, for if a gale comes on after a fog it's sure to be a stiff one. About two in the morning we let go the anchor, and the dropping of it broke the ship open so much that the water came in, and we knew that she was done for. It was blowing great guns then, and the boat was stove in as we were a letting on her down, and we saw that it was all up with us, and 'twas each for himself. I for one made sure I was going post to the bottom, and I should have too, only as luck would have it, just as the ship was settling down I had hold of a lead-line, with which I'd been a-taking the soundings, and I thought that I would have a try for my life, so I lashed myself on to a spar, and I managed to keep afloat, though the breath was well-nigh buffetted out of me. And it never went harder with me in all my life than when I saw all my mates were took to glory before my very eyes; and I thought that I was to follow them every minute. However, my time wasn't to come then, for just as light began to break, they sighted me from on board a Normandy fishing-boat on her way noth, which had been driven out of her course by stress of weather, and picked me up. They could not stop to put me ashore, but the foreigners were very civil decent kind of chaps, and when they'd set me on my legs again, seeing, though I say it that should not, that I was a handy kind of man, who knew a thing or two, they made offer to take me along o' them, as they were a hand short, and so I went, and a very good job I made of it. I took several other trips in the Lucily Loreau after that, and I might have stayed on with her till now, but I felt as if I wanted a little peace and quiet this side the grave, so I gave up and come back here; and here I do suppose that I shall stop for the rest of my days. It was a bit lonesome at first, with no one to do for me; but since I fell in with the little lad things have been altogether different.'

'And you never thought to tell me about your goings on,' said Myra reproachfully. 'There was I left to think that you were dead, and I put on black for you and everything, and I did think of having a head-stone put up to you, and you were alive after all. I think that you might have sent me word that you wasn't lost. I do indeed!' And the tone of her voice implied that her cousin had been rather injudicious, if nothing more, in returning to life.

'How was I to know you'd a cared? I hadn't heard anything about

you, good, bad, or 'different, for a year of Sundays; and I never dreamt of your putting yourself to any charges in the way of mourning, that I didn't.'

'Oh, that did not mind. It is not the cost that I cared about—at least,' added Mrs. Myra candidly, 'it didn't cost me anything, for I had some old black by me, so I furbished it up a bit, and that did very well. But 'tis so unlucky to wear mourning for the living, that's what I'm thinking about. They are sure to come to a bad end.'

'That's true,' said Southerden apologetically; 'if I had but thought of it, I would have sent you word.'

''Twould have been as well; but there, 'tis no good crying over spilt milk, so don't let's make any more words about it,' said Myra.

There was a silence. Frances, who had been rather tickled at hearing the pros and cons of the mourning question so gravely discussed in the presence of the mourned for, in a manner which completely stript it of all sentiment, now began to wonder whether her room might not be better than her company at the present moment; so, saying something about going down to the sands, she rose to go. To her intense surprise, Mrs. Myra prepared to follow her, though evidently by no means anxious to do so; and on Southerden's saying, 'You ain't never a-going yet, surely,' she said, 'There's no hurry, is there, Miss Fanny? Won't you wait a minute or two longer?' And Frances sat down again, amused at the idea of Mrs. Myra thinking that she required a chaperone at her advanced time of life.

The conversation did not interest her much at first, and she began to look about the room in search of amusement; but she did not fare much better there. From the window there was nothing to be seen but 'a shelly shore, sand-heaps behind and sand-banks before,' for it was low tide, and the sea had gone out so far as to be almost invisible. Neither was the inside of the room much more interesting. The tables, chairs, cupboard, and seaman's chest, were all of the simplest and most unromantic kind, their only recommendation being their scrupulous cleanliness. On the mantel-piece was a row of foreign shells, wentle traps, cowries, bear's ears, and conches, a pair of china images, or 'idols,' as Southerden himself would have called them, and an old coloured glass rolling-pin, which was really a lover's present from the old man to his long dead wife, though the inscription—

'From rocks and sands and barren lands,
Kind Fortune, set me free;
And from great guns and women's tongues,
Good Lord, deliver me.'

—was by no means too lover-like.

On the walls hung two pictures of ships, one more painfully inartistic than the other, a French print of the Holy Family, the profile of a remarkably beautiful woman cut out in black paper, (which was the

favourite style of likeness-taking before the photographic era, and if possible even more uncomplimentary than its successor,) and a gaudily coloured print of a pretty fair-haired blue-eyed girl, sitting in an affected attitude, with a bird on her finger, a rose in her hair, and a simper on her lips, the whole yclept 'The Flower of England,' which, when she caught sight of it, Myra pronounced to be 'the very moral of your poor wife Gambrel that was.' The profile and the picture were not much alike; and Frances found as much difficulty in reconciling their discrepancies as she did Mrs. Myra's account of the original with what her grandmother had told her; but then she knew that the name Gambrel was of itself a sufficient passport to Lady Beaudesart's favour, and that, as all her geese were swans, her descriptions must be taken with several grains of allowance. Old Gambrel (the father) had been bailiff at Knelle, and a great favourite with his mistress, who having been left a young widow with a large fortune, had the not uncommon weakness of liking to be supposed to understand everything, from Shakespeare and the musical glasses to political economy. High farming was her peculiar hobby; and as her steward was by no means inclined to give her all the credit when her schemes turned out successful, and take all the blame upon himself when they did not, she naturally found much comfort in Gambrel, who, though a trustworthy, was also a shrewd man, who knew which side his bread was buttered, and had taken the length of his mistress's foot completely. He had lost his wife when his daughter Bessie was born, and she had in consequence been a great deal in the nursery at Knelle as a playfellow to the Jervaulxes, and being a very pretty engaging child, had been much petted and noticed by all. At one time Lady Beaudesart had had some idea of having her educated for a governess, but her multifarious occupations had driven this plan completely out of her head, till it was too late to take any steps towards putting it into execution; and so Bessie had been left to vibrate between school-room, nursery, housekeeper's room, and bailiff's cottage, picking up what scraps of education she could, and getting just enough to unfit her for the companionship of her own class without raising her to the level of those above her, thus leaving her neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring. Lady Beaudesart, who had meant most kindly by the child, felt her conscience prick her for her somewhat injudicious treatment, and was therefore much relieved when Bessie, of her own accord, (after the marriage of her contemporaries, Lady Anne and Lady Elizabeth, and the consequent removal of their maids,) requested to be allowed to become Lady Jane's maid, which post was then vacant. She speedily turned into 'a perfect treasure,' quite a confidential servant, whose marriage (for she was thought to have married beneath her) and death were alike equally to be deplored.

Frances had heard so much about Gambrel, who had died about the time Algy was born, from her aunts and grandmother, that she almost felt as if she had known her, and had instinctively imbibed a distaste for

her husband, who Lady Beaudesart did not think had treated her kindly. The stories all came back to her now, and she looked with some curiosity at the hero of them. He had not a bad face, she thought, though it was grave, and deeply lined with a set sorrowful expression, which told that there was some painful history connected with his past life, which had left its mark on him for ever; and yet when he lighted up, as he did when he began telling Myra about his 'little lads,' she could see that he must have been a handsome man in his youth. She was touched and interested too by the way in which he spoke, so that she was constrained to own that he was by no means so black as he had been painted. She did not find the time hang heavy, though they sat in the cottage till long past the turn of the tide, and Myra, when she was at length aroused by the clock's striking for the second time, was aghast to find that for once tea-time had not only arrived unnoticed, but had actually found her half a mile from home. Old Southerden seemed very loath to part with her now; and she was, or appeared to be, equally unwilling to leave him—at least Frances judged so, by her turning to her and asking, with a degree of deference which astounded her as coming from one who was usually the commander and not the commanded, whether she had any objection to Master Southerden's coming up to Illium to see her that evening. Of course she was only too pleased to signify her gracious assent; and they started homewards.

Myra was still too much excited by the unexpected re-encounter, to be as silent on the subject of her own family and affairs as usual; and between her and Miss Philly, (who was delighted at the unexpected adventure, and declared that she had always said that Mrs. Myra had a bly of Master Southerden,) Frances was able to form a very clear idea of what old Southerden's previous life had been. It did not seem to her as if it could have been a happy one, and yet Southerden did not speak as if he thought that his troubles had been anything more than all flesh is heir to. Perhaps it was the simple way in which he spoke of his past life, that made her think it so pathetic. Anyway, she was surprised to find the tears come into her eyes, as she listened to him and Myra going over the joys and sorrows of their early life. She leant her head on her hand, and fancied she could see the little grey sheep farm that they spoke of, standing alone in the midst of miles of unreclaimed moor-land, where the sea came thundering in on the long low coast, sometimes drowning every other sound with its roar, while at other times the dash and ripple of the waves joined in and made pleasant music with the tinkle of the sheep-bell in the distance, the hum of the bees in the thyme-beds, and the murmur which came from the pigeon-cote, the poultry-yard, and the house itself. There was always noise enough *there*, for with thirteen children peace and quiet was a boon past praying for. I do not know if anybody desired it either, for the happiest hour of the day was when the elder boys were at home after the day's work was over, and the little ones had come back from the far distant school, and

all assembled to play cricket in front of the house. Then the noise waxed fast and furious, and the father, sitting in the porch smoking his pipe, watched the game with critical eyes, and forgot to think of bad crops and poor land, while the stout hearty house-mother, in her faded cotton dress and bright half shawl, would lean over the gate and watch the lads with fond loving eyes, which forgot to notice that her needles had slipped from her hand, and that the stocking was running down, for she was thinking with pride that there was 'not such a family as hers in Kent or Christendom;' and then she would call them in to supper in a voice which was none the less pleasant for its touch of kindly dialect.

Ah, those were happy times, if they could only have lasted! but they were too good to last; sorrow came unsent for, here as elsewhere. By degrees as autumn came on Mrs. Southerden did not come further than the porch, and then she stayed in the kitchen altogether, and sent Myra or Elizabeth to call in the boys. Nobody thought that she was ailing, for the apple colour still stayed in her cheeks, and her eyes were brighter and sharper than ever; only Harry, when he went to the fortnightly market, was now always told to stop at the chemist's and get her a bottle of doctor's stuff. The empty bottles soon made a double row on the shelf as they stood waiting for the higgler to come and exchange them for the 'chaney idols' which adorned the mantel-piece, but their contents did her no good, and as winter closed in and the lads were driven to spend their evenings in-doors, she took to her bed; but she would not have the doctor sent for—and truly, the doctor, on these out-of-the-way 'common lands,' was only sent for when death was imminent and all chance of saving life was gone. But death was nearer than anyone thought. She became much worse; and one stormy night, when the snow lay three feet deep on the road, and drifts had gathered in all the more sheltered parts, Harry and George were sent off in hot haste to fetch the doctor from the six miles distant town. If she had been conscious she would not have let them go; but she was talking of the red cow's milk and the currants in the garden, and did not know that the icicles were hanging to the window, and that the sharp wind froze the tears on 'her lads'' cheeks, and beat them back when they tried to run. They did not mind that, though—I think they were rather glad of it on the contrary, for it gave them something to think about; and they struggled on till they reached the town.

Harry went home again at once, but George had to wait till the grey morning light, when it would be safe for the doctor and his horse to venture across the moor, for even then he would want a guide. The doctor's old mother was very good to him. She got up and made up the fire, and got breakfast ready, and made the poor boy share it with them; and though he had a lump in his throat, which made him feel as if each morsel would choke him, yet his notions of politeness would not allow him to refuse, and he swallowed enough to do him some good, for when he and the doctor started on their homeward way, he felt as if his mother

must live—at least till he had told her that it was he who had taken grandfather's old snuff-box, the loss of which had troubled her so much. Oh yes, she must live; but the curtains pinned across the up-stairs window told a different tale, and there was no need for the doctor to tell him that he was too late, the sound of wailing that came from the house had done that already.

The winter passed, and spring and summer came, bringing with them warmth and sunshine again, but they could not bring back the old happy days that were gone never to return.

Old Southerden felt the change as much as anybody, and in despair, thinking to remedy it, took a new wife when the year's mourning was over. The second Mrs. Southerden was a sharp-tempered showy-looking woman, some twenty years his junior, but of a certain (or uncertain) age for all that. She had some money of her own: and her friends said that she was throwing herself away, marrying an old man with twelve children, and they pitied her; her enemies, that she had been so long looking out for a husband, that she was glad to take the first that offered, and they pitied him. He certainly wanted pity—the poor old man. He was fond of his children, had been very fond of his Mary, and would have been fond of his present wife if she would have let him, but she was jealous. The boys hated her, and she did not care to win their love, for she wanted to be rid of them, and she succeeded in her object. One by one they all went, but they quarrelled so much before they did, that their father felt glad when the last was gone, and he and the old sheep-dog were left alone together, (for Mrs. Southerden found the old man but poor company, now that she had all but broken his heart, and did not care to stay much at home and look at her work.) He could think of old times, and wonder if he should ever see his lads again. Three were lying in the churchyard even now—Mark, who had been his mother's darling because he was not so bright as he should be, and could not fend for himself; little Aaron, the youngest; and Andrew, who had always been his father's boy, and had stuck by him to the last. *He* would never have left him, come what might, old Southerden thought, with half sorrowful pride; but he had missed his way on the moor-land one rough stormy night, and was found the next morning stiff and cold under a thorn tree, frozen to death, while the little tramp child he had picked up, who was lost too, was alive, having been kept safe and warm in his coat, which was wrapped round her. It was a sore trouble to his father, that his wife would not let him keep the child, but sent her to the union instead, for she always seemed like a legacy from Andrew. He must have been thinking of Andrew that night, when old Huckstep the herdsman, coming in with a young 'sock' lamb, found him lying dead with his head resting on the table, for his finger was still pointing to the verse, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;' and there was a smile on his face when he lifted him up—the first smile that had been there for many a long day.

There was no need to send for the doctor, nor did Huckstep send for his wife—widow she was now—who was away merry-making with her friends. Perhaps it was as well for her that she was not at home, for she would certainly have been told some of the home-truths that filled the mind of the old shepherd as he sat over the fire mourning for the loss of the master he had loved so well, quarrelled with so often, and served so faithfully. 'There'll never be no more like him,' he thought; 'and he oughter be alive now, for he were ten year younger nor me, and a hale man when old missus died; but she killed him, she did.' In another week there was a funeral procession winding over the common to the nearest church five miles off, but it was only followed by four out of the twelve children whose names figured on their mother's tomb-stone. Three were already lying beside her; and she had one more with her than anybody knew then, for Michael, who had gone to sea with his brother George, had been swept overboard and drowned, only a week before his father died.

The next twenty years of George Southerden's life were spent afloat. He used to say of himself that there was not a harbour in Britain that he had not been in, nor a country in the world that he had not seen something of; but at last he got tired of such incessant wanderings, and having saved money enough to buy a fishing-boat of his own, and take a share in the keddle-nets, he settled down at Sawkett. I do not know what made him pitch upon this particular spot, unless it was to be near his cousin Myra, the only one of his relations now in England, who was living at Lurgershall, about ten miles off. He had met his future wife when going to see his cousin, with whom he had apparently started one of those sober quiet interminable courtships, which most respectable servants delight in, and which seem as if they might go on and on for ever without arriving at any result, so that everybody is taken by surprise when the marriage is actually announced. Southerden's and Myra's affair had by no means got so far; nothing had been said on either side, so that she had not even a right to feel ill-used when he 'took up' with Bessie Gambrel, though she felt as if it was adding insult to injury, that her favourite enemy should be her successful rival. The new match had been a very hasty affair. Bessie, like Cæsar, came, saw, and overcame. Southerden, who was desperately in love, was only anxious to hasten it on; and she, having been really attached to one of her fellow-servants, a gardener, who, after having courted her assiduously, had thrown her over for the widow of a market-gardener, thought that marrying was the only way of effectually proving to him that *she* did not care for him. Her mistress was too young to advise her, (having been barely sixteen when she herself married,) and was only too delighted to try her 'prentice hand at match-making and arranging for her favourite, so instead of delaying it hurried it on, for she found that providing the plenishing and the trousseau was quite as charming as fitting up her baby-house had been five years ago; and so Bessie had no time to reflect

on the step that she was taking, till she found herself established in the shore cottage, and it was too late to draw back.

The *désillusionment* was anything but pleasant. She fully intended, when she married, to be a good wife and do her duty in her new state of life; but unfortunately something more than good intentions were required. She had never been used to fend for herself—as Myra said, she was sleeveless—for the qualities that had made her an excellent lady's maid and almost companion to her mistress were not exactly those which were most required for a good house-mother. She had been one of those bright sharp bird-witted people, who always do whatever they have to do well, but without knowing the why and the wherefore for their actions; she soon found that this superficial cleverness would not do where not only hard work, but a knowledge of the way how best to make both ends meet, was required. She tried her best; but when her best efforts failed to make her cottage comfortable and tidy, she lost heart, and found that it was far pleasanter to be up at Lurgershall, where she was a valued favourite, welcomed by all, than to stay at home, and listen to her husband's complaints of her own mismanagement, which were all the more disagreeable since she could not but own that they were well-merited.

If Lady Jane had been older she might have done much towards mending this state of things, for she would not have encouraged her to be so much away from home; but she was too young to be prudent, besides, her former play-fellow being ten years older than she was herself, had from this cause acquired a degree of ascendancy over her, which made her inclined to think that everything Bessie did or said must be right. She was in ill health and trouble herself, (for she had lost all her three eldest children as infants,) and she was too glad to have a companion with her, on whose sympathy she could always rely, to look very closely into the rights and wrongs of the question. Indeed, she quite persuaded herself that she was doing a good deed in keeping her dear Bessie as much as possible from 'the barbarian,' as she called the husband, though it is but fair to add that Mrs. Southerden had never thrown any blame on him by words, whatever her actions might do. Southerden was not happy; his home was anything but comfortable, and he did not know how to improve it. He was fond of his wife, but this only complicated matters, since he could not help seeing that she did not care for him. Quarrels were endless. There may have been faults on both sides, but hers were the worst, or at any rate the most apparent; and the neighbours all agreed that Master Southerden's wife must have been a sore trouble to him, and that it was a good thing for him when she was taken, though she did leave two boys behind, and it was impossible that he could ever make anything of them single-handed. Notwithstanding these doleful predictions, George and Michael managed to tumble up somehow, though they did not get much looking after, for their father was working morning, noon, and night, and seemed able to

think of nothing but money. His love was for his fishing-boat, and he had no attention to spare for the lads; and though his savings were made with a view to their future welfare, their present well-being was totally neglected. He sent them to school to keep them out of harm's way, and thrashed them when he was at home for a similar reason; but otherwise they were left to run wild, till they were popularly supposed to be the black sheep of the parish; though no one cared to be the person to tell Southerden this, for it was well known that he was a man who would not brook any interference with his concerns, and everyone was relieved (except perhaps the lads themselves) when, as they grew older, he took first George and then Michael along with him on board 'The Lass of Sawkett.' Then troubles thickened; he was hard upon the boys; they were wild, and became wilder as time went on, though to the last the old man's firm will and strength of character made him master. The end was not far off. One night there was a furious quarrel; Southerden wanted the boat taken out, but having recently broken his arm was unable to go himself. The boys refused, declaring that there was a storm brewing; and he, only looking upon this as an idle excuse, taunted them with cowardice, and finally ordered them out of the house, swearing that they needn't shew their faces there again till— His threat was lost. George and Michael ran off, shouting back angry passionate words, which he hardly heard then, though they came back to him long after. There is some truth, after all, in the old proverb, 'Curses like chickens always come home to roost.' He hoped, as he heard how the wind blew, and the tide came thundering in, that the boys had pulled across to the Jolly Sailor, as they had done only too often before. He wished that he could feel sure that this was the case; but he felt anything but certain, for he had a strange and unaccountable feeling of anxiety.

His anger had quite vanished, though he did his best to keep it warm. He took down his Bible and tried to read that, but it did him no good. He had always been to a certain extent a religious man, but his religion had been of the hard stern Pharisaic kind, and had lacked any softening influence because it had held the second and not the first place in his heart. A working man must live. When he had saved money enough to buy the lads each a boat, and lay by against a rainy day, then he would keep Sunday holy. God would not be hard on a poor man. That had been his argument; and now when he turned to the Bible for comfort in his trouble, he could find none. 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath,' was the only text that he could dwell on; he closed the Book and put it carefully away, and sat listening to the storm as it grew higher and higher. He longed for a companion, but it was a night when no one would have turned a dog from their door; and even if it had been otherwise, he had never given anyone the run of his house, so that few people would have ventured in uninvited. It was so lonely, that it was a relief when the cat—George's cat—came and rubbed itself against him as if he too felt the influence of the weather. He gave him milk and

meat—a most unusual extravagance on his part; but he remembered that Tom always shared George's supper when he was at home, and he excused it to himself by saying that he could eat nothing. How could he eat when each time that the wind howled louder he fancied that he heard voices shouting for help? he went to the door once or twice to listen, but each time only the blast came rushing in, blowing out the candle, and leaping and tearing round the room as if it was alive, so that he was forced to shut it out again; he left the supper things standing on the table in case the lads should come in, and he took up the net which Michael had been making and tried to go on with that, but his hand shook so that he was forced to lay it down. So the weary night dragged on: many were sleepless besides him, but none with such good cause. With day-break the storm began to abate, and Southerden forgot his nightly terrors. He would give it the lads well for interrupting him so. He had been a rare fool to sit up, but he might as well get to bed now; and he rose from his chair by the dying fire, and moving to the window, drew aside the curtain to look at the weather in the grey light of the early morning. What was that group on the beach? They looked like the coast-guard and life-boat men from Napinque. Yes, it must be so, for there was the life-boat; but what had they got there? It seemed as if they were all looking this way; and as he watched he saw a man detach himself from the group, and come with slow lingering steps to the cottages. Ah, the Lass of Sawkett was not in her accustomed place, and it did not need the chief officer's hesitating stammering words to tell him what had happened.

The life-boat had seen that 'The Lass of Sawkett' was in difficulties, and had gone to its assistance, but too late to do any good; she had turned bottom upwards before they reached her, and they had only been able to recover one body, which had been jambed in beneath before the squall had come on so violently that all their attention had been required for themselves. And then Mrs. Philly, who had been telling Frances as much as she knew of this part of the story, told her also of the cruel old superstition, (which is so universally believed by all sea-going people,) that the soul of anyone who is drowned, and whose body is not recovered, is destined to wander on the face of the earth till the Day of Judgement.

In another week Michael was lying by his mother in the little churchyard at Sawkett, and people, having recovered from the first shock, now said that perhaps after all it was as well that the lads had been taken, for they were ter'ble ne'er-do-weels, who would not have done any good if they had lived to a hundred.

Old Southerden was completely broken down: from a hale middle-aged man he became old in a week's time; he had no longer any heart to work, any wish to save. His money wasted away during a long illness he had; but even that did not rouse him to exert himself. People became tired of going to him with well-meant attempts at consolation and offers of assistance which were sure to be rejected; and at last they

left him to himself, and everyone was surprised when one day they found the shutters shut at the shore cottage, the door locked, and the old man away. Only Miss Philly could tell how one day she had turned out of her way to avoid meeting the old man carrying the dead body of a sandy cat in his arms, nor how shortly after she had noticed a little swelling on the side of Michael's grave, where the earth had evidently been recently disturbed. The next time she went to market she had committed the rare extravagance of buying a sixpenny root of violets, which she had planted so as to mark the spot; but her unusual attempt at sentiment had been nipped in the bud, for on going to church next Sunday she found that the flowers had been removed. Inquiries proved that Joe French must have been the sinner, and though she revenged herself on him by making Master Barnes give him a sound flogging, yet the violets were irrevocably gone, and she did not replace them. Indeed, she had almost forgotten the whole affair, till Frances's inquiries recalled it to her mind.

Algy was at home when Frances and Myra got in, ravenously hungry, and so full of his own adventures, that it was some time before he would allow his companions to hear themselves speak. When he did so, however, he was extremely interested in their discovery, and so charmed with the old sailor when he put in an appearance, that it was very fortunate for Myra she had learnt all the particulars she wished previously, since she would have had very little chance now, for Algy kept the conversation entirely in his own hands, and nothing was talked of but ships and shipwrecks and disasters, which seemed to have the greater charm for Algy the more alarming and terrifying they were. Frances was much interested too, and began attempting to make a sketch of the old man and her brother as they sat together by the fire, which Mrs. Myra pronounced to be extremely like, as soon as she had arrived at a clear understanding which was which.

So the evening passed off pleasantly enough, the only drawback being that as they were going up to bed, Algy remarked to Frances, 'I am sure Papa would not mind my going to sea with Myra's cousin;' and she was glad that she was too near her bed-room door for an answer to be required.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY MARY.

It was over. The travellers had driven away under the bright April sky, and the group which had stood at the door to wish them good-speed was slowly dispersing.

Helen's voice was, as usual, the one to be heard. 'Well, I am very

sorry,' she said. 'It will be awfully dull without Osmond now. I wonder what we shall do?'

'Much as we did last spring, and the spring before, Helen, I should think,' said her mother, smiling.

And Helen made answer, 'Yes, I suppose so;' and looking very sunny, slipped her arm round her next brother's waist, saying, 'Come along, Fergus, let's have a jolly ramble in the plantations, to console us and make us forget.'

Mrs. Lockhart had no fear but that Helen would forget all sentiment, at least as soon as could be wished; but whether *Esther* would or could pass that spring as she had done those that had preceded it, was to the mother a far more anxious question.

Esther might be unconscious, but her mother was not. She had seen during the last two months a growing tendency in two pair of eyes to turn straight to one another for unspoken sympathy, when struck by some passage in the book read aloud, or noting some amusing or pretty speech from one of the little ones.

He had been very good, Mrs. Lockhart felt—so guarded and reticent, indeed, that she could have no doubt he was aware of his love for her daughter; but Esther—did she love him in return? She who three months ago had regarded herself as so much too young for 'nonsense'! Absence would be the test. No mother could fail to watch anxiously such a stage in her daughter's life, but it was not a painful anxiety. If Esther were no longer a child, and her heart had been drawn towards their unbidden guest, Mrs. Lockhart felt she should have no right to regard it as a misfortune. It might be a passing fancy, which would die out and leave the two nearly where it found them; but even if not, and whatever breakers there might be ahead, it could have no lowering effect upon Esther's character to have seen great attractions in such a man as Osmond Lettridge.

The day was a busy one, and it was not till evening that Mrs. Lockhart and her daughter were alone together. They were sitting outside the verandah, whilst the younger ones enjoyed a game of 'Giants,' which Helen had suggested as another consolation likely to have a good effect upon the depressed spirits of herself and her brothers and sisters. Perhaps Esther and her mother enjoyed that quiet time as much as Helen did her game; yet the interruption was not unwelcome, when the two bachelors from the Vicarage strolled up and joined their party.

Leonard was greeted by Helen with outspoken satisfaction. 'That is right. We had not half a big enough giant now Frank is not here, and you will do nicely;' upon which the long-legged young gentleman submitted unresistingly to be laid hold of by Fergus and Charlton, and initiated into the mysteries of the game.

Mr. Graham came and seated himself beside Mrs. Lockhart; and Esther, sitting in silence on the step of the verandah by her mother,

listened eagerly to all their conversation, without any desire to join in it.

Mr. Graham was one of those men, so stiff with the world in general, that when once the boundary-line is passed, there is hardly anything too confidential for him to say to the favoured few. He was so shy a man, that in spite of the old friendship between his sisters and Mrs. Lockhart, but for Osmond's accident the family at the Manor might have gone on all their lives, meeting the Vicar almost every day, either on business or civility, and never knowing him substantially better than they did when first he came to Alston.

For the first year and more of his life there, he and Mrs. Lockhart had met constantly, shaken hands stiffly, and consulted one another ceremoniously on all parish matters, until each had learnt to trust and respect, but not to *know*, the other.

For the last three months, however, Mr. Graham had been constantly in and out at the Manor, and they seemed much nearer intimacy than they used to be; but Mrs. Lockhart did not feel at all sure they would not relapse into their old terms when the common interest was withdrawn; and she gladly hailed Mr. Graham's coming to the Manor this evening as a sign it was not to be so.

The Vicar was not a good talker, and his first few remarks were dry and commonplace in the extreme; after a while, however, he grew absent, and said rather abruptly, 'I think you will miss him.'

'Osmond?' said Mrs. Lockhart. 'Yes, indeed we shall, poor boy; he has quite kept us going the last two months. I never met anyone with so strong an interest in such a variety of subjects, and such a good memory. He must be very clever.'

'In his way he is,' said the Scholar, pleased yet depreciating. 'But he wants accuracy. He reads too easily; if it were more labour to him, he would get up the books more thoroughly. He remembers facts, but he wants to learn the meaning of the word study. His father has just the same quick appreciative mind, with the same want. *He* has never learnt to regard it as a failing; but Osmond is teaching himself—he certainly goes into subjects more thoroughly than he used to do; if only he had been properly educated.'

'What is he doing? I cannot quite make out. He is not at the University, I think; but it is a case in which I am afraid of asking the simplest question.'

'The answer to a simple question might very likely be unpleasant, certainly,' returned Mr. Graham, dryly. 'As to what he is doing, I believe I must answer, *Nothing*. He was supposed to be reading classics with Tracey, the chaplain, but he only submitted to that until he was of age; and no fresh arrangement can have been made yet, seeing he has been laid up almost ever since. Tracey is a very clever man, a cousin of Lady Mary's, and might have been a very suitable tutor if the object of his reading with Osmond had been really what it was nominally;

but there can be no doubt that Latin and Greek were by no means the chief things discussed between them.'

'What was the reading supposed to be in preparation for?'

'It is hard to say. It began when Osmond left Radley, (which he did rather late,) on the reasonable enough plea that his reading up to that time had been too desultory for him to go straight to Oxford; but there is no real excuse whatever for the manner in which these two years have been frittered away. The only thing that can be said is, that no doubt Lady Mary felt conscientious scruples as to allowing Osmond any advantages whilst he persisted in his difference of opinion, and persuaded her husband that his views were the same.'

'Is that possible?'

'Quite possible under Lady Mary's influence. She is not a common person at all. Her zeal is scarcely that of the present day. She has no love for trickery, and cannot bring herself to dissemble or compromise, even where, by so doing, she would advance the cause to which she is devoted heart and soul. She feels Osmond is wrong, and cannot profess to tolerate many things that are in themselves trifles. She believes that in some of her priests, wilyness is a proof of faith stronger than her own, and submits to their stratagems, but they go against her. I must say that for a Romish priest, Tracey is an honest man. A thorough bigot, and unscrupulous in his bigotry, but he is all the more dangerous from the fact that it is perfectly impossible not to respect him. They go hand in hand in their work, and it would be hard to say which is the most formidable of the two. She cannot make up her mind to *coax* or *beguile* her step-children into believing what she believes, since they know she thinks them in a most perilous and wicked state, enemies of her God and her Faith. Persecution is open honest warfare in her eyes, and since it is necessary she does not shrink from *it;* but she hates *deceit.* She is so fully persuaded of the truth of her own opinions, that she is ready to die for them herself; and she has absolutely never taken in the fact that Lettridge is neither so bigoted nor so resolute as herself. She rules him entirely, without either of them guessing it. It is her strong will and purpose, not her strong word or act, that guide him; and when he hesitates to go all lengths with his children in order to bring them round to his view of the truth, she stands by his side and helps him to be what she regards as his better self, triumphing over natural weakness—loving the truth more than father or mother or child, and ready to sacrifice all the home peace which remains to him to that sacred cause. She fully believes that so good a cause as hers (or theirs as she calls it) cannot but triumph in the end; and in that belief she has never flinched in her persecution of her step-children, and—bearing that the world should say of her what it will—has got Ashmoor settled on her own son.'

'There must be something grand about her,' Mrs. Lockhart said sadly.

'There is—especially as, with all her strength, she is one of the

gentlest, most attractive women I ever saw. I never heard of anyone who was not fascinated by her, except her step-daughter; and even Amy might have been conquered in spite of her vehemence, if Captain Hay had not married and taken her out to India at seventeen.'

'Then Mrs. Hay is not a Romanist?'

'No, indeed! She would find it very hard to forgive you for asking such a question.'

'What a trial her marriage must have been to her brother!'

'A great trial, but at the same time a great relief. She is very charming, but she had always had her own way a great deal more than was good for her; and she is such a fiery little thing, that living in the same house with her and her step-mother must have been rather like living in the crater of a volcano. Captain Hay is a sensible steady-going man. I was very glad when she was married, and so I am sure was her father. All her mother's property is settled upon her, so that she is something of an heiress; and we were constantly afraid that she might fall into bad hands—she was so eager to escape from an unhappy home. Poor Lettridge, fond as he is of both wife and children, must have felt it an immense relief to have the sea between Lady Mary and Amy. He would do anything in reason for a quiet life.'

'I suppose he hardly gets that?'

'Quiet—well, yes. It is quiet now Amy is gone. Theirs is a high principled, well ordered household, all of one mind except poor Osmond, who, though of course he must always stand alone, makes no more resistance than is absolutely necessary. He has acted weakly about the entail, and I am sorry for it; but it was from the martyr spirit that will refuse no sacrifice that is asked of it. Lady Mary having over-persuaded his father, has no doubt, I fancy, that in time she will persuade him too; but she is mistaken, I hope and believe. She only sees what looks to her like weakness—his appreciation of all that is beautiful and reverent and established; she little guesses that he is a match for her in steadiness of purpose—that she can make his life miserable, but not shake his faith. Great is the truth, and it will prevail in the end, though who can say that the strife may not be unto death?'

He ceased, and there was silence. The sun had set, and soft twilight was coming on; but a calm had fallen upon the party, which all were unwilling to disturb. Tears were in Mrs. Lockhart's eyes. Esther's were fixed upon the pure amber tints that were fading in the west. A glow was on her cheek, not brought there by personal feeling, but by a rejoicing sense of standing by the edge of a battle-field watching a conflict worth fighting—or, at least, if not *watching* it, able by prayer to strengthen the arm of the champion to whom it was given to fight by the side of the great men of old.

She had sometimes wondered that Osmond never saw that he was great or good; had she known him a little better, she would have understood it. It was not with men of his own age and time that he measured

himself. They, as a rule, had not his trials, his temptations, or his helps; but there were those who had had them. It was by the side of the heroes of the early Church or the Reformation that he placed himself—men who had gone gloriously through a greater intensity of the same trial, and by the side of whom he could not fail to find himself wanting. He held persecution a terrible privilege, and mourned that he did not meet it more bravely, instead of congratulating himself on every victory.

Mr. Graham broke the silence at last, and wishing his companions good-night, went in search of Leonard. He had no idea how unreservedly he had spoken; twilight and sympathy had led him on without his being aware of it; but his hearers felt they would never forget that unexpected revelation that a warm fire of living enthusiasm glowed underneath his dry manner.

Ordinary life began again at the Manor next day, and all things went on as if no great break had come into its manners and customs.

Helen said constantly for a week that they missed Osmond very much, and went on exactly as if he had never come or gone. Esther said nothing, pursuing her old duties in the old dutiful spirit, unconscious of any change in herself; but life seemed deeper and grander to her than it had ever seemed before—every trifle better worth doing for the All-wise and All-merciful Father, Who had ordained for her a peaceful home and a mother to shelter her, whilst others He had seen fit to place in the furnace, whose fires she had hitherto supposed to have almost died out.

The journey to Ashmoor was through pretty country; but even to a boy without nerves, like Frank Anstey, it could not be enjoyable.

Osmond had braced himself to bear it with as little visible shrinking as might be; but in spite of all that could be done to make the travelling easy, the shaking before long became nearly intolerable, and he was forced to take refuge behind a newspaper he was quite incapable of reading, to hide himself from those nervous glances of his father's which were almost a greater trial than pain or fatigue.

Even Frank would have been somewhat alarmed at his friend's weariness, but for the knowledge that his chief object must be to keep Mr. Lettridge from getting into an agony, which could only be done by being quite calm himself; and somehow the hours *did* pass on, though they were a long time about it, and brought them at last to the small country station, where a luxurious open barouche was waiting for them.

The fresh air revived Osmond; and when the transit from train to carriage had been safely accomplished, he was quite equal to cordially returning the old coachman's enthusiastic greeting, and answering the inquiries about his health, to which he had so great an objection. Tired as he was, he watched with interest for each landmark on the old paternal fields, now and then noting some slight alteration that had been made by Mr. Lettridge, or pointing out to Frank some favourite tree or view.

Passing through the little village and recognizing the idlers, who found the disabled young gentleman a very interesting sight, was an ordeal that brought the colour into his cheek; but it was soon over—then the driving through the park up the sweep to the house—and he was at home.

It was 'no end of a house,' as Frank told Esther afterwards; but at the time its size and magnificence did not impress him nearly so much as the graceful dignified woman who stood at the door to greet the travellers with a smile of welcome, and then drew into the background, so as to let moving Osmond be the only thing thought of.

Every move was a trial, but this was the last; and it was with great relief that Frank saw him safely on the sofa in a down-stairs room opening out of the library.

'Your own sitting-room, Father!' Osmond said. 'How kind of you to give it up!' And yet in spite of his gratitude there was a sense of disappointment which he could not entirely conceal. He had longed for his own room with his own books and hiding-places, and it was a blow to find himself practically as much out of reach of them here as at Alston. Mr. Lettridge was, as his son well knew, keenly alive to tone, and he said apologetically, 'Yes, we thought the stairs were such a difficulty.'

'It was very good of you,' Osmond said as heartily as he could. He was tired out, and would have been thankful to have been allowed to lie still alone, or with only Frank; but he feared his father would be disappointed if he did not at once notice the pains that had been taken with the arrangement of the room.

'How comfortable it all looks!' he said. 'What a luxurious sofa! I am afraid you must have got it on purpose.'

'I am glad you find it comfortable. It seemed to me the best shape; but the colour is distressing; the effect with the curtains is dreadful.'

'It is not quite the same shade, certainly,' Osmond admitted; and they continued admiring and criticizing in the same strain, whilst Frank listened to the discourse, hardly able to restrain himself from laughing at it as rubbish. What *did* it signify if the sofa were a shade more scarlet than the carpet and curtains, and if the light fell a little too full on the nose of the statuette in the corner? Evidently Mr. Lettridge was really unhappy about it, and Osmond talked as if he quite understood what was meant, but to Frank it seemed arrant nonsense; and moreover, he would have liked to have turned Mr. Lettridge out of the room at once, and told Osmond to be silent for the next hour.

Such a thing, however, could not be; and he was almost in despair, when Osmond, hearing a child's voice outside, exclaimed, 'There is Owen—do let him come in for a moment.'

Mr. Lettridge hesitated, but Osmond repeated his request so earnestly, that his father opened the door and admitted a fine boy of six, who bounced into the room eagerly, but stopped short, and frowned doubt-

fully on perceiving the horizontal position of the brother whose hand was held out to him. The hesitation was but momentary—then Owen came up to the sofa and gave a boisterous kiss, with the words, 'Poor Osmond! Is it very dull lying down like that? You can't play horses, can you?'

'Not just at present,' said Osmond, laughing, though colouring with pain at the same time. 'Frank can play horses, though.'

'But when will *you* play them again? You are to make haste and get well. I want you. How soon will you be well?'

Osmond had drawn his little brother close to him, and his whispered 'I don't know—when it is God's Will,' reached no ears but the child's. Not so Owen's answer, which was loud and indignant.

'Osmond, you must not talk like that. Mamma said you were not to talk to me about God, because you are a— It is such a hard name that I forget it, but it is something like a fish.'

Osmond made no answer, but the arm which had encircled the boy dropped as if powerless by his side, and he turned away his face with a look of such wretchedness as startled Frank.

Mr. Lettridge spoke sternly. 'Owen, you are tiring your brother, you must go at once.' The asperity of his tone recalled Osmond.

'One kiss, Owen,' he said, trying to smile. The child gave it, and left the room; but neither father nor son could recover from what had passed; and before long Osmond said, 'I think I must ask to be alone. It seems very ungracious, but I am so tired, I am afraid I must rest. Please beg Lady Mary not to think me very rude for not appearing this evening.'

Mr. Lettridge was considerably relieved by the dismissal. He accepted it graciously, and only stayed to say something about the bell before offering to shew Frank his room. As Frank was following his host, Osmond called him back. 'You will come in here again after dinner?' he said, imploringly. 'I am afraid of a visit from the chaplain, but don't stay now.'

Osmond was, however, still alone when his friend rejoined him half an hour later.

'You see the sort of welcome home one has to expect,' he said wearily. 'But it is no use thinking. Will you read for a few minutes, to give me something better to think of? My head aches so; I am afraid I could hardly see the words if I tried to do it myself.'

'All right—only shall not I be late?'

'Oh no; the gong has not rung yet; besides, nobody ever is late here, Leonard says. He declares this is the most comfortable house he knows; for however late you may be, there is always someone else later.'

'Just like Leonard! Lazy fellow! Did you ever ask his opinion as to the comparative beauties of sunrise and sunset?'

'No, indeed. I cannot imagine that Leonard ever saw the sun rise in his life.'

To Frank's satisfaction, Osmond laughed heartily; and that laugh did much to turn the current of his thoughts, and render the reading which he had asked for, of more effect than it would have been otherwise.

This was soon cut short by hideous howlings in the distance, which made Frank, to Osmond's great amusement, start up hastily.

'No such prodigious hurry,' he said, laughing. 'Did you never hear a metal gong before? It is a terrific sound, certainly, until one is used to it. I don't think my father could stand anything so inharmonious, if the gong were not an heirloom—some old shield that an ancestor with a practical turn thought he would turn to account. You will be in plenty of time, but you had better be going now. You can find your way easily—the door opposite the hall fire-place—between two statues.'

'Those great bronze statues? I noticed them as I came in.'

'No; that is the dining-room—two marble Venuses—you can't mistake.'

Frank went, unluckily without knowing that he had only closed, not fastened, the heavy door, which slowly fell back when he was out of hearing, until, to the great annoyance of the one inmate of the room, it stood wide open.

The feeling that he could not shut it, made the trifling inconvenience of having it open very worrying; and he had time to get thoroughly uncomfortable in the few minutes that elapsed before he heard Owen prancing along the corridor, and called to him to close it.

The call brought Owen into the room, nothing loath, but he did not shut the door; he came straight up to the sofa. 'Osmond,' he said confidentially, 'you are not angry *now*, are you?'

'Angry, Owen? No, indeed; I never was angry about it.'

'That's right. Then you will tell me the word, won't you?'

'The word! Not I! They may teach you to call me names if they please, but I am not going to help them.' He had not been aware of the intense bitterness of his tone till he saw the boy's look of utter amazement. 'Yes, Owen,' he said, correcting himself; 'it was very wrong of me to speak so. Papa and Mamma know best; and you must do as they tell you, and never mind me.'

The boy did not answer the last speech, he was meditating upon the one before it. 'Mamma says brave boys don't mind being called names. Do *you* mind it, Osmond?'

'I suppose I ought not,' his brother answered, smiling, though rather sadly; and Owen proceeded, 'I wish I could remember the word. It is something like that red fish—herring! Yes; that's it,' he added joyfully, 'herring-stick—is not that the right word, Osmond?'

'Quite near enough,' said his brother, unable to help laughing, though the boy's words gave him extreme pain. And Owen, glad to have his mind at rest, walked about the room investigating everything, and asking questions, to which Osmond gave but random answers. He had not

seen the child for so long, that he could not bear to send him away, and yet he was too weary to derive anything like pleasure from his society.

It was a great relief when Lady Mary, passing the door on her way to the drawing-room, paused to inquire whether it were Osmond's wish to have it open, and carried off her son with a gentle reproof for his heedlessness in not shutting it.

Frank rejoined his friend about ten o'clock, when the household went into the chapel for prayers; and Osmond heard with pleased amusement his raptures about Lady Mary's grace and courtesy, and surprise at her kindness. Anything belonging to his father Osmond must take pride in; and though he feared, he by no means disliked, his step-mother. Besides, he was amused to see how easily Frank's preconceived idea was overcome. One person Frank did not approve of or understand—the chaplain; and he told Osmond so. 'I can't make out what he is up to,' he said, screwing up his honest face into a most comically bewildered expression.

'I don't think he is "up to" anything but making the world improve in his own way,' said Osmond. 'If his way and mine had but agreed, Tracey and I should not have had so many quarrels as we have. But, Frank, I advise you to keep out of *all* discussions whilst you are here. No subjects are safe with such clever people as Fred Tracey and Lady Mary; they can bring an argument upon you when you least expect it, if you don't take care.'

'You know best, I suppose,' said Frank, shortly. 'Now don't talk, or I shall lose count of these drops, and send you too fast asleep.'

'Not much fear of that,' Osmond said, with a laugh and a sigh, as Frank handed him the opiate. 'I feel to-night as if I could thank you heartily for such a mistake. One longs to purchase sleep at any price sometimes. Don't look so shocked, Frank! I am not going to try the experiment in sober earnest. There must be a use for one's life, since it has been considered worth preserving,' he added dreamily to himself, though half aloud.

Frank had never been made so much of in his life as he was during the days he passed at Ashmoor, for Mr. Lettridge felt no effort could be too great to shew his gratitude for the Lockharts' kindness; and if Frank would but have expressed a wish to do something extremely difficult and expensive, he would only have been the better pleased.

Frank was gratified, and enjoyed himself; but Osmond's warning had made him feel bound to keep on the defensive after a fashion, so that he resolutely turned the cold shoulder to the chaplain's attempts at making himself agreeable, and would not let himself be entirely at his ease with the charming Lady Mary, although his admiration for her increased daily.

Of Osmond he saw comparatively little, for the journey had brought on a return of inflammation in the injured side, not alarming but most disappointing, as shewing how far off recovery was still.

Mr. Lettridge was in despair at finding his son once more confined to his bed, and ready to spare nothing in his anxiety; whilst Lady Mary proved herself at once so quiet and skilful a nurse, that Frank felt as if after all too much pity had been bestowed upon Osmond, whose friends, if not agreeing with him on all points, were evidently devoted to him.

Owen had not made much advance towards friendship, but had rather pleased Frank by telling him freely that he was a much worse horse than 'poor Osmond,' whose inability to act as a beast of burden entitled him to unlimited compassion in his brother's eyes.

Owen had also inquired of Frank whether he was 'a herring-stick like Osmond?' To which Frank had stoutly replied that he was neither a herring-stick nor a heretic—nor was Osmond, in a tone that discouraged even Owen's inquiring mind from pursuing the subject.

'Well, Frank! what are you going to do to-day?' Osmond asked lightly, when on Sunday morning his friend came as usual to his room, to avoid pointedly missing family prayers.

'I don't know,' said Frank, with the bluntness that always attended any approach to the tender subject. 'I was going to ask *you* what is to be done about Church.'

'Church! You don't mean to say it is Sunday already—and you will be going to-morrow? It is most stupid of me to have wasted the whole of your visit groaning in bed instead of enjoying your society. However, at least I can make the most of to-day. Service is at eleven, and again at three, so you need not set off there yet; and meantime, will you go up to my own room and fetch me some books? I am so glad to get back to my own, which I can dog's-ear and scribble in as much as I like.'

Frank laughed, for Osmond was tidy to a fidget, and it was perfectly impossible to imagine him finding any satisfaction in dog's-earing books, though he was rather given to writing marginal notes in the smallest and clearest of hands. Frank went up-stairs in search of the books, but before long returned saying they were not there. Osmond questioned him thoroughly, and then with an uneasy look asked if he would dislike going up once more to see whether certain others he mentioned were in the shelves. Frank went, but again returned with the same unsatisfactory answer. 'Where can they be?' he added. 'Shall I ask anyone?'

'No, no; say nothing about it. It is my own fault. I ought, of course, to have locked them up before I left home; but as I only expected to be away a fortnight, it did not seem necessary.'

Frank was indignant with someone, but he did not know whom. He could hardly believe the books had been purposely abstracted, and yet as all those missing were on religious subjects, he was forced to confess it had an ugly look. Osmond was much better this morning, and very anxious, for his own sake as well as his friend's, to banish all uncomfortable thoughts; but he was depressed by the discovery Frank had just

made, and his brightness did not come without effort, as it had done before he sent him up-stairs.

Frank was glad to get off to church in the course of the morning. It felt odd enough, certainly, to be walking alone to a strange church, and curiously inspected as he emerged from the private gate of the park, by the villagers, who regarded a strange gentleman coming from the great house to church as quite a novelty. Still there was a feeling of home-sickness, that made Frank prize highly the familiar service in the pretty little church, in spite of the monotony of the clergyman's voice, the false notes of the singing, and the length and dullness of the sermon. For Frank's home-sickness could have no satisfaction except in church. However he might love the Lockharts, their love was a gift, not an inheritance. No earthly father's house had opened its arms to welcome him since the long-ago days which he could only dimly recollect; but for that very reason, God's house was his home—a home from which in this Christian land he could never be far distant; and he loved church going, with the feeling that a welcome awaited him, such as few others (unless they are very spiritually minded) know.

It needed a strong feeling of the root of the matter to be refreshed by the service at Ashmoor Church, with its scanty congregation and spiritless responses. The building itself was a small Norman one, which had not many years before been beautifully restored by Mr. Lettridge as a memorial to his first wife. In those days it used to be well filled, but church going was out of fashion at Ashmoor since the Squire himself had given it up. A considerable proportion of the villagers, yielding to the persuasions of Lady Mary and the chaplain, were now in the habit of attending the chapel at the Great House; and a still larger number, not feeling that respectability required them to attend either, had got into the way of lounging away their Sundays in their own homes, quieting their consciences with the argument that by so doing they did not mortally offend either the squire or the parson, with one or other of whom they must otherwise have quarrelled.

After service Frank lingered near the vestry door, to deliver a message to the clergyman, who had not yet come out. The April sun was shining on the graves; and on one marble slab, surmounted by a recumbent cross, the spring wind played with the leaves of a bunch of primroses which had faded and grown limp with age. A feeling that he was doing as he would be done by, did his own father sleep anywhere on land, made Frank go up to the stone and gently and reverently remove the faded flowers. It was only as he did so that he saw the name they covered was that of Amelia Lettridge.

There was a strange contrast between the costly and beautiful simplicity of the cross-marked stone, and the faded nosegay, tied together, with questionable taste but unquestionable good feeling, by a bright-red ribbon. He was still musing upon it, with the flowers in his hand, when he heard the vestry door open, and strode hastily back into the pathway,

so as to come face to face with a solemn-looking middle-aged clergyman.

Frank, regarding himself simply as a messenger, never thought of introducing himself, but at once addressed the stranger with a civil request from Osmond Lettridge, that he would come and see him when he had time.

Mr. Burnett looked surprised. 'Is young Lettridge aware that I called on him Thursday, and again yesterday, and was told he was too unwell to see anyone?' The tone implied a doubt which made Frank indignant, since he thought it aimed at Osmond.

'That was true enough yesterday,' he said hotly; 'he has been very much knocked up by the journey, and has been suffering extremely until to-day, when he is decidedly better. I am certain, however, that he did *not* know of your having called, and that he would have wished to see you if he had known.'

The dry stranger glanced at his young companion, with a smile half amused, half pleased, at one corner of his mouth. 'I am sorry he has been so unwell,' he said; 'but we must hope that such a visitation will have a good effect, and that he will rise from his sick bed a reformed character.'

Frank made no answer. Every character of course might be improved, but he thought Osmond needed 'reforming' much less than most people. He felt annoyed with his companion, little guessing that they were entirely agreed upon that point, only Mr. Burnett thought it his duty to depreciate human nature and to improve all occasions.

After a pause, the clergyman continued, 'I will certainly wait upon your friend to-morrow. What rooms does he occupy?'

Frank wondered at the question, but answered it. 'He has a room under the portico (Mr. Lettridge's study I believe it is) for his bed-room, which he has not left as yet, but he hopes to-morrow to get as far as the sofa in the library.'

'Ah, well! I will take care that no one shall hinder his seeing me another time. You may tell him I know my way to the library window.'

Mr. Burnett shook Frank's reluctant hand with good-humoured heartiness when their paths diverged; and the latter retraced his steps across the park to the door, for *he* did not feel at liberty to enter other people's houses through the window, whatever Mr. Burnett might do.

He was glad to find Osmond alone, and delivered the clergyman's message faithfully, though he ended with a burst of indignation. 'I never could stand that man marching into my room at all hours, whether I wanted him or not, to be "instant out of season," as he says.'

Osmond laughed, though not very cheerfully. 'It is not exactly what one would have chosen, certainly, but I must take him at his word. I value the man, for he is very good and earnest, and rates one manfully for one's short-comings; but I never can get over a desire to run away

when he comes in sight. He thinks it his duty to tread on his neighbour's mental corns whenever he gets a chance; and though I dare say it is wholesome, it is not enjoyable. But if he did not come to me, I know no one would—except the chaplain.'

'How you must hate that man!'

'I am afraid I do—and yet it is a great shame, for I would give anything to be as self-devoted as he is. You do not know all he has given up for his convictions. Such brilliant prospects as he has already sacrificed to his religion; and he would sacrifice anything—life itself—for what he thinks right. And yet, admitting all this, it is very hard to admire the man who is the bane of one's existence.'

'I should not try,' said Frank shortly. 'You are right, and he is wrong. However, to return to the point, you won't be shut up here very long, you will soon be driving about; and when you can get to church you will not require Mr. Burnett to come and lecture you in private.'

'Ah, but I am a long way from church yet!' Osmond said. 'My father never has the carriage out on Sunday; he likes the men to have the day.'

'Yes; but when you can't walk?'

Osmond interrupted him. 'You forget,' he said. 'Of course he does not wish to enable me to do what he thinks wrong. I can't help sometimes wishing we had Mr. Graham still,' he continued, by way of changing the subject. 'But I am coming round to see that he was right to go. Mr. Burnett, having neither pain nor difficulty in opposing my father, can do many things Mr. Graham could not; and for many reasons, he can do better with the people in the cottages. Besides, it was a great risk for Leonard. He was quite right to take him away.'

Osmond, however, hated painful subjects with the strong hatred of a nature that would have all harmonious and pleasant, that only with difficulty sees anything beautiful in the stern or tragic side of life. He had no morbid love of dwelling in thought or word on his own sufferings; as soon as they were over he would have liked to forget them entirely; and he shrank from anything that recalled the sore sense of being forsaken, with which Mr. Graham's change of cures had overwhelmed him. He turned hastily from the subject, asking what Frank had got in his hand.

Frank coloured as he gave him the flowers, saying, 'I found them in the churchyard, and brought them home to burn. They do not deserve to lie littering about.'

'No, indeed! It must have been dear old Betty's thought. How kind of her—when I fancied, because I was not at home, no one would put any flowers there this Easter! Dear old thing! Will you go and give her my love, and thank her, Frank, on your way from church this afternoon? She only lives at the Church Lodge, but it is too far for her poor rheumatic old legs to carry her up here. Besides, as she is the

only one of the old servants who has stood her ground, I am afraid the others don't make it pleasant for her when she does come. She was *our* nurse, and was here till six years ago; but as she would not yield, she could not be Owen's, so she was put in to keep the Lodge.'

Frank readily promised to visit the old woman, who was greatly delighted with the attention, his admiration of her cottage and her cat, and the interest with which he listened to full particulars about Miss Amy's and Master Osmond's safe passage through the whole juvenile round of complaints. He also submitted to be well questioned about Osmond's accident and illness, and left her at last loaded with thanks for his visit, and her best love to 'her poor dear boy, whom she did want to set eyes on just about.' And as soon as ever he was gone, she put on her best bonnet, and with the house-key in her pocket, hobbled out to tell her neighbours how uncommonly civil the young gentleman had been to her.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning proved that the girls had been right in their idea as to how Mademoiselle de Lys was likely to behave. She received Cecil just as usual, and made no reference whatever to the events of the preceding night. At breakfast Mr. Vaux read his letters and newspaper, as he always did; and the three others chatted in French, for the rule was that at meals no other language was to be talked. This kept Helen rather silent; far less forward in her studies than Cecil, she neither spoke French fluently herself nor understood it when fluently spoken by others.

'This is a very agreeable note,' said Mr. Vaux, suddenly looking up from a letter he held in his hand. He addressed them in English—a privilege which it was quite understood he was to have; and it was also understood that they were permitted to answer him in the same language. 'This is a very agreeable note. Mrs. Lester invites Cecil and Helen to dine at two, and spend the afternoon with her young people. A more improving plan could scarcely have been thought of, and I congratulate you both on having an opportunity of becoming intimate with a family, whom I have no hesitation in saying, are in all respects exactly—yes, I may say *exactly*—what a family should be.'

Cecil shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip; and Helen said rather doubtfully, 'It is very kind of her, I'm sure."

'Yes, my dear, it is very kind of her,' replied her father. 'And it is a kindness by which I hope you will both of you profit. It is a house in which you may learn much that is good, and unlearn much that is evil. Mrs. Lester herself is a model of all that a woman should be, and her daughters are admirable girls. I have no hesitation in saying that her daughters are admirable girls; Adela, in particular, is a pattern for all young ladies.'

'I do suppose,' said Mademoiselle, 'we should take our leetle exercise of walking before dinner, if they partake of it at two, and then I can leave my dear charges at the Lodge, and come home myself, to my leetle modest meal, and not be sorry for an afternoon devoted to improve my own mind instead of the minds of the others.'

Mademoiselle happened to be deeply interested in the middle of the second volume of Edmond About's last novel, with which she was most anxious to improve her mind at every possible opportunity.

'Mademoiselle, you are always kind,' replied Mr. Vaux, 'always obliging, and willing to assist the plans we make.'

'I would indeed willingly assist my dear pupils to spend a day in such a house as *that*,' said Mademoiselle, casting up her eyes.

'Such perfect sympathy as I meet with from *you*,' replied Mr. Vaux, deeply moved, more perhaps from the casting up of the eyes than the words themselves, 'can seldom fall—yes, I may say that it can *seldom* fall—to the lot of any man to receive.'

'And we are to go there,' said Cecil discontentedly; 'it's rather slow, I think.'

But she spoke low, and her uncle either did not or pretended that he did not hear her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester had only recently settled in the neighbourhood, having taken a pretty place called the Lodge, half a mile from the little town of Byfield. Mr. Vaux had formed the most exalted opinions of them, and had been greatly impressed by the manners and education of their young people. This was quite sufficient to set Cecil against them, and she had at once determined that the whole family was composed of hypocrites and busy-bodies. She disliked and distrusted them all, but of course she most disliked and distrusted Adela, simply because she was the one her uncle most admired. It *is* trying to have anyone held up as a pattern, and it was a trial which Cecil was not calculated to bear at all well. Even Helen felt an objection to a 'pattern young lady,' though she had a good deal more fortitude in such matters than Cecil could command. They neither of them were at all elated at the prospect before them, and each determined in her own mind that it would be a dull and unpleasant day.

'Isn't it a bore?' muttered Cecil, as they left the breakfast-room.

'Well, we must mind it as little as we can manage,' replied the more placid Helen.

'And then it is so unfair too. Here is the old thing coming up again

in a new form. To prevent our going to places may be only passive tyranny, but to *send* us to them is very active tyranny indeed.'

'Oh! well, I don't think much of that, you know,' said Helen. 'Of course if Papa wishes it we must go.'

'There you are again!' cried Cecil impatiently. 'I do declare that I think you were born to be a slave.'

'All women are,' laughed Helen; 'first to their parents, and then to their husbands.'

'So that even by your rule I am an exception! For I have never had parents to remember, and I never intend to have a husband at all,' cried Cecil, nodding her head emphatically.

'Now, young ladies,' cried Mademoiselle, joining them in the school-room. 'We must get through our readings—quick—quick—that we may have time for our walkings, before this two o'clock dinner.'

After that, German and French were the order of the day for two or three hours; and then they all put on their hats and warm jackets, and walked into Byfield.

As they passed along High Street, they heard a vehement knocking against the first-floor window in one of the houses. It was where Mrs. Mulready, *the* milliner and dress-maker *par excellence*, lived. They looked up, and Cecil actually blushed with pleasure when she saw Mrs. Wyndham standing in the window, tapping and beckoning with the most delicious friendliness.

'O Mademoiselle!' she cried, stopping short in her onward progress.

Mademoiselle shook her head at her.

'Ah, mechante!' she said playfully; '*pauvre petite*, you wish now to rush into the arms of your friend; and afterwards?—*fidone, fidone*—afterwards you will be telling tales to the uncle! *N'importe*, I, in my own poor little person, am more clever than you—am I not? And I shall see that no harm is done on our return home to the fearfully wise man.'

With which words Mademoiselle de Lys entered the house, and preceded the two girls into the up-stairs room at Mrs. Mulready's.

Mrs. Wyndham advanced joyously from the window; she shook hands merrily with Mademoiselle and Helen; but as to Cecil, she caught both her hands in hers and gave her the sweetest brightest welcome, looking very much as if she would have liked to have kissed her, and so, in fact, she would, but being a well-bred woman, she felt that she had not known her quite well enough for kissing—at least in a milliner's show-rooms. *Woman*, we said, but the more correct word would have been *girl*; for as Cecil had told her cousin, Mrs. Wyndham was only nineteen.

She was very tall and very slight, with coil upon coil of fair hair wound round and round her head, a small pretty face and large appealing eyes that sometimes looked grey, sometimes violet, and sometimes black. She was dressed very fashionably, in black velvet, trimmed with

magnificent white lace, and a little hat of the same colour as the velvet, on the top of her masses of hair, crowned with a graceful plume of black and blue feathers—nothing could be more becoming to her fair style of beauty than the dress. Cecil looked at her with girlish enthusiasm, thinking she had never seen anyone so lovely or fascinating in her life.

'I am so glad you are come; I was just wishing for you—I was indeed,' cried Mrs. Wyndham joyously. 'Now I do hope you have plenty of time, and that you will not be hurrying away, as you did the other day.'

'You are so kind,' replied Cecil. 'I am sure I don't *want* to hurry away.'

'The young ladies dine at Mrs. Lester's at two o'clock, Madame,' explained the governess; 'till then I think they have the leisure for what they do please. *Ah ciel*, is not this charming?'

And she ran about from dress to bonnet and bonnet to dress, handling and admiring all the pretty things recently imported by Mrs. Mulready from Paris.

'At Mrs. Lester's!' cried Mrs. Wyndham, making a long face; 'that will be a little *triste*, will it not?'

'Yes,' laughed Cecil. 'I think it will; a little, but my uncle wills it, and what can we do? poor girls who may not even choose their own friends.'

'Oh yes, you may, and you have chosen *me*,' answered Mrs. Wyndham, making a coaxing mouth at her.

'Indeed I have, if you will let me,' replied Cecil, colouring with pleasure.

'I will not only let you, but I am determined that you shall; do you remember the first day we ever met?'

'Do I? I should think so; it was at the Hall archery meeting—we were only lookers-on, but you were shooting in the green dress of the club, trimmed with silver, with a forester's hat and green feather fastened with a silver buckle. I thought then I had never seen anything like you; but that is not the time you mean, for you could not have noticed *me* then.'

'Indeed but I did. You were standing under a chestnut tree with your uncle most of the time. You wore a simple white piqué frock and brown straw hat; you were evidently not come out. You looked bored when your uncle talked to you, but full of amusement except then. And two or three times you laughed at something you were not intended to laugh at, shewing that you had more fun in you than a proper behaved young lady is intended to possess.'

'And you noticed all that!'

'I did—and I was charmed with you! From that day I determined to make acquaintance with you the first moment I could. And I kept my determination, for I made Colonel Wyndham take me to call at Miss Beverley's, merely because I had seen you go in there.'

'You actually followed me!'

'Yes, actually—a very innocent sort of following, you know. I am only a girl.'

'How delightful!' cried Cecil, more flattered and pleased than she had perhaps ever felt in her life before; 'how little idea I had at the time—you remember, Helen, my coming home on both those occasions, and telling you all about Mrs. Wyndham.'

'Indeed I do; we called you the fair one with golden locks after the archery meeting, for we didn't know your name. And we were always wanting to see you—Cecil did so wish to shew you to me; and then, when you happened—as she thought—to call just when she was at Miss Beverley's, and she was introduced to you, and you talked, she came home to me quite triumphant,' said Helen.

Mrs. Wyndham laughed, and her laugh was a very sweet one. 'How nice!' she cried, 'isn't it? How pleasantly things do happen, don't they?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Cecil heartily, forgetting her dull home, and all her reasons for being dissatisfied with life; '*indeed* they do.'

'Colonel Wyndham likes you too,' said the young wife, nodding her head, 'and he says you are two remarkably well brought up girls.'

'Does he? poor man!' cried Cecil. 'Ah, if he only knew! The fact is, we are being brought up as badly as possible.'

'You do say the strangest things!' said Mrs. Wyndham, delighted; and then she laughed again, her bright joyous laugh; and Cecil and Helen both joined with her, as if to be badly brought up was the most amusing thing in the world.

'Now I will give you a little tiny glimpse of my ball dress,' cried Mrs. Wyndham, 'and you are the only people who shall have that privilege before the twenty-second; but it is lovely—quite lovely—you will be charmed, I know you will.'

She pulled open a drawer as she spoke, displaying voluminous draperies of silvery gauze, trimmed with delicate wreaths of sky-blue clematis and feathery foliage.

Both the girls exclaimed with the liveliest admiration; and Helen, always good-natured, begged that Mademoiselle might be allowed a peep also; but when they looked round to call her to the show, they discovered that while they were talking she had left the room.

'Never mind,' said Mrs. Wyndham; 'then she won't be in a hurry to take you away, and we can talk and talk. So your name is Cecil; I heard your cousin call you so.'

'It is Cecilia, but I am always called Cecil.'

'And yours is Helen.'

'Yes; and do you know, Mrs. Wyndham, we have wondered and guessed what your name is.'

'Have you indeed? do you think you can guess Christian names? What ought mine to be, then? Sarah? Martha? Ann?'

Both the girls laughed.

'You know it *couldn't* be any of those,' Cecil replied quite gravely.

'Couldn't it? then you have great confidence in my Godfathers and Godmothers, for, alas! you know we don't choose our own names.'

'But you have not really got an ugly name?' said Cecil, in a very anxious voice.

'Guess.'

'I guess that it is Dora,' cried Helen.

'And I that is Viola,' said Cecil.

'Wrong—wrong—both wrong!' was the answer, with a solemn shake of the head. 'My name is—Juliet.'

'But that is delicious!' cried Cecil. 'Juliet is enchanting. I do think we were both of us *very* stupid not to guess that *that* was your name.'

'Yes, I think we *might* have guessed it,' said Helen, in accents of self-reproach.

'And *don't* you think,' said Mrs. Wyndham, softly and coaxingly, 'that we might call each other by our Christian names? Mrs. and Miss are so dull—*are* not they? *Are* not Cecil, Helen, and Juliet, much better?'

The girls coloured and smiled, and expressed their joyful assent.

'Well, then, *Cecil*,' said Juliet, 'what is *your* dress at the ball to be?'

'Nothing, I fear. My uncle will never allow me to go.'

'Oh, nonsense! go you shall, by hook or by crook—by fair means or foul. I thought it was quite settled that you were to elope to the ball, if you had no other way of appearing there.'

'Well,' said Cecil, 'if I *did* go, I have a dress that would do very well. It was bought for a party my uncle was going to give, which was put off.'

'What is it?'

'White tarletane, all flounces and waves, *excessively* pretty.'

'Oh yes, nothing can be better than that for a young thing like you. And what to wear in your hair?'

'Oh, I was not to have worn anything in my hair, just because I *am* such a young person.'

'But you must. You must wear something in your hair; you can't go to a real ball like this without something in your hair. I suppose it must be white, because it is your first ball, and,' examining her critically, 'white will also be more becoming to you with your dark hair than anything else. Roses? or jessamine? or what?'

'But I have nothing,' replied Cecil. 'I have neither roses nor jessamine.'

'See here!' cried Mrs. Wyndham, turning over heaps of pretty things as she spoke. 'Can any flower be sweeter in itself, or more suitable to a very young—*person*,' with a gay laugh, 'than this? snowdrops with ivy leaves frosted over till they shine, and twisted into such charming

sprays too. Yes, you must have these, they are made on purpose for you.'

Cecil looked at them with wistful doubtful eyes. The idea of undertaking such a purchase herself, on her own account, seemed, from its novelty, simply impossible; besides which, she had very little money.

'I don't think I can buy them,' she began slowly. 'My uncle—'

'Oh, do let me give them to you!' cried her new friend eagerly.

'No, no; please don't,' replied Cecil, with at least equal eagerness. 'I had so *much* rather not;' she fixed her eyes quite beseechingly on her, as she added, 'I hardly know why; but I am sure you will understand that I had *much* rather not.'

'Well, well,' said Juliet, disappointed, 'when you know me better you will not mind. It is one of the privileges of friendship to give things without its being minded; but I will content myself with supplying you with a splendid bouquet of real flowers to carry in your hand when *the* evening arrives.'

'Could she not wear real flowers in her hair?' asked Helen, making the suggestion a little timidly.

'No, they never keep nice and fresh; they are delicious the first hour, and then they draggle; and these snowdrops are made on purpose for her. Cecil, you *must* buy them. I shall tell Mrs. Mulready to send them to you, or to keep them for you. I shall, I am determined. I may—mayn't I?'

And the tone of playful imperiousness changed in a moment into one at once tender and coaxing, which entirely conquered Cecil, already weak and wavering.

'Well,' said she desperately, 'I suppose so.'

'But after all, Cecil,' said Helen, suddenly coming to the senses, of which the beauty of snowdrops and ivy leaves, frosted all over till they shine, had temporarily deprived her. 'After all, Cecil, you know you can't go to this ball.'

'Hush, hush, little fair-faced prophet of ill,' cried Juliet; 'she can—she shall—she will; in the dead hour of the night, when mortal eyes are closed in sleep, she shall steal from the stern walls that enclose her like a grave, and join the festal throng eagerly waiting to receive her.'

'There would be no difficulty in doing *that!*' cried Cecil, laughing.

'Would not there? would not there, indeed? Why, *that* is what I have been thinking of, as the only real difficulty in the matter.'

'Oh no, our house—or at least our part of the house—is a very easy one to elope from.'

'Is it really, now? but that is quite providential.'

'You see, we are in a wing by ourselves, and our rooms are over the kitchen and offices, and we are shut off by a door from the rest of the house.'

'But that door is bad, not good, for doors do make such a noise if you open and shut them in the middle of the night.'

'Oh, but we have not to open and shut this; the back-staircase is at the end of our passage.'

'And that leads—?'

'To the kitchen and other offices.'

'Where of course there is a back door.'

'Oh yes, there is a back door.'

'But my dear Miss Vaux—my dear Cecil, your house seems planned on purpose for elopements.'

'Hardly, I think,' replied Cecil, laughing. 'Our wing was laid out for nurseries, and the back stairs for the convenience of nurses.'

'I see; but we can turn them to more exciting purposes. Now then, where does this blessed back door open to?'

'Ah, now comes the difficulty. It opens into a yard, and in the yard is a dog, and the dog barks at any sounds in the night; and moreover, the yard is a long way from the road.'

'Poison that dog!'

'Poor Ponto! no, I shouldn't like to poison a dog, and least of all poor Ponto. And even when I had poisoned him, the yard is, as I said, a long way from the road.'

'What a pity! However, I am not going to be defeated by a back yard. If there is any use in language, I believe in the words, "Where there's a will there's a way."'

'The greenhouse passage!' cried Helen suddenly.

'An oracle has spoken! The greenhouse passage!' exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham. 'O Cecil, attend and ponder. What does it mean? the greenhouse passage!'

'Well, Helen, I do wonder we never thought of that before,' said Cecil.

The three were eager and earnest, and quite as if they meant it all, though certainly neither Cecil nor Helen, whatever may have been the case with Mrs. Wyndham, realized the idea that they were talking of what could indeed happen: at the moment, it did seem real to them; but if they had been asked the next whether they meant all they said, and that Cecil was, in fact, to leave Fernley privately in the middle of the night, and go to this ball, they would have laughed, and admitted that it was but a dream. And yet they discussed it just as earnestly, and laid their plans as ingeniously, as if it was simple matter of fact.

With all her charms and pretty ways, and though her manners were feminine, and she had read nice books, such as Proctor's Sun and the Memorials of a Quiet Life; and even though she was thoroughly in love with a husband considerably older and wiser than herself; notwithstanding all this, there is not a doubt that Juliet Carre had been a fast young lady before her marriage, and that in spite of the many new thoughts, feelings, occupations, and excitements, which had kept her tolerably quiet during the few months that had elapsed since that event, she had by no means as yet settled down into anything else. This

intimacy, rushed into with a couple of young girls, rather as one might say, under the rose, had infinite charms for her. The undisguised enthusiasm she could not but see that she had inspired them with, delighted her; and the visions of adventure and romance which she beheld in the distance, connected with Cecil and the ball, were all that she could have possibly chosen to make her pleasure complete.

She now turned with brilliant smiles to Cecil, demanding by look and gesture even more than by word, an explanation of the five oracular syllables, 'The greenhouse passage!'

'Yes, it is quite true,' Cecil said. 'A long passage runs all the way by one of the walls of this yard, and connects the greenhouse in the kitchen-garden with some of the offices. It was a fancy of Grandpapa's. He was very particular about his grapes, and had wonderful sorts, and thought no one understood how to treat or even to gather them but himself. I have often heard Aunt Flora talk about it. And so he had this passage built that he might visit them in all weathers without getting wet, for he was quite an old man.'

'What an old darling!' cried Juliet enthusiastically. 'Bless his ancient heart! He little thought for whom and for what he was really building that passage. That is the best, or the worst, of building. Almost everything else you do you can see the end of yourself, or you *might* do so, in the course of nature; but if you build anything, you never *can* tell what may be the consequences; it lasts for hundreds of years after you are dead and buried. If you build a church, a future generation may make a slaughter-house of it; or even if you have given all your means and your energies to the erection of the most magnificent gin-palace, a Spurgeon then unborn may transform it into a tabernacle.'

'Yes,' replied Cecil, laughing. 'Those poor wild beasts in the Surrey Zoological little thought who was to succeed them.'

'And your respectable grandfather, when he built that passage for himself to toddle through when his grapes wanted thinning, had no visions of a lovely grand-daughter, half child, half woman, tripping over the same floor in the still night-time, brilliantly attired, searching for enjoyment and pleasures which the folly of a stupid guardian denied her.'

'Just fancy how I should feel doing it!' laughed Cecil.

'Uncommonly jolly!' was the answer. 'But the keys—the keys—the keys of the passage and the greenhouse door! What Bluebeard keeps *them*—Sister Ann, Sister Ann?'

'Nobody at all, with beard black, red, or blue. The key—there is none except to the outer door of the greenhouse—hangs on a hook by the door in the offices, so that anyone who likes can enter the kitchen-garden that way; and it is shorter and more convenient than by the pleasure-grounds.'

'So far, so well; but we must go a step further. We have traversed the passage, we have passed under the hanging bunches of Grandpapa's

grapes, and through the wood of geraniums and calceolarias; we have unlocked the greenhouse door, and we are standing in the kitchen-garden—what then, Cecil, what then?'

'Then,' answered Cecil, 'a few yards of asphalt walk brings you to the gate into the lane, and that gate is only secured by bolts on the inside.'

'A gate?'

'Well—no, it is not a gate, though we always call it the ivy gate, because of the ivy above it, but it is a door in a wall.'

'And then in that lane my carriage will be waiting, into which the fair fugitive will gracefully spring, and we will rattle off to the ball, shouting Victory, victory!' And Mrs. Wyndham, as she pronounced the words, waved a little gauze scarf that she snatched up from one of the tables joyously above her head; and then she and Cecil and Helen all of them laughed.

'If it could only be!' at last Cecil said, with an abrupt descent from the heights of dreamland.

'If! to the winds with if! Let us have no ifs here,' replied Juliet gaily. 'I have said it—is not that enough?'

'I should be very glad if it was,' sighed Cecil.

'I told you you couldn't, you know, Cecil,' said Helen. 'When you said you could and you would.'

'And I told her she could when she said she couldn't and she wouldn't,' retorted Mrs. Wyndham. 'And *I* am always right.'

'Yes, I dare say you are,' replied Helen submissively. 'You *look* as if you were always right!'

'Nobody ever contradicts me,' said Juliet, with her sweetest smile and a little demure air. 'It wouldn't pay! By-the-bye, girls! is that a nice governess you've got—that little Frenchwoman?'

'Pretty well,' replied Cecil.

'She looks clever,' said Mrs. Wyndham.

'I believe she's extremely clever,' answered Helen; 'and Papa has an immensely high opinion of her.'

'And do you like her, both of you?'

'She's good-natured,' said Cecil; 'but she isn't sincere; and she takes my uncle in, who thinks her quite different from what she is.'

'Ah, I see—pretends to principles she hasn't got?'

'He thinks her the steadiest woman he ever knew—and she's more frivolous than we are!'

'That *is* a climax! But it's a most wonderful thing—isn't it?—that people should ever try to make themselves out better than they are.'

'Any sort of meanness is wonderful, I think,' replied Cecil.

'For my part, I always make the worst of myself,' said Mrs. Wyndham.

'Do you?' cried Cecil, with unconscious flattery. 'What *can* the best of yourself be, then?'

Mrs. Wyndham patted her quite fondly on the shoulder. 'I always make the worst of myself,' repeated she. 'I told Colonel Wyndham, before we were married, that I would shew him all my faults, and he might find out my virtues if he could.'

'Mademoiselle's plan is to shew *us* all the faults she really has, and Uncle James all the virtues she really hasn't.'

'Men *are* easily taken in,' said Mrs. Wyndham thoughtfully. 'I know I could make my Colonel believe anything I like; and if he only tries to mystify *me* the least bit in the world, I see through it *before* he's begun.'

'I wouldn't like a man to be easily taken in,' replied Cecil, thinking of her brother, who she was quite sure was quick and far-seeing.

'But they all are—and you *would* like my Colonel—yes, dearly, dearly, if you knew him—everybody does, and nobody can help it,' said the young wife, with sparkling happy eyes.

'Why, there's Mademoiselle!' said Helen, who had for some little time stationed herself in the window, and amused herself by looking out into the street, 'why, there's Mademoiselle! I see her a great way off. I know her by her French walk, if by nothing else; and who *has* she got with her?'

Juliet and Cecil both joined her, and looked up the street with straining eyes.

'Oh, it isn't Papa, is it?' cried Helen, frightened.

'No, no,' said Cecil, 'it is somebody much shorter than Uncle James. You never know people asunder, Helen, at the least distance—but *I* can't make out who this is!'

'It isn't my Colonel—that is all *I* feel sure about,' laughed Juliet; then she added, surprised, 'why, I do declare it's Captain Feversham! It's really very good-natured of him to walk with her.'

'Good-natured?' cried Cecil. 'Why?'

'Oh—gentlemen—especially officers—and especially young officers—don't usually trouble themselves with governesses, you know!'

'No, I didn't know,' replied Cecil; 'and I think it's uncommonly mean of them if they don't *because* they are governesses. What difference can it make in what they are as women? *That's* what they should be judged by.'

'Well—I'm not sure,' said Juliet. 'It sounds very well—but will it wear? *You* wouldn't be as ready to talk to a tutor as to an officer, you know.'

'Shouldn't I? Indeed, then, I should; and readier, if the tutor was pleasant and the officer wasn't.'

'Most people would not, though.'

'Mademoiselle is pretty, and has plenty to say, and says it pleasantly, though I don't approve of her; I see all that—and I think that ought to be enough for—a Captain Feversham.'

'O Cecil, how disdainfully you speak! What has poor Captain

Feversham done, to be mentioned with such contempt? How has he offended you?'

'He hasn't offended me at all—but he seems to me rather silly—isn't he?'

'Rather silly? Well—is he? I really never thought of it before. He is a gentleman, and has plenty of chat. But now you speak of it, I suppose he is *not* very wise—but how *could* you find him out so quickly, Cecil? Do tell me!'

'Why, the first thing people shew is whether they are silly or not. I always know that in five minutes—don't you?'

'I don't ever seem to think about it.'

'Well, I don't suppose I think about it—but it comes—the knowledge comes in a very little time.'

'And what made it come with Captain Feversham?'

'I don't know. First of all, his two front teeth project—not very much—but in such a foolish way. And then he sucks the head of his cane, and stares—and then did you hear him say that he wished he was a Frenchman, just to please Mademoiselle. And he asked what Southey had written; and when I told him "The Ancient Mariner," he quite believed it, and said, To be sure; and he supposed he should forget his own name next!'

'Poor man! but he was trying to please both ladies—first Mademoiselle, and then you. All young officers say those sort of things, and very few of them know the difference between Southey and Coleridge.'

'Do they? Don't they? That is a pity; but then you see it only proves that they are *all* silly—not that Captain Feversham is wise.'

'Well, I like him. He is the most good-natured obliging creature—does everything I wish—quite a dog to fetch and carry—devoted to his Colonel's wife, you know.'

'Yes, very likely; but that isn't a nice description for a man—is it?'

'I don't know—there ought to be a few such men everywhere—they are very useful, and a great help.'

'He seems to be very useful and a great help to Mademoiselle just now, in assisting her to pass the time,' replied Cecil, turning to the window again. 'See! they have never stirred from that spot since we first saw them; and they are talking so very earnestly, I am sure it is about boots or gloves. Mademoiselle never talks with so much animation except about boots and gloves.'

'Doesn't she? She is a thorough Frenchwoman, then.'

'And there is the church clock striking half-past one,' said Helen; 'and we certainly ought to be going to the Lodge. Ah! the sound has turned her thoughts from her feet and her hands—she is coming on, and Captain Feversham with her.'

'When shall we three meet again?' sang Juliet softly, but with correct ear and pretty warbling voice. 'We can't part in this manner,

you know. We must make an appointment to meet again—some things are possible, but that is simply impossible.'

'We always walk in the afternoon about three o'clock,' said Cecil.

'And where?'

'Oh, anywhere! Mademoiselle will go anywhere we like. But she prefers the road to Byfield, and along Honeysuckle Lane.'

Juliet laughed. 'Yes; because people walk there. She is more likely to see and be seen there than anywhere else. Very well, then—soon after three every afternoon I will haunt Honeysuckle Lane.'

'Will you, really? That will be delicious!'

'It *is* so tiresome that Mr. Vaux has never called on my Colonel. If he would only call on my Colonel, everything would be so much easier; and they have met at dinner-parties, and Godfrey really liked him. Helen, you are his daughter—tell me why does he not call on my Colonel?'

Helen blushed deeply, for she had heard her father say that Colonel Wyndham was a sensible gentlemanlike man, and that he would have no objection to follow up an acquaintance with him, only that his wife was silly and frivolous, and not in any way the sort of woman he approved of. 'It is very tiresome,' she said at last. 'But he hardly ever calls on any new people.'

'And *never* on nice ones!' added Cecil, with indignant emphasis.

'But he has a sister or something staying with him, hasn't he? A pretty gentle-looking thing.'

'Yes; Aunt Flora.'

'Well then, bring Aunt Flora to call upon me. I am sure, from her face, she isn't hard to make do anything.'

'Oh, she would be delighted—she would come directly, if Uncle James would let her!'

'Oh, he really taboos me, does he? But couldn't she come without being let? She has attained years of discretion, surely—hasn't she? And he is only her brother.'

Only her brother! The words went straight to Cecil's heart. *Her* brother was the one person in the world to whose control she believed she could submit herself willingly—ah, how willingly she would submit herself to it if he were but here to exercise control over her—at least, so she thought.

'We could ask her, Cecil,' she found Helen was saying to her, when her thoughts returned from the dream of sweet submission that had enthralled them. 'We could ask her, and perhaps she would come—she would *like* it, of course—only she is not at home, and might not think it was her business.'

'I wish it was my business to call on her,' said Juliet. 'I would do it directly—and yet, though it would be more convenient if we visited properly, perhaps it would not be so exciting, and would rob our intercourse of some of its charms.'

'I don't see that,' replied Helen earnestly.

'I am not at all sure that I should not be just a leetle bit disappointed if Cecil got permission to come to my ball, and her uncle and aunt brought her in an orthodox way.'

'Not really?' cried Helen, astonished. 'Why, it is the one thing we have been wishing for.'

'Yes; but then don't you see all the romance and adventure would be *out* of it, and the whole affair would become quite tame in comparison?'

'Oh, but it would be much *nicer*,' said Helen.

'I don't like *nice* things,' replied Mrs. Wyndham. 'They are almost always stupid. Nice girls are sure to be namby-pamby, and nice *men* are abominable.'

Helen's blue eyes became very large and round as she listened to these sentiments, which seemed to her both strange and daring.

Mademoiselle de Lys now came in. 'At the door of the house,' she said, with the most engaging frankness, 'I did happen to meet a gentleman who wants to say some words to Mrs. Wyndham, and knows not if he may come in quite bold, where the room is dedicated only to ladies.'

Captain Feversham had followed her, and stood hesitating or pretending to hesitate in the door-way. 'Aw, really!' said he, 'might A fellow come in? or would he tread on something that breaks—chignons, you know—or—what's that other article—crinolines?'

'Come in if you want anything,' replied the Colonel's wife, rather shortly. And as he entered, stepping as if on glass, to her invitation, she added more shortly still, 'and what *do* you want?'

Captain Feversham put the head of his cane into his mouth slowly, sucked it a little, staring at Cecil, who, remembering the words that Helen had repeated to her, blushed and looked away. Then he took it out again, and shook hands with the ladies all round. 'Very happy—very happy indeed!' he said. 'Awfully fine day for January, isn't it?' Then he put the head of his stick again into his mouth, again sucked it, and again stared at Cecil.

'I think, Mademoiselle,' said that young lady, turning impatiently to her governess, 'that if we do not make haste, we shall be late at the Lodge; and Mrs. Lester will wonder what has become of us.'

'Plenty of time—plenty of time,' was the reply. 'Am I not always ready? Did any person ever find me late for nothing? Come now, quietly, gently, let us make our adieux and walk softly away—plenty of time—yes, plenty.'

'Oh, that is all very well!' cried Cecil, speaking brusquely on purpose, as she was often provoked to do by the smoothness of Mademoiselle's manner. 'That is all very well—but it is nearly two o'clock now!'

'Ah, by-the-bye! so it is,' said Captain Feversham, taking his stick

out of his mouth again, and addressing Mrs. Wyndham, 'and that's why I came. The Colonel asked me. Don't you know the horses are to be at the door at half-past two sharp?'

'Why didn't you tell me that sooner, you creature?' cried she, 'when you know I musn't keep the Colonel waiting. Adieu, my dear girls—farewell, Mademoiselle! Let us meet very soon—but now I must vanish, for my Colonel is a true soldier—and punctuality is the soldier's virtue.'

She was gone, taking Captain Feversham with her. And then Mademoiselle de Lys escorted her two pupils to the Lodge, which, by quick walking, they managed to reach a few minutes before two o'clock.

(To be continued.)

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER X.—RELIGION.

CONFIRMATION has set the seal, and the young have entered on that stage which will in a manner endure for the rest of their lives, and I therefore write rather to them than of them.

This period is the most important, for it is apt to fix the standard and tone for many years, if not for the whole life. Even the phase of religion then adopted is, in characters not unusually fickle, that which endures, except under the guidance of a husband or of some other strong influence. In truth, most persons adopt the doctrine which has been most strongly presented to them at the moment when their souls were in an earnest state.

And what is a religious person? The original meaning of the word Religion is rule. Therefore the religious are those who order their lives by the rule of God's Law, and live as in His sight. The happiest are such as have the spiritual sense so clear, that they can perceive and rejoice in God's presence and consolation, and feel invigorated by His aid, warmed into a glow of personal love towards the Saviour as Friend and Brother, take intense pleasure in all that relates to Him, and feel that interest outweigh all others—living their Everlasting Life, as it were—consciously and really longing for Heaven.

These characters are, however, rare; and much distress has been caused among many, by the refusal of a certain school of thought to acknowledge any person to be religious who is not conscious of having realized that the Atonement is personally applied to his individual sins, and has not gone through a keen sense of sin, helplessness, and relief.

Very conscientious minds, of strong sense of truth, have often suffered terribly from being unable to work themselves up to this crisis of feeling, although their faith and trust may be deep.

Dutiful natures, absolutely shrinking from wilful evil, and most anxious to obey, and fulfil their own sense of right, are often despised and treated as under the bondage of the Law, putting their trust in their own works, &c. But it is a safer way of looking at it, to regard them as obedient travellers in the high-way of holiness, but not yet able to look over the hedges, and occupied with their surroundings, so as not yet to wish for the end of the journey, even though not doubting of its joy and blessedness.

There are, in fact, three classes: those who have attained to happy personal love of God; those who act from strong sense of duty; and those who are absolutely careless and absorbed in the pleasures of the moment, only desirous to avoid whatever seems to them dull, depressing, or restraining. And, of course, most people have a little, more or less, of each. Even the loving lose, for a time, their keen sense of spiritual things, and need the bracing of duty and fear of wrath to keep them from lapses; the dutiful win gleams of heavenly light and longing on their best side, and on their worst, are tempted to resist every fresh demand which principle makes on them, to do or not to do; while even the careless shrink from some evils, and are at times awakened to thoughts of better things.

Sacraments are assuredly the great means of giving, upholding, and maintaining the spiritual life. The spiritually minded find in them actual bliss, and sense of union and strength; the dutiful obtain that force of will and clearness of judgement which enables them to persevere in their practical duties, although to these the temptation is apt to be that they do not, as they say, *feel* the better for them. Let them be sure that if they do not *feel* the better, they would speedily *be* the worse without them, and that to go patiently on binding the attention, if nothing else can be bound, is the way to win the inward insight at last, though perhaps not till some external shock have lessened the charm of earthly things.

There is a danger greater than theirs—that, namely, of taking intellectual or æsthetic interest in Church ordinances for devotion—yes, or merely the excitement created by what must be called 'religious dissipation.' In a secluded parish, or a strict family, the Church services often form the only variety or interest, together with the occupation that is given by preparation for festivals, church decking, choir practices, &c.; while in towns, the comparison of ornaments, services, and sermons, the discussion of churches and clergymen, and strong expressions respecting them, and the running after all remarkable functions, may be taken for religion. It is a fatal error, and calls for St. James's awful words, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.'

Trial or temptation only too soon will shew that this was but the seed without depth of earth, which withereth away.

Yet the scanty earth may be deepened, and become a fruitful soil. And how? By debris of weeds. Each temptation overcome deepens the soil, and gives a hold to the root. The great effort must be, not to dread or shun the services for fear of unreality, but to bring the life up to them, and to bridle the tongue. To take the feast without the fast is a dangerous thing, and one to which we are far too prone; for unluckily, we have not only our own selfish selves in the way, but the world is far more angered at fasting than at feasting, and obstacles are thrown in the way on the plea of health and politeness, which bring in questions of obedience. Now, there can be no question that fasts are quite as much a Divine ordinance as feasts, and that a little extra going to church, especially to varieties of services and preachers, is not the only observance enjoined on Christians. Unless something be given up so as to form a real mortification on the appointed days, abstinence is not used, and there is no safeguard against religion becoming only excitement and dissipation.

This has become even more necessary, so far as character and training are concerned, by the relaxation of strictness on Sunday. If the gravity and severity of the Lord's day be changed for pleasure, and the Church services become (and fitly too) delights to the eye and ear, there is none of that bracing which the Puritanically inclined Christian had in giving up all secular recreation and listening to unornamented services. No; a Catholic Sunday of joy is only safe when preceded by a Catholic Friday, marked by the avoiding of some ordinary indulgence, the choice of some graver or more distasteful duty.

If heads of families would abstain from Friday parties, and housewives make it possible to fast at meals without attracting observation, the assistance to the young would be great. But where this is not the household rule, it is still possible to everyone to abstain from something preferred, and to do something less agreeable, as a simple act of obedience to the Church and the Church's Head.

The real matter to remember is, that the sweet cannot be taken without the bitter. Church going and church decoration become a mere indulgence and excitement, unless they be accompanied with steady habits of private prayer, self-discipline, duty to the home and to the poor, and bridling the tongue.

And often the person who quietly and unflinchingly *does* spend her time in unselfish care of others, and is obedient and devout up to her knowledge, is in a far safer state than she can be who indulges in far more observance, has far more knowledge, and infinitely more chatter and criticism, yet who uniformly 'shrinks when hard service must be done'—nay, rather dreams of future hard service, and shrinks from homely present service.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to lay down abstract rules of

observance for everyone, because duties and characters differ so much, as well as degrees of spirituality, and what would be an advance to one would be a falling off to another. But there is a standard required by the Church of all who would not lose their outward membership with her, and this is—according to her requirements as expressed in the Prayer Book—Communion three times a year, and attendance at public worship on Sunday.

This is the lowest rule she acknowledges, as the test of actual visible union. The true inner life and perpetual struggle with sin require far more aliment, and the faith infinitely more support, than this, which is, in fact, fixed at the lowest rate for external practical purposes.

Her rules for such members as wish to be trained up within her, are morning and evening prayer, frequent Communion, and the due observance of Sundays, Feast and Fast days. Into closer details she does not go, because she has, in making universal rules, to allow for the vast differences made by station, business, and education.

No one who reads these papers is likely to have been brought up without the habit of private morning and evening prayer; and at Confirmation, it is likely that some manual has been put into her hands, more advanced than the childish prayers with which she began life. If she be seeking for something of the kind, I would suggest the Rev. T. Carter's 'Treasury of Devotion,' or R. Brett's 'Churchman's Guide,' or his 'The Name of JESUS.' It is desirable also to use a mid-day prayer. There is generally an opportunity of short retirement at noon, or at any rate before the mid-day meal, when the recollection of our Blessed Lord's Passion on the Cross should be called before us. The devotions for the Hours will afford us help here. That for the Sixth Hour is very short, and can be said standing, so as not to attract observation.

These are the fixed times of daily prayer, that ought not to be omitted. Many find it a great blessing to observe the other Day Hours; others find it a great help to use a short prayer before going out of doors; and good Mrs. Cameron used to teach her daughters, when they went into company, to tell each other of some text to be their guide and help. Sisters may well and happily use some of their devotions in common, especially those of praise, intercession, and memorial, and these leave precious and sweet bonds of love, 'wreaths of hope for aye to live.' But each soul must also have its own communings with God, and these must be alone. The individual life must have its private self-examination, confession of sins, and entreaty for pardon; and help cannot be shared with any one, however near and dear. So devotional reading may well be done in common, especially the Psalms and Lessons, as the substitute where daily service is impracticable; but the verse which should be meditated and prayed over must be studied alone.

Make some Scripture reading, however brief, a daily obligation; and likewise some endeavour at meditation, if only for five minutes; also some portion of devotional reading, such as a chapter of Thomas

à Kempis's Imitation, of Taylor's Golden Grove, or a portion of some comment on the Psalms or Gospels. The time may be either at rising, bed-time, or noon, according to the power of attention, or freedom from interruption; but the duty is to be placed with one of the three times of daily prayer, as essential to the spiritual life.

Sunday church going is, of course, the next outward observance. This ought to be looked on as our regular homage to God, and therefore to be made the first consideration in all our arrangements, *never* to be sacrificed for any consideration short of illness or absolute duty. It ought never to be given up for mere matters of convenience or pleasure, weather or comfort, unless it be a vital matter of health.

And at church, the resolution to kneel *really*, in spite of bad example or adverse arrangements, and to have no silly fancies about cushions and hassocks to kneel upon, is a great aid to devout reverence. These sound like mere formalisms, but they are not. The forcing ourselves to put our duty to God above all else, is the way to learn the love of God.

Holy-day services should also be deemed a duty, and not thrown aside as non-essential, when any trifling pleasure comes in the way. Of course, if attendance thereat upsets a whole plan involving other people's gratification, they should not be made a burthen, at least those of Saints-days; but the great days, connected with our Lord Himself, should be consecrated by worship to the full. It is not difficult, by universal consent, to go to church on, and set apart, Christmas Day or Good Friday; but the observance of both too often ends with morning service. Pleasures on Christmas Day surely ought not to exclude a second kneeling in reverence before the mystery of the Incarnation, and they ought not to degenerate into mere sport and eating. So Good Friday ought to be kept as much in quiet and solemnity as possible, and no facilities given at church for so doing should be neglected. And on Ascension Day, a stand should be made against journeys or parties of pleasure, that would clash with as full an observance as on the other days.

Where daily service is within reach, I think I may securely say that attendance thereat becomes a blessing, if steadily persevered in, and not lightly omitted. The giving it up because 'I have tried it, and I didn't seem the better for it,' is a great mistake. Going to church is not only, nor chiefly, to do ourselves good. It is primarily to praise God. Moreover, many of the intercessions in the Litany are not to do ourselves, but others, good. But reasonable hindrances must, of course, take more effect in keeping from daily than Sunday service; only let us be quite sure that it is only *true* duty to our neighbour that keeps us at home, and then we shall not be failing in our duty to God.

And above all, stands the Holy Eucharist, as the means of maintaining our inward life. This is not the place for detailed exhortations on that point; but it is certain that those who love will come in reverence and

godly fear full often; and those who are but trying to love will, if they are wise, cling to their Communions as the means of sustaining and quickening 'the struggling spark of good within.'

The preparations and self-examinations are indeed the tangible means of stirring up the soul, discovering its dangers and deficiencies. And let it be always remembered, that any occupation or amusement which dissipates the mind, and flutters the spirits too much for such preparation, and makes it seem like sacrilege to enter the Holy of Holies, must be to one who so feels, dangerous and sinful, and a temptation that ought to be renounced. Will it be said that Sacraments, services, devotions, readings, are not religion? No, they are not; but they are the framework of religion. The manna, the water, and the Commandments, did not save those in whom the Word was not mixed with faith. The garments of Christ were nothing to those who merely thronged Him, but they wrought healing at the touch of faith. So must it be with ourselves. Here are the means, here is the connection with the great Body of Christ. Thus may we all be governed and sanctified, if only we come, not in a light or frivolous, but in an earnest spirit, that strives both to pray and to 'live more nearly as we pray.'

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

IV.—COMPETING SYSTEMS.

It is of much importance to the well-being and utility of a Sisterhood, that it should be thoroughly adapted to the peculiar needs of the place where it is started. Hence the great unadvisability of making new communities in the Colonial Church accurate copies in rule and constitution of English ones, established in a very different social atmosphere. So too, when Sisterhoods were revived amongst ourselves, less than thirty years ago, there was a somewhat wholesale copying of many rules and customs from foreign convents of the Roman Church, without due thought being first given to the entirely different temperament and training of the women to whom they were now first to be applied; and also without full consideration of the reason and the date of these various rules. For some of them were mere archaisms, which had long ceased to serve any useful purpose; and others again were very modern innovations, chiefly of Jesuit origin, on the old principles of the Religious Life, and anything but conducive to its spiritual health. Many mistakes were made, most naturally and pardonably, at the outset; but enough experience has now been gathered to let us see that the very multiplicity of Orders and Congregations in the Western Church proves that a

pedantic adherence to traditions has made no part of the policy of Roman Catholic founders. It is our business, therefore, to test every rule and custom carefully before adopting it, to inquire what may have been the motives of the originators of each such custom; what useful function it once fulfilled; whether that function needs to be fulfilled still, and if so, whether in the same way or in another. I may illustrate this remark very simply. Suppose a Sisterhood to be set on foot in Bombay or Calcutta, with a good deal of locomotion required by the nature of its work. It would be mere folly to clothe the Sisters in black, solely because that happens to be the most usual religious dress in our temperate climate, since they would be seriously enfeebled by its heat and absorption of the rays of the burning sun. Sensible people would cast home traditions aside, and devise a habit either white, pale-grey, or some other cool tint and texture, suited to local exigencies. Now this principle applies to almost everything in which a Sisterhood differs from any ordinary household of pious and benevolent women; and as it is impossible to reproduce the conditions of English life exactly in any colony, it is a mistake to import a Sisterhood ready made, because it must be more or less out of keeping with its surroundings. For unless the colonizing Sisters be women of very exceptional tact and plasticity, they will fail to adapt themselves readily to the unaccustomed ways of their new home, and will probably create serious prejudices and difficulties by merely doing as they would naturally and rightly do in England. It is very much better, therefore, that a Colonial Sisterhood should be *indigenous*, even though it may grow more slowly and make a greater number of mistakes at the outset than if it could be dry-nursed by devout ladies, who would aim at making it an exact copy of the community they had belonged to at home.

Hence, it is well to begin with as few rules as possible, and to test each rule thoroughly before deciding on its permanent adoption. There are, however, certain fundamental principles which apply to all Sisterhoods alike, and which, however they may vary in minor details, are necessary in their broad outlines everywhere. Some of these will be stated presently, but a prior question has to be discussed.

It is this. There are, both here and in America, two competing models for Sisterhoods now on trial. The one is strict, conventual, and mainly borrowed from Roman Catholic examples. The other is lax, secular, and derived in most respects from the Lutheran and Reformed Deaconesses of Germany and France. There is abundant room within our Church for these two to work side by side; but it is right that intending founders should know that the Protestant type has not succeeded nearly so well, either here or in America, as the Catholic one. The latter, seemingly more repellent, proves in fact more attractive, and spreads freely, while the other can but just keep itself alive. Thus, as a matter of practical expediency, it is in my judgment wiser to follow the stricter model, although it may be a very gradual process to adopt

its leading features. It is in truth with Sisters as with school-children and with domestic servants. They all like to feel a firm but just and kindly rule exercised over them, and prefer to stay where it is so, than where more licence is conceded, and where an outsider would think them more happily placed.

It is well to say one thing more in this connection. So far as I am able to judge, the upholders of the Catholic model have always been glad to see and welcome efforts made to introduce and propagate the other type, believing that it may suit many persons who could never have found their place in the stricter system. But there has not been equal tolerance exhibited by the advocates of the Deaconess type. They have claimed for it monopoly, not free competition, and have urged as its chief title to support that it would help to drive out its rival. With this end, capital has been made out of the admitted obligations of the stricter system to Roman Catholic models, and sympathy has been demanded for the other on the score of its unimpeachably Protestant pedigree. This is a mere evasion of the plain historical fact, that Pastors Fliedner and Härter, the founders of the two great societies of Protestant Deaconesses, did not in the least evolve their schemes out of their internal consciousness, but freely borrowed from three existing types: two of them directly Roman, to wit, the Beguines and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; and one indirectly so, the Moravian Sisters, themselves lineally descended from Franciscan Tertiaries of the fourteenth century. The only difference that exists on this head, therefore, is between copying direct and copying a copy. It is not reasonable to look for equal results from communities modelled on organisms within religious bodies whose theology is mutilated and novel, and from such as include the whole Catholic Faith and means of Grace in their system. And granting freely that Kaiserswerth and Strasburg do valuable work, and represent the highest level to which the Lutheran or Huguenot can be fairly expected to rise, they are not the best of which the Church of England is capable. Consequently, they have not thriven amongst us, and shew no signs of vitality; and for this reason I repeat that it is more practical to put any new Society on the other basis. Nevertheless, the choice is fully open, and the two systems have much in common.

In each we find a union in work; an organized community with two chiefs, a Superior and a Chaplain; a uniform dress; a fixed term of probation; a minimum time of service in the Society; a promise of obedience to the rule; stated religious offices for admission to the various grades of the Society; methodical distribution of the day between tasks and prayer; common meals and sitting-rooms; and a home for life if not forfeited by dismissal for misconduct.

Every Sisterhood needs the whole of this machinery, though many of its details may vary; and the essential difference between the Protestant and the Catholic type consists in the religious observances and the scheme of internal discipline, but not in any of these particulars.

Let us then assume that we have got two or three fairly competent ladies living quietly together as the nucleus of a future Sisterhood, but without any previous regular training, or reasonable hope of procuring it. How are they to begin?

First of all—and this is one of those rules which admit of no exception whatever, either in England or elsewhere—let them avoid putting their scheme on a *parochial* basis. A parochial Sisterhood, wherever and by whomsoever founded, and whatever admirable charity it may be designed to further, *must* be a failure, and *may* become a nuisance. Let us see why. It must fail obviously enough for one plain reason, that a single parish cannot supply work enough for more than a very few Sisters, and that consequently the Society cannot grow in numbers nor extend the area of its operations, save in one way, which is by monopolizing in its own hands the whole parochial organization apart from the actual performance of public worship. Now, even if the superior method and regularity with which the parish work can be so done be a certain gain, the loss involved by taking it all out of the hands of lay volunteers, and thereby making it entirely *professional* in character, far more than counterbalances the advantage. A Sisterhood is not intended to do other people's work for them, but to do a part of the common work of all, so much better than it is usually done, as to put spirit, method, and vigour into others by its example. Sisters should be to the Christian public what the little regular army to which Prussia was restricted by treaty after the disaster of Jena proved to the whole nation. By an ingenious scheme of short service, nearly every able-bodied Prussian was made to pass through the ranks of this tiny force, and its more experienced veterans were dispersed throughout the country to drill and exercise the village youth; so that when the War of Liberation began in 1813, the forty thousand troops of 1807 had swollen to three hundred and fifty thousand disciplined soldiers. A Sister, or two or three Sisters in a parish, who will organize and direct the lay workers, increasing their number, their zeal, and their utility, can be of unspeakable value; but a purely local Sisterhood, which must grasp at all the work, if it is to find anything for its members to do, and thereby oust everyone else from a share in it, lowers the average of interest and activity amongst Church people. This is not all the harm it does. Two other evils invariably accompany it. First stands the general opinion of the uneducated poor on the subject of Sisters, even after the mere unreasoning prejudice of ignorance and distrust has disappeared. I mean that they regard them as being professionals, just as they do the clergy; and believe either that they get their living by being Sisters, or at any rate, that what they do in the way of charity and work is their regular business, for which no more special credit or thanks are due than to the parish doctor or the parish turncock for their stated visits. On the contrary, a call from a lady in lay costume, especially if it be handsome, and in good, tasteful, rich materials, is looked on as a token of spontaneous good-will, (unless the lady forfeit

her hostess's favour by patronizing, lecturing, or prying,) because it is quite clear that she is not obliged to come, and can by no possibility get anything by doing so. A great danger in our day is the wide gulf between rich and poor; and all that may help to bridge it over, by bringing the two into friendly contact, is extremely desirable. But a parish Sisterhood keeps them more apart than they are as it is. Contrariwise, a handful of Sisters, sent from some large non-parochial community to organize and direct a parish, is only too glad of all the lay-helpers it can get, and by teaching them better methods, increases the area of active Church life, instead of narrowing and stinting it. Again, the tendency of a parish Sisterhood will inevitably be to form a barrier between the clergyman and his parishioners. The Sisters, if numerous enough, will stop every avenue of communication; not from any bad motive, but as a simple result of not having a sufficiency of work to occupy them without manufacturing it, and turning themselves into a bureaucracy of red-tape. It will be found that all applications for relief, all sick calls, all visits for counsel and guidance, will be made to pass through this one channel, with the certain result of steadily diminishing their flow; because most people object strongly to preliminary formalities, and to telling their private business to persons not selected by themselves.

Lastly, the effect on the Sisters themselves must be bad, spiritually and intellectually. Their area being bounded by parochial limits, they will cease to concern themselves about broad general interests of society and religion, and their lives will alternate between petty work and petty gossip. It cannot be expected that exceptional calls on their energies, such as the outbreak of an epidemic, will be frequent; and consequently, as those energies must find a vent somehow, their most probable safety-valve will be making the House the emporium of all the local gossip; of the news about the quarrel between Mrs. Smith at the boot-shop and Mrs. Jones at the dairy; of the scrape young Tomkins got into last week; of the shameful way Mary Brown is flirting with two or three young men at the same time, and so on.

Very small Sisterhoods have in all ages of the Church been failures: and a parish Sisterhood must either be very small, and thus permanently feeble and narrow; or if it be large, must become, for the reasons stated above, actually hurtful to the Church life of the district where it is planted. This, then, may be laid down as an invariable rule, that no Sisterhood should be founded on a parochial basis, and that no inducement whatever should persuade a lady to enter any existing Society of the kind, which ought either to be entirely reconstructed on a fresh basis, or suffered to die out as soon as may be.

(To be continued.) R. F. L.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.)

CHAPTER I.

THE writer of the journal which contains these extracted reminiscences died some thirty years ago in middle life. Through an eventful girlhood and youth, passed in the eventful days of the long war with France, she steadily wrote an account of her life from day to day; and in the quiet years which followed, when she was the invalid wife of a country clergyman, she revised and wrote it out afresh for her children. It has been thought that readers of the present day might find interest in the description of a girl's life half a century ago, and in the light surface gossip about remarkable men, and events which have now fossilized into history.

Clara Trant was born in the infancy of the century—in November, 1800: when the deeds of the Terror of '93 were fresh in all men's minds: when England made ready for a French invasion, and 'Boney' was a name to frighten naughty children into goodness: when Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond and Frank were educational novelties, and Hannah More was startling the world with Sunday-schools. Her father, then Colonel Trant, of the 97th, was with his regiment in Egypt at the time of her birth; he had been ordered there under Abercromby, and his young wife had accompanied him as far as Lisbon, where little Clara was born. He used to tell afterwards, how once, when on duty at the outposts, he had dropped a ring, given him by his wife, in the Egyptian sand; how his soldiers went down on their hands and knees to search for it, to the great surprise of the French, who were observing them from about thirty yards off; and how Colonel Trant advanced to the French officer in command, and explained the loss of his ring, after which the search was pursued without molestation, and crowned with success, to the manifest satisfaction of the chivalrous Frenchman.

Colonel Trant did not see his little daughter until she was a year and a half old, when they met in England. He had made up his mind—prematurely as the event proved—that the Peace of Amiens was to last for ever, and accordingly he had sold out of the army, much to his regret in after years. The little one's next appearance on the scene is in the character of a baby hostage. The Trants had gone to Boulogne, and were living there when war was declared. All English people were ordered to leave the town; but by favour of the Mayor, Colonel Trant, his wife, and sundry others with them, were told that they might remain if they carefully concealed themselves. However, when Napoleon passed through the town, before looking out towards England from the down in the manner commemorated by the high statue guarded by four

conventional lions, a certain red-faced Scotchman, less cautious than is the usual habit of his nation, put his nose out of window, and had the misfortune to be detected by the great man's eagle eye. He must have carried the impress of his nationality strongly written on his face, for Napoleon immediately called the Mayor, censured him severely, and ended by saying, not complimentarily, '*Que tous ces gueux là sortent de la ville.*' The little baby-girl was taken to the window, to look at Napoleon; but, as she afterwards remarked, she could not say whether she did or not. However, she, with her father and mother, the incautious Scotchman, and the other English sojourners at Boulogne, were transferred to Valenciennes, as prisoners on parole; and at Valenciennes a little baby-sister of a few weeks old died. Here they might have remained during the whole of the war, had it not been that they had for fellow-prisoners Lord and Lady Tweedale. Lady Tweedale, who was a friend of Fox, then considered somewhat in the light of Bonaparte's ally, procured letters from him to solicit her own and her husband's release, and went to Paris, confident of success, to plead her cause. She persuaded Colonel Trant to allow his wife to accompany her; and when Bonaparte proved inexorable with regard to her husband and herself, thinking a marquis and marchioness too great a prize to part with easily, Lady Tweedale pleaded her friend's cause, and Mrs. Trant had the satisfaction of taking an unconditional passport back to her husband. They returned to England *via* Holland, and remained in this country for some years; during which Colonel Trant had leisure to wish that he had been less hasty in selling out after the Peace of Amiens.

In 1804, Mrs. Trant had a little boy, his sister's inseparable companion in after years. In the following year, her health, which had been delicate for some time, declined rapidly, and in the beginning of 1806 she died. From that time until the year 1811 the two motherless children passed an ordinary uneventful childish life; the last three years were passed by each of them at school. Colonel Trant had an appointment at the Horse Guards on the staff of the Duke of York, until 1808, when he was despatched to Portugal on a special mission, which led to his entering the Portuguese service as Brigadier General.

Little Clara must have been a precocious little girl, for at five years old she was well up in the Arabian Nights, and believed firmly in ghosts, fairies, and 'genii.' Afterwards, when the tide set in against imaginative fiction for children, she lamented her own early proficiency in it exceedingly; but she probably enjoyed the strange scenes of her later childhood the more from the early cultivation of her imagination. She used to see Gifford about this time of her life, and her after recollection of him was that he was an ugly little man, who wore a green coat, and embodied her idea of a 'malin' genius in the Arabian Nights. When she was at school, she used to read the accounts of her father's doings, in the papers, with the greatest pride and satisfaction; (one can imagine

how superior she must have felt to school-fellows with less distinguished fathers;) and indeed, she had good right to be proud of him. He distinguished himself in the battles of Roliça and Vimeiro; he raised a numerous volunteer force, and defended the Douro provinces against Soult in 1809; he was appointed Military Governor of Oporto by Sir Arthur Wellesley; but his most brilliant feat was the capture of Coimbra, in 1810, with a small force of Portuguese militia. For this he was knighted by the King of Portugal, and presented with a grant of land ten miles square in Brazil, which might as well have been in the moon for any advantage he ever derived from it.

In 1811, Portugal being at last tranquil, and the tide of war having rolled away elsewhere, Sir Nicholas Trant wished for the society of his children, and sent for them to come to him to Lisbon. Here was a change from school life and school fare, to the ten years girl and the seven years boy! They hailed it with delight, and escorted by a governess and a lady's-maid, who did not prove the jewels they were expected to be, they set sail from Falmouth in the Lisbon packet.

Here is the first 'Reminiscence' of the little English girl, her eyes wide open to foreign sights, and her ten-year-old school-girl propriety sorely shocked by some of the foreign manners and customs she observed.

'We had a glorious passage, and on the sixth day after leaving Falmouth found ourselves anchored in the lovely Tagus. A boat soon came alongside, with an officer dressed in a very handsome blue-and-gold uniform. The officer proved to be our own dear father, and in one minute we were both in his arms. He took us with him to the magnificent hotel of the Count de Peniche, where we were invited to remain during our stay in Lisbon. The old Countess and her two pretty daughters came out to receive us, and I was half smothered by their embraces before we reached the drawing-room.'

The first Portuguese dinner was not tempting even to the taste of the hungry little travellers, all the dishes being cooked with rancid oil; but the delights of dessert made up for it. Still it was a shock to their notions of manners, to see two grown-up young ladies of fifteen and sixteen talking familiarly with the footmen who stood behind their chairs, and lounging in the balcony with their maids after dinner. The following is a description of their hostess:—

'She was totally uneducated, and even amongst her own countrymen she was proverbial for her uncouth manners and masculine tastes. She rose at six in the morning, visited her stables and scolded the grooms, and then proceeded to her oratorio or chapel, at the door of which, seated on a trunk, and surrounded by her daughters and a numerous tribe of waiting-women, she usually breakfasted on a crust of dry bread and a cup of coffee. Her ideas on education were rather singular. She allowed her daughters to go to the largest assemblies until they were thirteen, after which age they remained constantly at home, enjoying

no other society than that of their servants, until they were married. As they had not any resources within themselves, can it be wondered at that they most anxiously looked forward to this event? As the marriages of the higher classes are entirely arranged by the parents, without any reference to the parties themselves, they neither expected nor wished to be consulted. Marriage was to them liberation from close confinement, and they seemed to care very little what appendage accompanied it in the shape of a husband.

'Donna Teresa de Noronha, the eldest of these meninas, as all young ladies are called in Portugal, was about sixteen, and very pretty. She was maid-of-honour to the Princess of Brazil, but so ignorant that she could scarcely write her name; her younger sister, Donna Maria, was more pleasing in her manners, and equally pretty. Their favourite amusement was lounging on the balcony, when, with large cloth cloaks thrown over their shoulders, they amused themselves with laughing with their waiting-women at the passers by, and saluting with their fingers any stray acquaintance whom they were fortunate enough to discover.'

Clara was acute enough quickly to see the difference between young-ladyhood in Portugal and in England; and quickly, also, she made another discovery with regard to Portuguese manners. 'I remember,' she wrote long afterwards, 'being at first heartily disgusted and ashamed at the flattery with which it is the custom in Portugal to overwhelm all the unfortunate children who are introduced into the society of their seniors. By degrees, however, it produced its usual bad effect, and I began to wonder that I had never before discovered my own marvellous intelligence and uncommon merit of every description; to say nothing of my delight at finding that my pug nose and wide mouth, which had been so often laughed at by my friends and play-fellows in England, were each pronounced very beautiful of their kind! This self-deception did not last very long; but the bad effect it produced was that of opening my eyes too soon to the falsehood and insincerity of foreign society in general.

'We left Lisbon in the beginning of August; the Countess and her daughters accompanied us in the boat as far as Villa Franca, a wretched town on the left bank of the Tagus, which had been almost destroyed by the French, and was now only inhabited by starving peasants with their ragged and miserable-looking children. Our first specimen of Portuguese travelling accommodation was not a pleasing one. My father, Tom, and I, were obliged to sleep upon the floor, and found ourselves happy in having each a straw mattrass and a pillow; Mrs. Mc G——, (the governess) took possession, without ceremony, of the state-bed, which the poor people had decorated with their finest satin coverlet, and sheets trimmed with lace, hoping that it would have been reserved for my father. My father's old German servant, Mark, was very indignant at this usurpation; and from that time forward open war was declared

between him and Mrs. Mc G——. Poor old Mark! I remember so well his stupid sleepy German face, and his tiresome phlegmatic ways, so ill suited to my father's quickness and animation. He had served in my father's own regiment, the 97th, and was devotedly attached to him; but his extreme obstinacy and bluntness of manner were at times very provoking. Once, when he had provoked my father into slightly striking him, Mark turned round with a smile upon his countenance, and looking my father full in the face, said, "*Je ris, mon Général, parce que vous m'avez battu.*" These few words were fully understood, and for the future Mark was suffered to be stupid or obstinate with impunity. On another occasion, when, during an illness of his master's, Mark had inadvertently administered to him extract of white lead instead of his medicine, (happily without ill effects, from the promptness with which remedies were applied,) Mark was asked what he should have done had the poison taken effect. "*Ce que j'aurais fait?*" he said. "*Je me serais brulé la cervelle!*"

'The morning after our arrival at Villa Franca, we parted from the Peniche family, and commenced our journey to Oporto. At that time there were no post-horses or public conveyances of any kind established in the country. We travelled in two carriages of a singular form, called sejes, drawn by mules, which, judging from the apparatus of bells fastened to their harness, must be very fond of noise. We proceeded at the rate of three miles an hour, escorted by four dragoons; Mark followed with our muleteers and baggage. The country we passed through was wild and romantic, but perfectly uncultivated; barren mountains, craggy rocks, pine forests, and water-falls, in abundance, the hedges formed of myrtle, aloes, and honeysuckle.

'The third night we slept at Leyria, a town of some importance, which had been nearly destroyed by the French. Between Leyria and Pombal we passed many ruined villages, which appeared totally deserted. Not a living being was to be seen, except here and there a little child, attracted by the unusual noise of carriage wheels, with nothing but a ragged shirt to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun. They never failed to relate the dismal tale of their parents having been murdered by the French, and in many cases it was but too true. The most atrocious cruelties were committed by Junot's army; several families were put to death for refusing to give up treasure which they were, in most cases, falsely accused of concealing. Those who really had buried their gold and silver, not unfrequently parted with their lives rather than confess where it was hidden; it may therefore reasonably be supposed that, even to this day, there is a great quantity of undiscovered plate, jewels, &c., the owners of which were murdered. One of the greatest instances of barbarity I ever heard of, was related to us by our gardener. He had been employed by the celebrated botanist, Broteiro, in superintending the gardens of the University of Coimbra, and with difficulty escaped from the town when the French took

possession of it, accompanied by his wife, a beautiful young woman of eighteen, their infant child, which she carried in her arms, and an infirm mother. Their great anxiety was to reach my father's head-quarters; but they had not gone many miles, when they were overtaken by a party of French soldiers, who bound the gardener to a tree, ill-treated his old mother, and finding that the young woman would not part with her baby, but held it clasped in her arms, they actually shot both mother and child. The wretched husband, after witnessing this atrocious act, was carried away prisoner, and detained for the purpose of accompanying the soldiers upon their foraging parties to gather asparagus upon the mountains; the aged mother was left to die upon the road.

'Pombal was the first town—or rather the first ruins of one—which we entered; the same misery seemed to prevail among its wretched, diseased, and half-naked inhabitants, which we had remarked in the different villages we had passed through. My father took us to visit the church, and requested two old friars, who accompanied us, to point out the tomb of the celebrated minister, the Marquis de Pombal, the Richelieu of Portugal.* The church had been stripped of all its ornaments, and the monks led us to a vacant space in the wall, where the monument had stood; on the wall we observed the words, "*Respectez ce tombeau*," traced in black chalk by the hand of General Loison; but such an order was not likely to be regarded by soldiers who respected neither the dead nor the living, and having vainly broken open the leaden coffin in hopes of finding treasure, they revenged themselves on the poor senseless bones by leaving them scattered in an adjoining court-yard, where they still remained. My father reproached the monks with their want of patriotism in never having collected them together, and having ascertained the precise spot where the bones were thrown, he determined to search for the relics of the greatest statesman Portugal had ever produced. We discovered some fragments of bones, a pair of faded morocco slippers, which had once been richly embroidered, and a bog-wig, which had once covered a very wise head. It is singular that the duty of seeing these relics properly disposed of should have devolved upon a British officer and a little insignificant English girl.

'It was a most lovely bright evening when we entered Coimbra, where great preparation had been made for our reception, much against my father's will. Portuguese gratitude is very apt to evaporate in sky-rockets and illuminations; we had enough of both, and even our childish love of noise and bustle was soon satisfied when we reached the bridge, which was so thronged with people that the carriage could scarcely pass, and we were saluted on all sides by cries of '*Viva o Trante! viva e nosso bom Général e a sua familha!*' Every countenance looked bright and pleased, and every eye was fixed on my father as he passed along on horseback. If appearances (in Portugal) may be trusted, the welcome

* He was minister of Portugal during the earlier part of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

we received from the poor inhabitants of Coimbra was genuine, and came from the heart. The balconies of the houses were filled with ladies, throwing roses and orange flowers over us as we passed under their windows. White handkerchiefs were waving in every direction, bonfires and church bells *à ne pas finir*. My father would gladly have dispensed with all this noise and bustle, but to us it was delightful. A magnificent dinner was prepared for us in the Bishop's palace: the crimson damask hangings, the brilliant chandeliers, and the gay uniforms, gave a splendour to the whole scene, which made me fancy myself in fairy-land. My foolish little head had been well-nigh turned by pondering over the Arabian Nights and the tales of the Genii, and I wanted very little encouragement to fancy myself at least an enchanted princess!

'We accompanied my father to visit the University and Museum, where we received the warmest welcome from the professors and students, many of whom had served as volunteers under my father in the learned corps which he commanded on the Vouga and at the taking of Oporto. We drank tea at the Convent of Santa Clara; and the nuns having obtained permission for me to be smuggled through a square hole in the grating, hardly larger than a sheet of writing paper, I found myself in the midst of the Sisterhood, who thought they should repay my father for the protection he had afforded them by smothering me with their embraces. I was snatched from one to the other, carried to the church, desired to play God Save the King upon the organ, covered with flowers, and finally, half choked with sweetmeats. Their little cells are only large enough to contain a hard straw mattress and a chair; some of them had ornamented the walls with little niches filled with flowers and tinsel, and in the midst of each a small crucifix and a variety of little saints: some made of wood, others of wax, and all very fashionably dressed in flounced petticoats and flaxen wigs. The nuns were really grateful to my father for having provided for their safety when they were obliged to abandon their convent, and for having sent a detachment of troops to escort them on their way. I have often laughed at the description my father gave of the procession; all the nuns were mounted, in full costume, on asses and mules, escorted by their father confessor, and guarded by a detachment of soldiers. One poor old woman, who was too ill to leave her bed, and remained behind in the convent, was cruelly treated by the French when they arrived. Those nuns who went to reside in the larger towns were not anxious to return. Many pleaded ill-health, as an excuse for remaining with their families, and one of these I afterwards knew at Oporto, who was a regular attendant at every ball and card-party in her nun's habit. She was always called the Freira, or nun.

'Our road from Coimbra to the smaller village, where we slept, lay over an extensive heath, on which there was not a single cottage to be seen. All around us looked cheerless and dreary; my father had

preceded us on horseback in order to procure a comfortable night's lodging. The evening soon closed in, it became quite dark, and the postilions suddenly stopped short, declaring that they had completely lost their way. What was to be done? the postilions reproached each other, Mrs. McG—— screamed with all her might, we were trembling from head to foot, and the dragoons galloped to and fro over the heath, hoping to discover some peasant who would direct us, but it was all in vain. We remained for a long time in this romantic plight, Mrs. McG—— continually exclaiming, "Oh, that I had never left dear old England!" a wish in which we already began most heartily to acquiesce. At length, one of the soldiers came to tell us that lights were moving towards us from the top of a neighbouring hill. They were indeed more welcome, and with their assistance we soon found our way to the village, where my father was anxiously expecting us. The poor peasantry appeared rejoiced to welcome us; bonfires blazed in every corner, illuminations and sky-rockets were everywhere in abundance. We were covered with rose-leaves and orange-flowers by the poor women as we passed along, and "Viva o Trante!" was, as usual, the burden of their songs.

'We slept at Ovar, and the following morning reached Oporto.'

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY-THREE YEARS IN INDIA, BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE LAWRENCE, K.C.S.I., C.B.,

EDITED BY W. EDWARDS, OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE.

In the summer of 1827, when Simla consisted of a few cottages on the hill side, George Lawrence, a stalwart young lieutenant of the Bengal Cavalry, asked for an audience with the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck. He thus describes the interview:—

G. G. Well, Sir, what do you want?

G. L. Nothing, my Lord, for myself.

G. G. Well, you are the first man I have met in India who gave me that answer; but you *must* want something.

G. L. Yes, for my brother Henry, an artillery officer. I wish your Lordship to be good enough to nominate him to the Revenue Survey, for which he is qualified. For myself I want nothing, as I am adjutant of my regiment,* and perfectly content.

G. G. Well, Sir, I never promise; but go to my military secretary, Benson, who will put your brother's name down, and I will see what can be done!

* 2nd Bengal Cavalry.

I thanked his Lordship, and retired; and in six months thereafter my brother received 'the appointment he desired.'

It required some courage for a young officer thus to beard the lion in his den. But the career of Henry Lawrence, as we all know, more than justified his brother's recommendation. He became not only one of the most zealous of 'Revenue Surveyors,' but, whilst measuring and mapping Indian villages, he learned, in addition to his own scientific duties, that rarer science of sympathy with the people of India, which threw so great a lustre on his name in later years. We shall see presently that Henry was neither unmindful nor unworthy of his elder brother's affection. To return to George.

After seventeen years of regimental duty came the welcome order to prepare for service in the field. 'It is a long lane that has no turning,' says George Lawrence, as he gladly turns his back on the comforts of cantonment life in Hindostan for the rougher work of the frontier. But though George Lawrence had so far led a life of comparative ease and tranquillity, he had not been an idle man. For ten or twelve years he had been adjutant to his regiment, and he had always, like his two noble brothers, John and Henry, studied the people amongst whom his lot was thrown. He was therefore ready for service when the opportunity came.

It is not my intention to go into details of the policy which led our armies across the Indus, in 1838–9, to force a puppet king on a reluctant people. These events have been written in letters of blood, which will never be effaced. My object is rather to select a few of the *tableaux* which such a life as that of George Lawrence presents.

His regiment left Hindostan, and formed part of the ill-fated force which was to place Shah Soojah on the throne of Cabool. Between Quettah and Candahar, whilst Lawrence as a regimental officer was pursuing his weary march, he made the following entry in his journal:—

> Numbers of native women with their children, notwithstanding many prohibitions, had accompanied the army from India, and the sufferings of these poor creatures from thirst and heat were most terrible; a great many dropped down and died on the line of march. I saw a trooper of the 16th Lancers, who had a soda-water bottle half full of water, pour the whole contents down the throat of a poor native woman's child, who was just dying of thirst. I could have hugged the fellow for his noble and disinterested act.

A few months later, (July, 1839,) after witnessing the storm and capture of Ghuznee, Lawrence was appointed prize-agent by the Bengal column; and in August accompanied Outram in a desperate and futile hunt, to the borders of the Hindoo Khoosh, after Dost Mahomed, the King of Cabool, who was to make room for our Shah Soojah. In the meantime, the Shah had been enthroned at Cabool; and George Lawrence, on reaching the capital, was appointed political assistant and commandant of the escort of Mr. Macnaghten, our Envoy and Minister. 'The transition,' he remarks, 'from purely regimental to civil duty was

sudden and complete, and at first not a little embarrassing. My position was by no means the sinecure the secretary of an embassy is represented generally to be, who has only to look solemn and mysterious; on the contrary, my employment was incessant.'

In December, we find Lawrence acting as chaplain, and conducting Divine Service on Sunday—a duty which he gladly undertook, 'not only for the benefit to be derived by ourselves from regular worship on the Sabbath, which had been too long interrupted and neglected by us in this strange land, but because the Affghans might see and believe that we really had a religion and worshipped our God, of which fact they had hitherto, I lament to say, too good reason for expressing their doubts, which they did very freely.'

As time wore on, Dost Mahomed continued to evade and to harass his rival, whose throne could not be secure so long as the real king was at large.

On the evening of the 4th of November, 1840, George Lawrence was with the Envoy, (now Sir William Macnaghten,) returning from their customary ride. As they approached the Residency, we were surprised, says Lawrence, by a horseman suddenly riding up, who, pushing his horse between the Envoy and myself, asked me if that was the Lord Sahib. On my saying Yes, he caught hold of Sir William's bridle, exclaiming, 'The Ameer! the Ameer!' The Envoy, surprised and agitated, called out, 'Who—who? Where—where?' Looking behind me on the instant, I saw another horseman close to us, who, riding up, threw himself off his horse, and seized hold of the Envoy's stirrup-leather, and then his hand, which he put to his forehead and his lips as a sign of submission. Sir William instantly dismounted, and said to the Ameer, 'You are welcome,' and then led him through the Residency garden to his own room.

Here then at last the Envoy had attained his object. The so-called rebel, Dost Mahomed, was sent off to Hindostan, and the English king, Shah Soojah, seemed firmly seated on the throne of Cabool. As we all know, this apparent calm was to usher in the most frightful storm. Not only were our political plans to be blasted, but our military reputation was to be clouded, and our nation dishonoured.

In October, 1841, the English General, Elphinstone, was about to return to our own provinces on account of confirmed ill-health. Sir William Macnaghten, who had accepted the governorship of Bombay, and George Lawrence, were also about to accompany Sir Robert Sale's brigade to Hindostan. When the effects of the Envoy and the General were sold, so secure were the English, that fancy prices were given for the various articles. A few days later, on the 2nd of November, the mob in the city of Cabool rose and attacked the English who were living within the town. This was the beginning of the end. Each day brought its lesson of humiliation. 'Alas!' writes Lawrence, 'vacillation and incapacity ruled in our military councils, and paralyzed the hearts

of those who should have acted with energy and decision.' Of the anxieties, sufferings, and dangers, of those sad eventful days, George Lawrence had a full share. He pays the highest testimony to the energy, decision, and ability of his chief, the Envoy, and laments that these qualities were altogether wanting in our military leaders.

What Sir William and his faithful secretary must have endured may be imagined. 'The life I have led for the last six weeks, you, Lawrence, know well; and rather than be disgraced and live it over again I would risk a hundred deaths.' Thus spoke Sir William as he went to his last and fatal meeting with Mahomed Akbar, son of the exiled king.

How, when Sir William was treacherously murdered, Lawrence was carried off and saved from a thousand dangers, must be read in his own words. No fiction could rival the unadorned tale, so plainly told by this honest old soldier. His master being killed before his eyes, Lawrence fell eventually into the hands of the murderer Akbar. This savage prince took Lady Macnaghten and the other ladies of our ill-fated force under his protection, with their husbands and children, also the wounded officers. He insisted that Lawrence also should accompany them, and be detained as a hostage.

So far Lawrence as a good soldier and secretary has commanded our interest and sympathy, but after all he shines pre-eminently as a prisoner. His patient good-humour—running races with his guards to keep himself in condition, distributing the tough fowls and greasy messes to the fair captives, and playing with their children, all his good-natured determination to make the best of a hard lot—is delightful.

The story, always almost pathetic, warms into a romance—though of the romantic element our author is profoundly unconscious—when George Lawrence goes as a messenger from the Prince to General Pollock at Jellalabad. Henry Lawrence had worked his way up to this stronghold of the British force, and with the full consent of his admirable wife, was bent upon rescuing his brother from the captivity which he had now for so many months endured. He tried hard to be allowed to become a hostage in the place of George. But Akbar, who, like everybody else, had taken a liking for his captive, would not have listened to the exchange even if George could have been persuaded. Henry's argument, that he had only one child whilst George had four, and therefore that in case of accident he (Henry) could best be spared, failed to convince George. With a heavy heart, after a fruitless interview with the English General, he retraced his steps to Cabool.

Great events now took place. The British Army of Retribution, under General Pollock, marched upon Cabool. The choicest trophy which they carried off was the band of English captives. On the 21st of September, says Lawrence, 'we arrived in General Pollock's camp (at Cabool); and thus ended my eight and a half months captivity. May the God Who so graciously preserved me through so many dangers, sanctify His great mercies to me!'

I can give but a short outline of the rest of Lawrence's adventurous history. One would have supposed that he had had his share of captivity, anxiety, and disturbance; but there was still a rough time awaiting him. During the period of his captive life, when each day had some peculiar hardship of its own, in spite of hard fare, scanty clothing, and a rigorous climate, he kept well. But on returning to a life of comparative ease and quiet, he fell dangerously sick, and was sent home to recover his health. The brothers John and Henry, in the meantime, were rising to distinction; and George, on his return to India early in 1847, was appointed by Lord Hardinge as political agent on our western frontier at Peshawur. He thus became assistant, and directly subordinate to his younger brother Henry,* on whose behalf he had addressed the Governor-General twenty years ago. On entering the city of Peshawur, the people turned out to welcome him. They were loud in their complaints of tyranny and misrule, 'many of them carrying fire on their heads as illustrative of their extreme misery and grief.' The soldiers were mutinous, the police a gang of extortioners—both without discipline, and deeply in arrear as to pay. The village people withheld the revenue due from their lands, and all was in confusion and disorder. Lawrence soon taught the local chiefs that he would not put up with insubordination, and he had a force of eight thousand stout soldiers to enforce his orders. He taught these soldiers and police that they might expect regular pay, but must not oppress the people. To all he gave an example of moderate and just behaviour. So that after a few months, the high-priest of Peshawur offered up public thanksgiving in the chief mosque, that peace and happiness had been granted at last to his country and people. A letter from the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, who was going home and taking Henry Lawrence with him, gave even more satisfaction than the blessings of the high-priest. Lord Hardinge warmly congratulated Lawrence on his conduct, and on the manner in which he maintained his important and prominent position on the frontier.

Our soldier civilian was thus working hard, and success was crowning his labours. Order and peace were taking the place of anarchy and turbulence. In a moment all was changed, and the Punjab once again thrown into confusion. Two British officers, sent to accept the resignation of the native governor at Mooltan, were cruelly murdered, and the flames of rebellion spread across the land. George Lawrence once again became a prisoner, after going through almost as many dangers as at Cabool. His wife and children were this time amongst the captives. At length came the avenging army under Gough. On the 20th of February, 1849, the Sikh army was utterly defeated. Lawrence, who had seen so many strange sights, and undergone so many reverses, stood by General Gilbert whilst sixteen thousand men, the remnant of

* Henry had been appointed Resident at Lahore, and virtually Governor of the Punjab and the Sikh nation on behalf of the young king.

the Sikh army, threw down their arms before him, received one rupee each, and went to their villages.

I cannot resist giving extracts from two letters from the great Dalhousie, which serve to shew that he put as high a value on George Lawrence as his predecessor had done.

To Lady (at that time Mrs. George) Lawrence, he wrote:—'I trust you will not think I take too great a liberty in saying—for even at the risk of your displeasure *I must say it*—that the perusal of your letters during the long course of your captivity, shewing to me the gallant heart you kept up under it, the cheery face you put upon it, and the uncomplaining and confiding patience with which you bore it all, has filled me with a respect for your character and admiration of your conduct, which if I were fully to express, you would perhaps suspect me of flattery.'

To George Lawrence the Governor-General, in 1850, wrote:—'I shall be heartily sorry to lose you from the Punjab, where you have played your part so much to my satisfaction, as well in peace as in war,' &c.

The climate of Peshawur had proved to Lawrence—as it was to many others—so treacherous, that he was compelled to leave that part of India. Lord Dalhousie selected him for a high political office in Rajpootana. Eventually he became agent to the Governor-General for the whole of that country, with an area of one hundred thousand square miles, and a population of ten millions.

In May, 1857, just as he was settling into his new and important duties, came another convulsion, sudden, violent, and destructive as an earthquake. The Bengal army had mutinied, and the very foundations of the state in the north-western provinces of India were threatened. In Rajpootana the shock was felt, and once again George Lawrence found himself in the focus of war and rebellion. Many of his subordinates were massacred, and his son Alexander severely wounded. As Brigadier-General, Lawrence was invested with the chief military as well as political authority, and in both capacities did, as he had ever before done, right good service.

He left India finally in 1864, after a service of forty-three years. He thus winds up his Indian journal:—'And now, in closing these reminiscences of a chequered career, it well becomes me to record my deep thankfulness to God, by Whose gracious and protecting care I was preserved through so long a period of service, and through so many scenes of anxiety and peril, and permitted at last to return in safety and in peace to my country.'

In 1860, George Lawrence received the (civil) Companionship of the Bath, and some years later was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India. We may well hope that the Star of India will be in the ascendant, so long as the destinies of that magnificent empire are in the hands of honest, brave, good men like George Lawrence.

It must not be forgotten that we are indebted to Mr. W. Edwards,

a well-known member of the Bengal Civil Service, for editing these interesting reminiscences. As this gentleman has in his person experienced, and with his own pen illustrated, adventures in the Indian rebellion, he had every qualification for the task which he has so modestly and ably performed.

CHARLES RAIKES.

CHRISTIAN ART.

XII.—RAFFAELLE.

A SATISFACTORY sketch of the life of Raffaelle, within the prescribed limits of this chapter, seems to the writer a well-nigh impossible task to achieve. The best that can be done is to mark out the different periods of that short and brilliant life, which comprehends at once the culminating point, the decline, and the extinction of Christian Art, and to refer those of our readers who wish for further acquaintance with the period, to the standard works, in which the subject of Raffaelle's life and works has been exhaustively treated.

Vasari was, until within the last century, the chief source whence the writers on Raffaelle, such as Duppa and De Quincy, derived their information, and founded their statements. Von Rumohr set the example of careful independent research, and the later work of M. Passavant has now almost superseded previous books on the subject, and leaves little to be desired. Mr. Robinson's valuable Catalogue and critical account of the Oxford collection, completes the list of authorities. We take this opportunity of warning our readers that Vasari's statements, in his Lives of the Painters, are by no means to be relied on; for, besides being very careless as to the accuracy of his facts, he was, it must be remembered, Florentine, and consequently under-rated everything and everybody who was not Florentine also. He passes over the Sienese school altogether, Florence and Siena having been opposed to each other ever since the formation of the Guelph and Ghibelline leagues. He ridicules the Bolognese school, whence came that painter of exquisite Madonnas, Francesco Francia. He even speaks contemptuously of Raffaelle's figure drawing, because he was not taught to draw the nude in the Florentine method; and throws a slur on Raffaelle's original genius, by asserting that he tried to rival Leonardo da Vinci in his own special line of perfection, and that he was never so great as when imitating Michael Angelo.

'Federigo Feltrio, Duke of Urbino, who in his days was the light of Italy in the arts of peace, and in arms, among his other noble works built a most magnificent palace on the rugged declivity of Urbino. This

structure had the reputation of being the finest that Italy had seen up to that time. Not only did the Duke enrich it with tasteful and appropriate ornaments, but enhanced its splendour by a collection of antique marble and bronze statues, and choice pictures, and with vast expense got together a great number of most excellent books.' *

This then was the school of the young Raffaelle; † and here, in the peaceful Umbrian city, and amidst its treasures of ancient art, and gardens rivalling those of the Medici at Florence, the young painter was nurtured. The once beautiful city is now almost forgotten, save by students of history, the story of its art buried in the ruins of the splendid buildings, the names of Luciano Lauranna, the architect of the 'magnificent palace,' ‡ and of Pietro della Francesca, the accomplished painter, § forgotten; and it is to Dante only that the exquisite miniaturist, Oderigo della Gubbio, owes his immortality. First in culture and in chivalry, purest in religion and morals, the little 'Athens of Umbria' shone brightly in the fifteenth century, amidst the Pagan darkness of Italy, and is a relief to contemplate, as we turn from the sins and follies of the Medici and the Borgias. Hereditary Counts had ruled the little state, and led its citizens to war, long ere the Medici had been heard of in Florence; and an equitable government had attached the people to their feudal lord, in a degree to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in Italian history. Much of our knowledge of the gallant Duke Federigo ‖ is derived from a poem, written in his honour by Raffaelle's father, Giovanni Sanzio. It was by him that the Flemish painters were first employed in Italy, and a painting by Van Eyck's pupil, Justin von Ghent, is still to be seen in the Church of St. Agatha at Urbino.

It seems necessary to explain here what is meant by the Umbrian school, under which name our readers will find the art of the valley of the upper Tiber classified, in most books on Italian Art. Perugia, Urbino, and Bologna, the latter of which lies considerably beyond the boundaries of that ancient Umbria which gave its name to the schools founded in these cities, were the chief repositories of those traditions of Christian Art, which formed the character of the Umbrian style. Shut in from the rest of Italy, which lay on the west, by the long line of the Appenines, this district appears to have specially retained the influence of that wonderful man, who lived and died under the shadow of its

* See Eastlake's 'Contribution to the Literature of the Fine Arts,' First Series, Raffaelle. The words in commas are quoted by him from Bellori.

† A sketch-book of his is preserved at Venice, full of studies from the palace of Urbino.

‡ He built both the palaces of the Duke, those of Urbino and of Gubbio.

§ A portrait by whom is in the Florentine Gallery, of Duke Federigo and his wife.

‖ The title of Duke of Urbino was conferred on Count Federigo by Sixtus IV., in 1474, on the marriage of his daughter with the Pope's nephew, Giovanni della Rovere.

solemn mountain borders. Such a mighty reality had St. Francis made of religion, that we trace, by no fanciful line of thought, but by the recognized path of Art history, an influence emanating from the sepulchre-church of Assisi, stretching over the whole district east of the Appenines, and lasting on as long as there was life left in the art of Italy. Perugino, Francia, and Pinturicchio, were the last representatives of the Umbrian school, and with them closed the period of sacred art in Italy.

It was then, in the last and most brilliant period of a school which had lasted for two hundred and fifty years, that Raffaelle was born, and under the influences of the last great group of Christian painters, that his mind and taste were formed. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, was a painter of no mean reputation in his native city; and under him, and the sculptor Vannucci, the young Raffaelle learned the elements of his art. Born in 1483, before he was twelve years old he had lost both father and mother, and was passing an unhappy childhood amidst the continuous quarrelling of his step-mother and guardian, relieved only by the kindness of his mother's brother, who was as a father to the young orphan, and for whom Raffaelle retained, all his life, the deepest affection. The disputes between the different relations about their young charge, were at length put an end to by Raffaelle being sent to the school of Perugino, then at the height of his fame, (1495,) and the leader of Italian painting. In Perugia he probably remained for several years, carefully copying his master's sketches, but producing, so far as we know, no original drawings. In the sacristy of St. Pietro Maggiore at Perugia, is preserved one of the first paintings which he executed in the school of Perugino, and the only one left, of this early period. It is a picture of the Infant Saviour and St. John Baptist embracing each other, copied from a picture of Perugino's now in the Marseilles Museum. In 1500 he received his first commission, to paint two banners, and a picture, for a church of Città di Castella. One of the banners, representing the Blessed Trinity and Saints on one side, and the Creation of Eve on the other, is still to be seen there; the altar-piece is, says Mr. Robinson, lost; but Kügler mentions a crucifixion of this period as in Lord Ward's collection, we know not whether accurately or not. After painting these, Raffaelle probably returned to Perugino's studio; but the confidence with which he was now regarded at Perugia, is shewn by the fact that he was, in 1503, invited by Pinturicchio to prepare the designs for his work of decorating the cathedral library at Siena, with frescoes commemorative of the citizen and Bishop of that town, who had been raised to the Papal throne under the name of Pius II. Three finished drawings for these frescoes are preserved in the collections of the Uffizzi, Perugia, and Chatsworth. If, as is the general opinion now, Raffaelle's drawings were original designs, the fact shews the admiration which his genius commanded at that early period of his career. An interesting memorial of Pinturicchio's regard for the young painter

is in one of these frescoes, in a portrait of Raffaelle, himself standing behind, gazing on him. Two of Raffaelle's loveliest Madonnas are of this period.* In one, the Infant Christ lies on a cushion by which the Blessed Virgin kneels, St. Jerome and St. Francis on each side; in the other, which is an Adoration of the Magi, the Blessed Virgin and two Angels kneel around the Holy Child. It is thought by Mr. Robinson that Raffaelle may have prepared the designs at this time, for Perugino's great picture of the National Gallery, in which Perugino at least reproduced his design † for the wing containing the Angel and Tobias. Such mutual assistance was both legitimate and common in the best ages of Art; and in this particular instance it gives an additional interest to Perugino's noble picture, to know that he so frankly availed himself of the superior genius of his young pupil. At the same time, the beautiful 'Coronation of the Virgin,' now in the Vatican, was painted. The Blessed Virgin is enthroned on clouds by the side of Christ, Who places the crown on her head, while Angels play around them on instruments; below, the Apostles are grouped around the open tomb of the Virgin, whence, according to the legend, lilies have blossomed. The upper part of this picture is very Peruginesque; but the Face of our Lord is somewhat weak, and in the attitudes and draperies of the Apostles is a shade of that mannerism which afterwards became so fatal to Raffaelle's pictures. A lovely little Madonna, painted also about this time, and now at Perugia, represents the Virgin Mother, with the Child in her arms, reading as she walks amidst a sweet spring landscape of trees and distant mountains. In 1504 were painted the celebrated 'Sposalizio,' or marriage of the Virgin, in which Raffaelle borrowed from Perugino's great picture for the Cathedral of Perugia; and also the charming little allegorical picture in the National Gallery. A knight sleeps under a laurel tree, and as he dreams of his future career, and of honour and success, two female figures approach him; one, crimson-robed, offers him a book and sword; the other, flowers. Perhaps, as Passavant suggests, he was thinking of himself. But the time for his choice was not yet come, and when it did come, he knew it not. In the autumn of the same year he re-visited his native city, which was now under happier conditions than it had known since the accession of the tyrant Borgia, when Duke Guidobaldo had been driven away from his state, and obliged to take refuge at Venice, and Urbino placed under the detested yoke of Rome. In the summer of 1503, the welcome news arrived that the tyrant, 'whose debauchery no shame restrained, whose treaties no good faith sanctioned, to whose vengeance pity was unknown,' was gone to his account; and it was in vain that Cæsar Borgia attempted to retain his hold over Romagna. The citizens of Urbino arose as one man, drove out the hated troops of the Pope, and recalled their beloved Duke. From henceforth the house of Montefeltro was secure, since the Duke was allied to the new Pope by family ties,

* In the Berlin Gallery. † In the Oxford collection. (No. 16.)

and the days of which we are writing were the golden days of the little state. Duke Guidobaldo's learning, piety, and noble character, have made his name shine brightly in history, as, in his life-time, his virtues won him the devotion of all who knew him, from prince to peasant. An elegant scholar, unmatched by any European prince in general culture, he yet never indulged in that passion for the heathen philosophy which was the bane of the age; and it was said that St. Chrysostom and St. Basil were his chosen studies. Raffaelle's portrait of him is lost, with those of the other grandees of that famous court, and the only memorial of the gentle and chivalrous Duke of Urbino is in a picture by Raffaelle's father, still at Urbino.

Into the inner circle of that elegant court, then, Raffaelle was admitted on his return to his native city, and there formed the most important of the friendships of his after life. There was Giuliano di Medici, brother of Leo X., passing the years of his exile in the atmosphere of that cultivated society. There was Cardinal Bembo, one of the most famous men of his age, the friend and correspondent of Lucrezia Borgia, a lock of whose auburn hair was found at his death;* who, satiated with learning and honours and pleasure, desired only, in his old age, to be the 'unfettered Bembo of other days.' 'But what better can one make of life?' he would add, having found, like the king of old, that all is vanity.† There also was Cardinal Bibbiena, the greatest patron of art and letters a few years later in Rome, to whom the brilliancy of the court of Leo X. was chiefly owing; who desired to ally himself with Raffaelle, by giving him his niece in marriage. Last, but not least, there was the warmest friend of Raffaelle's after life, the brightest star in a brilliant constellation, Count Baldassare of Castiglione, whom Charles V. called 'one of the best knights in the world.' Renowned in war, happy in love and marriage, unblemished in life and politics, in the most dissolute age of European history, the Bayard of his age, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' he was known and loved in all the courts of Europe, as one of the most finished gentlemen in Christendom. He it was who was sent as ambassador to Henry VII., to acknowledge the honour conferred on Duke Guidobaldo by the King of England, in giving him the Order of the Garter, taking with him, among his presents, Raffaelle's beautiful picture of St. George and the Dragon,‡ painted for the occasion, as a compliment to the chivalry of England. Count Baldassare wrote a book, called 'Il Corteggiano,' intended as a portrait of the court of Urbino, and to which we owe much of our knowledge of its manners and customs. We see clearly from it, how much of the pure morality of

* It is still preserved, with her letters to Cardinal Bembo, at Milan.

† For a full description of the court of Urbino, with all its celebrated people, see Dennistoun's 'Dukes of Urbino,' Vol. II.

‡ This was put up for sale, with the rest of Charles the First's collection, at his death. It is now at St. Petersburgh. There is a study for it in the Oxford collection. (No. 35.)

that court was due to the example of the spotless married life of the Duke and Duchess, and to the influence of female society. The name of the beautiful and accomplished Duchess Elizabetta was probably well known in England at that period, and it has even been suggested that Shakespeare portrayed her in his Miranda. She and her young widowed sister-in-law, the Lady Emilia Pia, presided over the pleasant social gatherings of the court, after the Duke, whose failing health incapacitated him for fatigue, had retired to rest; and they led and restrained the conversation and amusements, till the golden light, breaking over the hills of Monte Catri, and shining on the eastern windows of the beautiful palace, gave the signal to retire. The deserted rooms, where knights and ladies and great men once walked, where Raffaelle studied, and from whose walls once looked down the renowned men of all ages, are now filled with looms, but they are sacred with memories which no desecration can efface; and in the beautiful inlaid panelling of the wainscotting, is still to be seen the memorial of the pride of the Dukes of Urbino in England's gift of the Order of the Garter.

But Raffaelle was too restless for knowledge and for fame, to remain long in the quiet little court; and he obtained from the Lady Emilia a letter of recommendation to the Gonfaloniere at Florence, in which she says that Raffaelle is going there 'to perfect his studies.' So, under pleasant auspices, favoured by all the great patrons of art there, and received into the patrician society, Raffaelle made his first visit to the great centre of Italian art, and began another period of his life and painting.

Leonardo da Vinci's great cartoon of the Battle of the Standard,* painted in competition with Michael Angelo, had been finished the year before; and the two were now exhibited in Florence, and were the chief attraction and study of all the young artists. Vasari tells us that Raffaelle was 'astonished at the sight of Leonardo's work;' and his admiration is proved, both by the studies† which he made from the cartoon, and by the change which passed over his work at this time, and which is greatly attributable to Leonardo's influence. It has been noticed specially, that the fixed smile on the faces of his Madonnas was adopted from Leonardo, and is first seen now. His studies, however, were not confined to Leonardo, and he spent much time in the Carmine Church, among the frescoes of Masaccio. It was at this time, also, that he formed his great friendship with Fra Bartolomeo, and with the young Ridolfo Ghirlandajo; and an interesting memento of his connection with the former remains in the two sketches of Fra Bartolomeo's head, which fill the corners of two sheets of studies at Oxford.‡ Of this period is the portrait of himself as a youth of sixteen, so often engraved, in black dress and cap, the long hair falling over his shoulders, and the beautiful face upturned.§

* No longer in existence.

† One of these is in the Oxford collection. (No. 28.)

‡ Nos. 28 and 29.

§ Of which a sketch is in the Oxford collection. (No. 26.)

It is in the Madonnas painted at this time, most of which are well known in England from prints and photographs, that we see the change which has passed over Raffaelle's spirit. The Madonna della Gran Duca* has in it the mingling of the last touches of the reverence and solemnity of the Umbrian school, with the earthly beauty, and mere maternal expression, of his new style. It is the well-known picture of three-quarters length, the Blessed Virgin in scarlet dress and blue mantle, with the Florentine oval face and arched eye-brows,† holding the Child in her arms, who has put one hand on her breast. The final change from Raffaelle's early inspiration is marked by the Madonna del Baldacchino, painted about the same time, (1505;)‡ in which the fresh blue sky and sweet landscape of his early work is shut out by brown wainscot and Renaissance architecture, and the adoring angels with garments swept by the breezes of heaven, changed into the 'kicking gracefulnesses' of Cupids.

In 1506 Raffaelle went to Urbino, to paint the picture of St. George and the Dragon,§ for Henry VII.; but after painting this, and the fine St. Michael of the Louvre Gallery, he returned to Florence, where, amidst the enchantment of its brilliant society, the inexhaustible wealth of its Medicean treasures, and the companionship of the circle of artists who met daily in the studio of Baccio d'Agnolo, the sculptor, he found a more congenial home than among the quiet Umbrian mountains. So well established was his reputation, that, the year before that of which we are writing, the nuns of Perugia having requested the council to find them the best artist of the time, who might paint them an altar-piece for their chapel, it was unanimously decided that Master Raffaelle of Urbino was the most fit.‖

The same year Raffaelle went to Bologna, where he painted the picture of the Entombment, now in the Borghese Palace. The results of his Florentine studies are clearly visible in the increased power of figure-drawing shewn in this work; but the affectation of gesture, and display of anatomical skill, are far more apparent than in any previous painting, and the repose and sweet feeling of his early work are quite gone. A gleam of real devotion, however, lights up one of the last works of this period, the beautiful St. Catherine,¶ 'looking up to heaven

* So called from its owner, Ferdinand of Tuscany, who carried it with him in all his wanderings.

† The high foreheads, and pencilled eye-brows, which we see in pictures of that period in Italy, were produced by artificial means, among the ladies of that time.

‡ Now at Blenheim.

§ For which No. 35 in the Oxford collection is a study.

‖ This picture, delayed so long that it was completed by Raffaelle's pupils after his death, is now in the Vatican.

¶ Of the National Gallery. Sketches 52 and 53 in the Oxford collection, are supposed to be studies for it. Mr. Robinson, however, thinks that it belongs to the first year of his Roman period.

in the dawn of the eternal day, with her lips parted in the resting from her pain.'

It is curious to trace the gradual deterioration of Raffaelle, in the paintings of his Madonnas, during the years of his residence in Florence. (1503–1508.) There is the first domestic one, called the 'Madonna del Cardellino,' * with the little St. John presenting his goldfinch, the bright open sky for background; and the two others, painted for his friend Taddeo Taddei, of the same type, still very sweet—those of the Belvidere, and of the Palm-tree.† Then the Blenheim Madonna first replaces the bright landscape by wainscot and baldacchino. The Madonna Gran Duca has far more of the human mother; the 'Belle Jardinière' ‡ is a mere domestic scene; in the pictures of the Berlin Museum, and of Lord Cowper's collection, there remains little sense of the sacredness of the subject; and the Holy Family of Munich is wholly artificial in grouping, and attitudinized in gesture, so that it is called, from the composition, the 'Pyramid.'

While yet the 'Belle Jardinière,' § and other pictures, were unfinished, the message came which realized his highest ambition; and a prospect greater than perhaps he had dared to hope for so early in life, opened to him, in the summons to the court of Julius II., to paint in the Vatican.

When Julius II. succeeded Alexander Borgia on the Pontifical throne, he refused to occupy that part of the Vatican palace which had been the scene of that accursed life, exclaiming, when his friends suggested the removal of the portraits which occupied the walls, that 'when all the pictures should be destroyed, the very walls would serve to recall the memory of that Simoniac!' It was then proposed that the next story, which had been partly decorated by Perugino and others, under Sixtus IV., should be fitted up for the new Pope's residence; and these apartments it was which Raffaelle was called to paint. His summons to the Pontifical court is attributed to the influence of Bramante, the great architect, who was in high favour with the new Pope. He it was who built the magnificent 'Loggie,' or open galleries of three stories, round three sides of the court of St. Damasus, made famous afterwards by Raffaelle's arabesques; and which, left unfinished at their deaths, were completed by Pius IV.

In the 'Camera della Segnatura,' then, Raffaelle began his work in Rome, and the third period of his career; his first subject the Theology, commonly (but erroneously) called the 'Dispute of the Sacrament.' The Vatican paintings of Raffaelle cover the ceilings and walls of three rooms, and a large saloon. The roofs are arched, and the groined compartments of the Camera della Segnatura contain medallions, with

* In the Florence Gallery.

† The one is at Vienna, the other in Lord Ellesmere's collection.

‡ In the Louvre.

§ This is thought to be the picture mentioned by Vasari, as having been finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, after Raffaelle's departure to Rome.

allegorical personifications of the subjects of the frescoes, and four oblong pictures; the rest of the painting, by Giovanni Antonio, having been left untouched by Raffaelle, who always spared the work of other artists when he could. Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Ethics, are the subjects of the four great frescoes of the first room; the corresponding medallions of the ceiling being allegorical figures personifying the subject, with the exception of the last, the representative figure of which is Justice. The last subject is always called Jurisprudence, but the writer follows Sir Charles Eastlake's explanation.* The latter fresco has, he says, been miscalled Jurisprudence, from a mistaken apprehension of the presiding figure of Justice in the ceiling above. This difference is not so unimportant as at first sight appears; for it throws a light on the prevailing system of philosophy at the time, and proves the predominance of the Aristotelian philosophy in Rome, before the accession of the Platonist Leo X. According to Aristotle's system, there are three cardinal virtues only—Prudence, the head of the intellectual virtues; Temperance, which presides over the passions; and Fortitude, which governs the defensive impulses. Justice, instead of making a fourth, was supposed to reside in the will, mingled with all the three, and give them a motive power. So we see, in Raffaelle's system of arrangement, how accurate his knowledge must have been of the ancient philosophies. The degree of classical knowledge displayed in these frescoes, is indeed truly astonishing, when we consider the limited range of an artist's education in that age, and the incessant labour which could have left Raffaelle but little time for other studies. It was doubtless in the cultivated courts of Urbino and Florence, and in the still more classical atmosphere of Rome, that he acquired this knowledge of, and sympathy with, the Greek philosophies; and his pictures thus became more and more filled with the ideas which were so fascinating to all the powerful minds of the age, and in which such men as Cardinal Bembo were his tutors.

The great idea of the 'Theology' is the relation of God to man, begun by the Incarnation, and extended through the Sacramental system to the end of time. In the upper part of the picture are representations of the Blessed Trinity. Above all is God the Father, surrounded by Cherubim and Seraphim, and angels chanting the Seraphic Hymn. Amidst the company of the Saints, is God the Son, the Blessed Virgin at His right hand; below, the Holy Spirit, with four Cherubim holding the Gospels, descends on the visible Church. The patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs are seated on a semi-circle of clouds, each prominent figure having its own special significance with regard to the subject. It would take long to exhaust the depth of thought in this picture. There is Adam, to whom the first promise of the Incarnation was made; Abraham, the father of the chosen seed; Moses, the giver of

* Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts, Second Series. 'How to observe.'

the Law; David, the author of the Church's Prayer-book; St. Peter, the guardian of the Faith; St. John the Divine, the revealer of the future destiny of the Church; St. Stephen, the first witness to the Faith; St. Paul, who first drew the sword in its defence; St. George, the mystical champion of Christendom. A semi-circle round the Altar represents the visible Church, the monstrance of the Blessed Sacrament in the midst; around are grouped the four great Fathers, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory. Then come St. Bernard, Peter Lombard, Duns Scotus, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, and Innocent III., each representing some special development of Catholic doctrine. Dante, the great poet-theologian, stands below; Savonarola not far off. To the left we gladly recognize Raffaelle's tribute to Catholic Art, in Fra Angelico. Below are a mixed crowd of people, among whom are schismatics and heretics; heresy being personified by a sectary surrounded by hearers, and interpreting Holy Scripture.

In the second great fresco, that of 'Poetry,' Apollo is seated on Mount Parnassus, lord of the domain of Art, elevated to equal rank with the Lord of Heaven and earth in the first picture, surrounded by his choir the Muses, all the great poets of the heathen world grouped around.

The third fresco, thought to be Raffaelle's masterpiece, representing Philosophy, generally known as the 'School of Athens,' is an assembly of the philosophers of the world, ranged in groups of their rank and schools. First in order are the schools of Greece in the historical order of their development; below, the masters of geometry,* arithmetic, and astronomy, considered by Plato as the preparatory schools. On the left, grouped round Pythagoras, are the more ancient schools; and to the right are the Stoics, Cynics, and Epicureans. Plato and Aristotle stand as the centre of the composition, presiding over the philosophy which was indeed the religion of the sixteenth century.

The last fresco, that of Ethics, represents the Emperor Justinian delivering the Codex; and on the right, Pope Gregory IX. giving the decretals, surrounded by cardinals. This part of the picture is specially interesting, because all the figures are portraits, Julius II. standing in the place of Gregory IX., and the future Leo X. and Paul III. among the cardinals. In this picture, Raffaelle seems to have begun to employ his pupils more extensively in the working out of his ideas. This also is the first time that he portrayed the Pope and his court as representatives of the great historical characters; a species of refined flattery which he employed to a great extent in the chamber of Heliodorus.†

Shortly before the death of Julius II. (1512) Raffaelle had begun this second room, called the chamber of Heliodorus, from the principal painting representing the expulsion from Jerusalem of Heliodorus, the

* Bramante stood for the figure of Euclid.

† There are several Madonnas of this period, among which is that of the Bridgewater Gallery.

treasurer of Seleucus, who tried to plunder the Temple.* This fresco and that of the celebrated Mass of Bolsena, are marked by increased power of colour and composition, so that it has been said that Raffaelle's fame as a colourist rests on them; but they are marked also by increasing affectation and mannerism.

The works in the Vatican were scarcely interrupted by the death of Julius II.; for his successor, Giovanni di Medici, now Leo X., was as great a lover of art as any of his family; and while quite as ambitious to add to the magnificence of the Papal court, was far more cultivated and refined than the warlike Julius II. Under Leo was completed the fourth and last period of Raffaelle's life, who now rose rapidly in honour and wealth; and the ruin of his great genius, begun by the baneful influences of Rome, was completed under the learned and sceptical Leo X. The frescoes of the third room, called the chamber of Charlemagne, were begun in 1514, and finished in 1517.

In 1512 were painted those frescoes of the Prophets and Sibyls in the Church of St. Augustine, the Isaiah in which is said by Vasari to have been re-painted by Raffaelle after seeing Michael Angelo's wonderful figure on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and which is an unquestionable imitation of his style. While these works were in progress, Raffaelle also undertook the completion and decoration of the Loggie, left unfinished by Bramante's death. The middle story was ornamented by Raffaelle with stuccoes and with those celebrated arabesques, which Mr. Ruskin has so well described as 'elegant idlenesses;' and the roof was painted after Raffaelle's designs by his pupils, in a series of fifty-two subjects, called 'Raffaelle's Bible.' In 1515, were designed the ten cartoons for the tapestries of the Sistine Chapel, seven of which are preserved at the Kensington Museum; the three which are lost being the Stoning of St. Stephen, the Conversion of St. Paul, and his Delivery from Prison. The tapestries themselves are in the Vatican, but in consequence of the Last Judgement of Michael Angelo having monopolized the space into which some of them were intended to fit, they were not hung in the chapel. The Chevalier Bunsen first pointed out the order in which they were intended to hang; to whose dissertation we must refer our readers for want of space.† They formed two series, one representing the Founding of the Church after the Resurrection, the other the history of the Apostolic Church after the Ascension. The designs for the tapestries were allowed to remain in the hands of the Flemish weavers, from whose descendants Charles I. bought them. After his death they were put up for sale, and bought by Cromwell, who, however, does not appear to have thought it worth while to have them properly preserved, for on the accession of William the Third they were found in a chest, in the strips into which they had been cut for the use of the weavers.

* Related in 2 Maccabees, iii. Full descriptions of these paintings, and those of the other rooms, will be found in Passavant and Kügler.

† Life of Michael Angelo, by John S. Harford. Vol. II., p. 240.

Bramante having died in 1514, Raffaelle, by the last wish of the architect, added to all his other important commissions, that of the post of architect to St. Peter's. His plan, made for Leo X., and approved by him, was a Latin cross, crowned by a cupola. Two architects worked under him; and he had a special brief from the Pope, allowing him to take marbles from the ancient buildings of the city. He was much interested in the preservation of the monuments of ancient Rome, and a letter of his to Leo X. on the subject is preserved. Many beautiful houses were also, according to Vasari, built from Raffaelle's plans; and indeed, work so crowded in on him, that, enormous as was the amount he did, he was obliged to refuse many commissions. Among the works of this period are the St. Michael of the Louvre, (1517,) St. Margaret and the Dragon, a celebrated portrait of Leo X. and two Cardinals in the Pitti Palace at Florence, and his last and most famous Madonna in the Dresden Gallery, the Madonna San Sisto, (1518,) and the Transfiguration, left unfinished at his death. While conducting the researches in the ruins, in the April of 1520, he was sent for by the Pope one day, and, going hastily to wait on him after great heat and fatigue, was kept waiting in a cold ante-chamber. He went home, and was seized with a fever, which ended fatally in a few days. Knowing that the end was come, he made his will, leaving, with his characteristic delicate thoughtfulness, his beautiful house to Cardinal Bibbiena, who was in difficulties, and could not afford a palace at Rome. He died on the night of Good Friday, his thirty-seventh birth-day.

Great was the sorrow in Rome when the news spread that Raffaelle was no more. None had dreamed that the brilliant life, so full of energy and power and genius, which had been so endeared to everyone, was to close so suddenly. His beauty and grace, his loveable character, and his brilliant genius, had fascinated all with whom he came in contact; and when death closed so swiftly over the fair young life, it seemed as though the light had gone out of Rome. 'It seems to me that I am no longer in Rome,' wrote Count Baldassare to his mother, 'since my poor dear Raffaelle is no more.' They laid him in state in his house, that all might look once more on the sweet dead face of the young painter; his last work, the Transfiguration, being hung over his head. He was buried in his chosen resting-place, the Church of the Pantheon, near his betrothed, who had died before him.*

The merits of Raffaelle's work lie entirely in its artistic qualities and technical perfection; and he united the powers of colour, of form, and of expressional force, as no other painter ever did, and in a degree which might have made his work matchless. His work is full of beauty, of knowledge, and of skill, increasing with every year of his life; yet the

* Some years ago, a doubt having been thrown on the place of his burial, search was made, and the remains of the perfectly formed head and limbs left no doubt on the subject. They were replaced in a splendid sarcophagus, presented by the present Pope.

greater part of it never did or will help Christian people to know or to love one whit more the great facts which it represents; and it has, in fact, in spite of its greatness, been rejected by all thoughtful religious people. The reason is, that he first sacrificed truth to beauty, and then both to display, fell gradually into mannerism and affectation, and so degraded Christian Art into a mere vehicle for the exhibition of his skill. Christ or Apollo, saint or nymph, cupid or angel, are all one to him, so that he can put them in graceful positions and please his patrons.

'In the first chamber which Raffaelle decorated in that (the Vatican) palace,' said Mr. Ruskin, in his lecture on pre-Raffaelitism, 'he wrote upon its walls the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, of the Art of Christianity. And he wrote it thus: on one wall of that chamber he placed a picture of the World, or Kingdom of *Theology*, presided over by *Christ;* and on the side wall of that same chamber he placed the World, or Kingdom of *Poetry*, presided over by *Apollo*. And from that spot, and from that hour, the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation.' The very perfection of execution was the cause of Raffaelle's deeper fall; for that which could be done so matchlessly, it became a temptation to do for its own sake, and as an aim and object; and then the downfall was rapid and the punishment sure; and the very beauty, which was so worshipped, became as a mirage in the desert, receding as it was grasped at.

There is plenty of food for intellectual thought in Raffaelle's pictures. To take a familiar instance, in the cartoon of St. Paul at Athens, we see the accuracy of Raffaelle's knowledge in the unmistakeable character of the faces of the different philosophers, the stolidity of the cynic, the sneer of the Epicurean, the thoughtful attention of the Platonist. We know well that St. Paul is preaching the doctrine of the Resurrection, which was to the Greeks foolishness, and see that his eloquence has convinced Dionysius, on whose face the light has dawned. But let us turn to that thrilling mystical story of the Risen Life of our Lord—the meeting on the Galilean lake, when 'the morning,' that glorious morning, having 'now come, Jesus stood on the shore,'—represented in the cartoon of the Charge to St. Peter. The historical incident is falsified by the presence of the Twelve witnessing in the background the commission to St. Peter; the bleak landscape and barren shore changed into sunny Italian scenery, the 'fire of coals' not there at all, the fisher garments superseded by impossible and ridiculous costumes; the whole picture false in teaching and in fact, from beginning to end.* We feel indeed that that last wonderful chapter of St. John has been for ever vulgarized.

Such was the end of the Art which pursued beauty for its own sake. We have yet to see Michael Angelo's solution of the problem.

(*To be continued.*) A. C. Owen.

---

* See Modern Painters, Vol. III., Part iv., chap. iv., p. 53.

CONTROVERSY.

CONTROVERSY, we are afraid, has a bad name; and yet a little thought will shew us this should not be so.

The worst result of this ill-fame of controversy is indifferentism. When doctors disagree, who shall settle the dispute? and so men are led away from even thinking about the questions which more than all ought to be the objects of thought.

And yet, if any man—better still if two men or sets of men—will turn any subject over in their minds, we cannot but doubt that the truth will result, and from a firm holding of the truth not only peace between the contending parties will ensue, but what is best, the root of truth will soon be graced by the fair proportion and the fresh beauty of a better life and more earnest activity.

Observe how in the main this has resulted. The great bone of contention in the Reformation times was the doctrine of Justification by faith only. Yet who that has read the calm and religious disquisitions of the Diet of Ratisbon, when a Concordat was drawn up between Cardinal Contarini on the side of the Romanists, and Melancthon and Bucer on the side of the Protestants, but must see how the controversy resulted in peace and kindliness, and save for untoward circumstances—the death of the reigning Pope and the violent repudiation of Luther—would have ended in union.

Because controversy is, alas! attended with heat of temper, rashness of statement, self-opinionatedness, abuse of opponents, and a host of other evils which have overlaid it; the existence of innocent calm truth-seeking reason has been altogether forgotten.

Is it not well, then, that in the interests of truth we should try to recall men to the use of controversy, and to say a few words on the sources of its abuse?

Is it not true, then, we would suggest, that these sources may be considered as physical, intellectual, and spiritual?

Now, by physical, or external, I mean the difficulties which occur in the use of language. Language consists of a multitude of words, which are signs of things. But from various causes the same word represents different things. Unless, then, there is in the minds of two persons not only the use of the same word, but an agreement as to the same meaning that shall be given to the word, endless confusion will arise; and from confusion it is more than probable that ill feeling and division will take its origin.

An example or two of these differences may be given.

This difference may arise, first, from varied education. What different ideas the word *Regeneration* represents to a Dissenter and a Churchman! We are not at the present moment saying which is right. But

clearly, unless by reference to Scripture, or some recognized authority, a meaning is determined, nothing can be done by controversy.

Or it may arise from different epochs of the history of a language. 'Take no thought for the morrow,' has been used by fanatics as condemning ordinary prudence; whereas it is a warning against unwonted anxiety in regard to this world—the word *thought*, at the time our translation was made, being equivalent to anxious heart-cutting care.

But enough. That this is one source of misunderstanding is obvious to all. And it is no use in controversy going on using a word which is misunderstood by an opponent, unless a distinct agreement as to its meaning is arrived at. And what is true of words is true of actions. These often enrage men, who if they only understood their object and meaning would be the first to excuse, perhaps to approve—nay, even possibly to practise them.

Now, nearly akin to this, is an intellectual reason why controversy is injurious.

A man who really seeks for the truth in itself, or wishes to induce his neighbour to follow the truth, must try to place himself in the position of his opponent, and contemplate the subject of his discussion from his point of view. The Golden Rule has an intellectual as well as a practical application. And as love and charity result from the latter, so peace and union will be a consequence of the practice of the Rule in the former case.

Perhaps it may be said that it is difficult to do this. We own it. It is difficult, nay impossible, to do this perfectly. But an honest attempt is most useful. It at once breeds charitable thoughts in one's heart; and this is much. A few thoughtful questions addressed to a person as to how he looks on that subject, not only helps A to know what B thinks, but the very answering these friendly questions helps B to a clear notion of his own opinions; and this is often of the greatest use. For many of us hold our opinions from education, or from habit, or from circumstantial surroundings—why, we know not. To dig up this hard ground of custom or habit, is good for us as well as for our opponent; at any rate, we get a clear notion of what view we are to combat, or how far it is in accordance with what we conceive to be truth.

But will not this lead to an unsettling of faith? I think it will if the faith is false, but not if it is true. Faith need fear nothing from inquiry. Certain grounds must be decided upon. With the Churchman I may argue from the Prayer Book, or Catholic consent; with the Christian I may argue from the Bible; with the Theist, from the existence of a God. Whatever may be the view taken by an opponent, there must be some foundation platform on which to build. But that being settled, we may carefully examine what is set forth, and prove its truth or falseness in accordance with right reason. There may be some weak brethren who will not follow this course. But their belief will not be founded on a reasonable acceptance of truth, but upon chance

circumstance or associations. Half the number of men you meet belong to the Church or a sect because they have been brought up in it; but surely, this is not so desirable as that they should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

Here, then, is our second rule: When in argument, do not be too hasty; but try carefully to view the subject from your opponent's standpoint.

Then, lastly, there is a spiritual difficulty which we must guard against, and that specially in the highest subjects of controversy. We might launch out at length here; but we will only mention three, which have to do with our Maker, our neighbour, ourselves.

1. Irreverence.—Truth is a very sacred thing. It is revealed either directly, as in religious dogma, or indirectly, as in the realm of nature; whether, therefore, in examining an authoritative statement, or in weighing the value and the results of an experiment or natural fact, it is necessary to be reverent. We are endeavouring either for ourself or for another to find out God's truth. We approach nearer to Him, and we should do so with mingled love and fear.

2. Courtesy to our opponent, and respect for his view.—It is no use to undervalue an adversary—more especially to impute, even in mind, wrong motives. This is really an act of charity of the most refined and true type, and the want of it embitters all controversy. It does not consist in politeness, which may be scrupulously observed when combined with biting sarcasm. It is therefore a spiritual requisite for calm and loving discussion.

3. Ambition for victory.—The desire for pure truth without self-exaltation, the wish to set forth what we believe is true, and to get others to see as we see, is a true, honest, and loyal wish, and is quite compatible with real humility. In fact, this last is proof that we hold the truth. No such proof of the *preux chevalier* as real lowliness. On the contrary, high thoughts of self are the best proof of worthlessness. Sir Isaac Newton, after years passed in humbly searching after truth, said he had just begun to know how little he knew. But this humility, what a glorious spiritual gift is it! The best, the highest, the most difficult of acquirement.

Have we not made out our case? Is not controversy, carried on thus, a fit exercise for the highest minds? Surely, whether carried on by personal converse, or by written essays, such calm inquiry into the questions of the day, whether social, ecclesiastical, or religious, would tend to elicit that pearl above all price—Truth.

SISTER MABEL.

'In unwed union blest.'

He saw her first in crowded rooms,
With mirth and music bright,
And her cheek with girlish pleasure burned,
And her step was quick and light.

They met and spoke, together trod
The mazy whirling dance;
Youth-tinted was her soft young cheek,
Coquettish sweet her glance.

And yet there gleamed on that white brow
A hint of deepening thought,
Half hidden yet by golden hair,
With nature-flowers inwrought.

He loved her then; thro' long long years
That girlish vision dwelt,
A cherished dream, a sweet 'perhaps,'
A far hope, dimly felt.

It played beneath his daily work,
It nerved him on to fame:
'Some day—when I can offer her
A worthy home and name!'

* * * * *

They met again—he knew her not—
In presence hushed of death;
Low-murmured prayer-words mingled soft
With suffering's parting breath.

By chance he passed then thro' the ward,
Strange! lingered by the bed
E'en where a Sister prayed, and bathed
A patient's throbbing head.

What was it in that sweet low voice,
That held him to the spot?
Why did those grey robes bear to him
A strange familiar grace?

She turned her face—he knew her then,
Although that golden hair
Scarce shewed a ripple 'neath the cap,
That framed the face so fair—

As fair as in the bright young past,
When lit with pleasure's glow;
Nay, fairer e'en—such power there dwelt
Peace-broadening on her brow.

She greeted him with pleasant smile,
And far-off quiet eyes,
Just gave her hand, then bent again
To heed the sufferer's sighs.

The dying present held her more
Than all the living past!
But he would speak, tho' to the earth
Long cherished hopes were cast.

'Are you for ever vowed?' he asked.
'Not vowed or bound,' she said,
'Save by the love I bear the work,
The life our Saviour led!'

Had but one blush suffused her cheek,
Some hope were left him still!
But in that self-unconscious look
He read—a changeless will.

It told of love, that was not love—
The love that outward flows,
And pouring into human souls,
In holy pureness grows.

Not one word more—he bid farewell;
She turned to work and prayer:
He sighed; but no regretful shade
Passed o'er her features fair.

With heavy heart and sunless thoughts
He turned to life again.
Ere long, there mingled half a joy
With his hope-blighted pain.

By him, through all the length of years,
She never would be won;
And yet in purpose and in thought,
Still, still they might be one!

And so into his daily round
There crept a nobler aim:
She worked midst sick, he worked midst men,
Their love, their hope, the same.

She led poor sufferers to the Cross
Whereon our Saviour died;
He stood in the world's troublous stream,
And stemmed the sinful tide.

With loving skill she lightened pain,
And sped the parting soul;
He helped the living, shewed the strong
The world-transcendent Goal.

They met no more, but long they worked,
In unwed union blest;
A master-mind he lived on earth,
When she had gone to rest.

Ah, who shall say what joy they missed?
Or who can count the gain?
God knows—He brings forth richest fruit
From martyr-depths of pain.

Sydney, August 1872. E. AUSTRALIS MANNING.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

HYMN OF THE SEPARATED RUSSIANS.

[There is a sect in Russia, who, believing that the Church of that country has forfeited the Divine Presence by its connection with the State, and that they have no longer any lawful priesthood, assemble for worship with a wall built across the east end of their place of assembly, where the Sanctuary should be, and looking towards it, recite the laymen's part of their Service, with pauses for the invisible priest's prayers. In the following poem, their lowly chapel is itself supposed to be in ruins.]

HERE, with shattered walls surrounding,
O'er our heads the sky,
Broken arch and niche resounding
Our sad Litany—
'Lord, have mercy,
Christ, have mercy,
Lord, have mercy,' still we cry.

While we kneel, our sins confessing,
No absolving priest
Lifts his hand, or gives the blessing,
Spreads the Heavenly Feast;
Eastward gazing,
We stand praising,
Cold blank wall bars out the east.

We are waiting here in sadness,
Till that barrier fall—
Till we enter in with gladness
At our true Priest's call:
Here believing,
There receiving
What, once gained, repays for all.

But meantime the years seem dreary;
Ah! He tarries long;
Saviour, see Thy children weary,
Hear their suppliant song:
'Lord, have mercy,
Christ, have mercy,
Lord, have mercy—see our wrong!'

Night is coming, shades descending;
No kind father near,
Fainting hearts fresh courage lending,
Whispers words of cheer:
'Darkness lightens,
Glory brightens;
SOUL, GO FORTH IN CHRIST, nor fear.'

Hence, with prayer that no priest leadeth,
Unto Christ we flee:
'Lord! for us, for whom none pleadeth,
Plead Thine Agony;
Thou All-Holy,
Help Thy lowly
Poor who have no help save Thee.'

Thus we stand, our vigil keeping,
Till the Day-star born,
Chase away the night of weeping,
Comfort hearts forlorn.
'Lord, have mercy,
Christ, have mercy,
Lord, have mercy—come with morn.'

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXIX.

DOBZSE LASZLO.

A. D. 1490 TO A. D. 1492.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Mátyás arose a report, which has found credit even in modern times, that he had died from the effects of poison. It is true that he had enemies capable of the crime; *e. g.* the ex-Governor of Vienna had, in 1488, asked the consent of the Venetian

Senate to the assassination of the King, but after some delay, had been informed that the Senate did not desire his death, as, in spite of certain misunderstandings touching Dalmatia, Mátyás was on the whole a friend to the Republic. The Queen Beatrice, and Zápolya István, have each been accused of the crime, but, so far as appears, with little justice. As for the Queen, whatever her faults may have been, it is impossible to believe her guilty; for, apart from any higher consideration, she had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by her husband's death. Almost the same may be said of Zápolya, who, ambitious as he was, had no sufficient motive for wishing to rid himself of the man who had raised him from nothing, and given him all he possessed both of wealth and position. There is little doubt that Mátyás died, worn out with the ceaseless activity of mind and body in which his life had been passed. What a life that had been!

When first he came to the throne, he had found Hungary sunk in the greatest misery. Since the death of Vladislav I. at Varna, there had been, first no king, then a child upon the throne; the royal prestige had sunk to the lowest ebb; the Bohemians had planted themselves in the north; the Emperor was in possession of the crown, and had appropriated parts of the border-lands; the victorious Mohammed was but feebly opposed by Moldavia and Wallachia, and had extended his sovereignty over great part of Servia and Bosnia; the Banat of Szörény scarcely existed any longer except in name; and Croatia beyond the Save, as well as Transylvania, and the whole of South Hungary, were exposed to perpetual attacks from the Osmans. Moreover, there was not an ally to whom Hungary could look for help; Venice had possessed herself of Dalmatia, and Poland was offended by the election of Mátyás; and, in addition to all these difficulties, the young King himself was not of royal race; his family was envied, hated, and despised by the nobles; and the talisman which would have ensured the allegiance of many of his subjects, the venerated crown of St. Stephen, was in the hands of his enemies, and was not placed on his head for six years after his accession. Yet in spite of all this, in spite too of his own extreme youth, Mátyás did not succumb. Sometimes he was arbitrary, but he was always successful; he made himself obeyed, and his winning manners, together with his strict justice, won him the love of his people. In ten years the Bohemians in the north were reduced to order, the Emperor was forced to acknowledge him as king, the Osmans had been several times defeated, Bosnia and Servia partially re-conquered, Wallachia and Moldavia brought back to their allegiance, and Hungary had taken her place among the states of Europe.

No king ever more completely understood and identified himself with his people, than Mátyás. Some would have chafed at the law which obliged him to summon the Diet every year; but Mátyás knew better, and no king ever called it together so frequently as he did. Not content with doing just what the law required, he summoned the deputies to

meet him *whenever* there was anything important to be decided; and sometimes he called not only the deputies, but every landed proprietor as well. The States were fain to cry for mercy at last, and beg to be allowed a two years respite; but the King did not heed them—he was determined to be constitutional, and to avoid all appearance of absolutism, however absolute he might be in reality. He consulted the Diet, and managed to make it consent to all he wanted, (which, it must be owned, was generally for the good of the country;) and even when he was most engaged in war, there was no part of his kingdom, no class of his subjects, which escaped his vigilance.

'Meghalt Mátyás király, oda az igazság,'—'King Mátyás is dead, justice is at an end,'—is a proverb which sufficiently testifies to the reforms introduced by the great King into the administration of the laws; while his army was the finest in Europe, both as regards numbers and discipline: and yet both science and art found in him a liberal patron. The noble library in the palace of Buda owed its origin to him, and was a worthy memorial of his love of knowledge. It consisted of fifty-five thousand volumes, ranged on shelves of cedar-wood, with embroidered silken curtains, in two large halls, one containing Latin works, the other, Greek, Arabian, Hebrew, and Syrian. The MSS. were either bought in Italy, Constantinople, and Asia, or else copied by persons whom he kept constantly employed in Florence and Buda; many of them were illuminated, and not seldom adorned with portraits of the King and Queen; other works were supplied by the printing-presses lately set up, and all were handsomely bound in leather, and secured by gilt clasps. In the centre of the two halls stood three hundred statues, both modern and antique; and in the vestibule were various astronomical and mathematical instruments, together with a gigantic celestial globe, supported by the figures of two genii.

Mátyás is said to have spent thirty-three thousand ducats annually upon his library; but, alas! scarcely a vestige of it now remains. The two kings who succeeded him, having little else to give, lent, or made presents of, the books he had collected with so much care; some were destroyed by the Turks, and others were taken to Constantinople; but it would seem that, in this instance, the chief blame by no means rests with the Turks. Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, who was in Buda in the year 1500, makes no mention at all of the library; and twenty years later, Massario, a Venetian secretary, writes that there was not a single good book left.*

In the first years of his reign, Mátyás lived as simply as any of his own nobles, and eschewed etiquette in a way which, while it astonished

* 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Despatches, written by the Venetian Ambassador Sebastian Giustiniani, A. D. 1515–1519, to the Signory of Venice.' Translated by Rawdon Browne. Notwithstanding this assertion, Fessler remarks that the library was still valuable in 1541, and that Archbishop Pázmán offered the Turks thirty thousand gulden for it, which were however refused.

and scandalized foreigners, won him the hearts of his people. The Hungarians could be magnificent when they chose, and they loved splendid arms, and trappings for their horses—a sword of Ujlaky's was valued at sixty thousand ducats—but they had little idea of luxury, or even comfort, in their dwellings. All this, however, was changed on the arrival of Queen Beatrice, who had been accustomed to the greater refinement of Italy. To please her, the King altered his style of living; and the nobles, though at first they complained of the new order of things, and chafed at not having free access as formerly to their king, soon began to take pattern by the court, grew more refined in their manners, exercised more taste in the expenditure of their wealth, and began to hold art and learning in higher esteem—though still many of the great lords could not even sign their own names. Of all the Kings of Hungary, none was more truly national, none is more fondly remembered, than Mátyás, of whom a thousand traditions still linger in different parts of the fatherland; and whose adventures, whether in peace or in war, in the battle or in the chase, are immortalised in many a ballad. Yet, no sooner was he gone, than the work of his life was scattered to the four winds.

The government had been confided to the Queen and Corvinus, until the Diet should meet for the election of a king; and at first, while they were united by the bond of a fresh and common grief, the two worked harmoniously together; but very soon the Queen's real character reasserted itself, and she felt no compunction in striving to defeat her husband's last and greatest wish.

Four candidates appeared for the vacant throne: first, Corvinus; then Maximilian, King of the Romans, who claimed it in virtue of the treaty of 1463; thirdly, Vladislav, King of Bohemia, who represented that he was the grandson, on his mother's side, of the late King Albrecht; and fourthly, Vladislav's brother, John Albert, who pleaded the same relationship. Corvinus, however, when he considered all that had been done for the country by his father and grandfather, their wide-spread popularity, and the favour hitherto shewn to himself, might well feel sure of his own election. Meantime the fever-fit of ambition had returned upon the Queen, and she was bent upon sharing the throne with the next king, whoever he might be; she could not marry Corvinus, but Maximilian was a widower, and would probably have found acceptance in her eyes, had he not, in his simple-mindedness, entirely ruined all his chances of success, by incautiously addressing her as his 'dear mother.' Henceforth Beatrice was his deadly foe, and threw all her influence into the scale of Vladislav, who better understood how to play his part. Zápolya, the most powerful man in the whole country, whom Mátyás had especially favoured, was one of the first to forget his benefactor, though he was too cautious to betray himself at once, and only made a secret treaty with Vladislav, promising to use all his influence in his behalf. The Bishops of Erlau, Nagy-Várad, and

Raab, in whom Mátyás had had fullest confidence, and Kinisi, the great soldier, likewise espoused the cause of Vladislav; while Zápolya's rival, the Vajda of Transylvania, Báthori, and others, chiefly of the three northern counties, were in favour of John Albert, a man of much more strength of character than his brother. On the other hand, Corvinus had the support of the large majority of the lower nobility, and of many persons who had not been especially favoured by his father. Among the most conspicuous of these latter was Várday, the unfortunate Archbishop of Kalócsa, whom the Duke had released from his unjust imprisonment. He was most zealous in using his influence in behalf of Corvinus, until his enemies found means to silence him, and make him retire from the court, by circulating the report that he had lost his senses during his late confinement.

Corvinus, however, had much in his own power; he was master of the castles of Buda and Visegrád, as well as of other fortresses; he was in possession of the crown and treasure, and, by taking his father's troops into his pay, might at once have secured the throne. This is what Mátyás would surely have done in a similar position; but Corvinus inherited neither the keen penetration, nor the daring enterprise, which characterised his father. Frank and confiding himself, he was slow to detect the hypocrisy of others, and easily suffered himself to be lulled into security. Meantime, while plots and intrigues were thickening around him, the day for the opening of the Diet had arrived. Báthori and Bishop Dóczy made their appearance upon the field of Rákos with numerous followers; Zápolya purposely remained in Vienna; and the adherents of Corvinus were unfortunately behind time, having lingered on the way to collect troops. John Albert's party, therefore, had things pretty much their own way, and seized the opportunity to proclaim their candidate; but the other States objected to such hasty proceedings, and Báthori himself deserted to Vladislav, apparently at the instigation of Beatrice. Finally, the premature election was declared null and void, and it was determined that the claims of the several candidates should be heard in order, in the principal Church of Pest. This was, however, a mere matter of form, and was done only to satisfy the people; for most of the Magnates had already determined upon electing Vladislav, whom they liked for nothing but the feebleness and incapacity which ought to have disqualified him.

So little did Corvinus know the men by whom he was surrounded, that he actually committed his cause to Bishops Pruïsz and Bakács, his most dangerous foes, who, as might have been expected, did not plead very warmly for their client. Yet, indifferent as they were, many of the lords, and the mass of the nobles, were touched by the memory of the late King, and loudly voted for Corvinus. The Magnates were, no doubt, mainly actuated by a selfish regard for what they held to be their own interests; but it must be allowed that their position was a difficult one. If they elected Corvinus, they must be prepared either to restore

Moravia and Silesia to Bohemia, or to retain them at the cost of a long and wearisome war; and they would, besides, most probably have to defend Hungary herself against the attacks of the other disappointed candidates. The same might be said with regard to the election of Maximilian and John Albert; whereas, by placing Vladislav on the throne, they would retain the conquests which had been so dearly bought; and, by uniting Hungary with Bohemia, would form a kingdom, capable not only of resisting the attacks of the other pretenders, but even of offering a bold front to the Turks. Their arguments were no doubt plausible, but they did not dare to proclaim the Bohemian King at once. Under pretence of waiting for certain electors from Croatia and the west, they postponed the decision from day to day, in the hope that the lower nobility would be unable to incur the expense of remaining long away from home; and their expectations were realized, for, by the middle of June, only sixty of the nobles were left. The Queen now fled from the royal palace, which was in the hands of Corvinus, and took up her abode in the house of Bishop Dóczy, at the same time employing her immense treasure to secure the election of Vladislav, and his marriage with herself. The leaders of the Bohemian party hated her, and had no desire to see her wishes gratified; but they accepted her money, and largely increased the number of their adherents by means of it. By dint of fair words too, they induced the unsuspecting Corvinus to take a step, which was almost equivalent to a renunciation of his claim to the throne. On the 17th June, eight Bishops and twenty-five Magnates concluded with him, in the name of the nation, a secret treaty, by which, failing his election, he was to be made King of Bosnia, hereditary Duke of Slavonia, Ban for life of Dalmatia and Croatia, besides receiving a certain fixed revenue. Corvinus, on his part, promised to give up the custody of the crown, so soon as the above treaty should have been confirmed by the newly-elected king, whoever he might be. Whether he looked upon the treaty as more than a form, it is difficult to say; but it was loudly denounced by Duke Ujlaky, who arrived just as it had been concluded, and encamped, with his seven thousand followers, before Pest, urging Corvinus to take up arms, and fight for his rights. Thereupon, Bishop Dóczy assembled the lords spiritual and temporal in the Cathedral of Pest, and hinted, in tolerably plain terms, that Vladislav had been already elected. This was more than Ujlaky and his friends could stand; and after protesting against a proceeding which was not only an insult, but an actual infringement of their rights as electors, they withdrew to the castle of Buda, and prepared to seize the capital, while Vladislav's party ordered Báthori and Kinisi to besiege the castle. Some attempt at mediation was made, but agreement seemed hopeless, and civil war imminent; until it was proposed to submit the whole matter to Zápolya, who still kept aloof in Vienna, and had not openly identified himself with any party, though the Bohemians were perfectly aware that he held with them, and

Corvinus not unnaturally hoped and expected that the man who owed everything to Mátyás, would now do his best to shew his gratitude.

Zápolya, when he heard, in Vienna, that the election of the King rested with himself, raised his little son János from the ground, saying, as he did so, 'Wert thou only so much taller, thou mightest be king!' This speech was significant. Zápolya gave his voice in favour of Vladislav, the one of the four candidates who would be the least likely to check his own ambitious schemes; and no sooner had he spoken, than Bishop Pruisz hurried off to the Black Legion, and by a judicious distribution of money secured its allegiance to the Bohemian King.

Corvinus had been inveigled into promising that he would abide by Zápolya's decision; but, in the disappointment of finding it adverse to himself, he determined, by the ill advice of his friends, to have recourse to arms. His father's disciplined troops were lost to him; but, despatching the crown and treasure to Pécs, he began the march into Slavonia, where he hoped to increase his forces. But before he arrived thither, he was overtaken, and defeated, by the united banderia of Báthori and Kinisi; and though he himself, Ujlaky, and some other of his chief supporters, managed to escape, the two generals re-entered Buda victorious, bringing with them some seventy prisoners, who were however released, so soon as they had given in their adhesion to Vladislav. By way of turning the victory to the best possible account, Bishop Dóczy, as representative of the Palatine, called the States and the foreign ambassadors together on the 15th July, and there, in the Church of St. George, Pest, publicly proclaimed Vladislav King of Hungary, in the name of the Diet. The populace of the city broke forth into loud acclamations of delight, as they scrambled for the money which Queen Beatrice caused to be thrown among them; but the statesmen looked grave as they thought of the dangers which threatened their country, not only from Corvinus, who was still powerful enough to be formidable, but also from Maximilian and John Albert, neither of whom was likely to acquiesce quietly in his exclusion from the throne. To conciliate Corvinus, if that were still possible, was in the highest degree important; and to this end, Bishops Dóczy and Bakács first won over the Bishop of Pécs, and, having convinced him of the folly of further resistance, induced him to act as mediator. By his means Corvinus, who was really patriotic, and disinclined for war, was speedily persuaded to renounce all his claims, on the understanding that the treaty of the 17th June should remain in force, and that the sentence of outlawry pronounced against his adherents should be revoked. He himself brought the crown to Visegrád, and there resigned his custody of it; thus forfeiting all hope of ever marrying Bianca of Milan, the bride who had been promised to him only on condition of his obtaining the throne of Hungary, and who was subsequently given to his rival, Maximilian. Meanwhile, the Austrians were manifesting their repugnance to the Hungarian occupation by conspiracies, which seemed likely to be only

the forerunners of a general insurrection; and Zápolya, who cared far more for his own interests than anything else, had returned to Buda, covered with the shame of having deserted his post just at the most critical time. Vladislav was already at the frontier, waiting for his expected summons to the throne; and on the 31st July, he received the Hungarian embassy, took all the oaths, and made all the promises, required of him, ratified the treaty with Corvinus, and gave his word that he would never marry Beatrice, though he intended to delude her with false hopes so long as he thought her good-will likely to prove of service to him. On the 9th August he entered Buda, and was magniloquently greeted by the Bishop of Agram, as the 'Hope of Hungary,' and the 'Ambassador of Heaven;' but on the following day, he was rudely awakened from his dream, by the sight of his brother, John Albert, encamped with his troops on the plain of Rákos; and although the latter was induced to retire, by the promise of the duchy of Glogau, he did not quit the country, but withdrew to the north, where he perpetually harassed the people with his depredations, and even besieged Kassa.

Meanwhile, matters in Austria went from bad to worse. Maximilian entered Styria, and received the homage of the States; then he proceeded to Vienna, where the Hungarian garrison, having repelled several attacks, at length surrendered, in despair of receiving any assistance from Hungary. Their example was soon followed by the garrisons in various parts of Austria; and in a few weeks Maximilian had recovered, with little or no labour, what it had taken Mátyás years, blood, and treasure, to win. Nor was this all. While the castle of Vienna was being besieged, ambassadors had arrived from King Vladislav, who desired if possible to make terms with Maximilian; but the latter, having detained them until the citadel was in his hands, dismissed them with the assurance that he intended to make good his claims upon Hungary, and should follow them thither very shortly.

Under these circumstances, it was thought prudent to hasten the coronation, which took place at Stuhlweissenburg, on the 18th September. Corvinus bore the crown before the King; and the Bishop of Agram, in the absence of Várday, placed it on his head, Bishop Dóczy and Báthori being afterwards appointed keepers of the insignia. The ceremony was but scantly attended by the nobility; and of the Magnates, many who favoured Maximilian or John Albert were naturally absent; but those who did come did their best to compensate for the absence of the rest, by bringing some ten thousand mounted followers with them, so that, with these, and his own equally numerous following of Bohemians, Moravians, and Silesians, the King found himself at the head of a very respectable army, urgent to be led against his foes. To take any active step, while he could by any possibility avoid it, was however utterly abhorrent to Vladislav's nature; and immediately after the coronation he returned to the castle of Buda,

disregarding the entreaties of the soldiery, and quite ignoring the fact that Kassa was besieged by his brother. Meanwhile Maximilian was not idle; and having concluded with Ivan of Moscow a treaty, by which the latter engaged to attack Poland should her king venture to support the pretensions of either son, he marched into Hungary, just a fortnight after the coronation; while Vladislav was persuading himself, and trying to convince others, that there was nothing to fear. At this dangerous juncture, the feeble King was forsaken by two of his best ministers, Pruisz and Dóczy. Dóczy renounced the chancellorship, together with all his temporal dignities, and retired to his diocese, to devote himself henceforth exclusively to the duties of his spiritual office; and Pruisz not only resigned his see, but even quitted Hungary, and became a monk. Both had been instrumental in committing their country to the incapable hands of Vladislav; and both, no doubt, already bitterly regretted the part they had played, and the promises, if not oaths, to Mátyás, which they had broken. But it was too late now to rectify their mistake, or to avert the misfortunes which they foresaw looming in the distance; they were ashamed of being connected with the pitiful government they had helped to establish—and therefore, selfish even in their repentance, as it would seem, they washed their hands of the whole, and hoped to expiate their sins by retiring from the world.

Probably their withdrawal was but little regretted by Vladislav, who had not the wit to know what he had lost. His name, meaning 'a ruler of glory,' was a sad burlesque upon his character, and his subjects nicknamed him 'Dobzse László,' in allusion to his habit of answering every remark with the Bohemian 'dobze, dobze,' (very well.) He was, however, much disturbed, when he found that his enemy was really advancing into the country, and was seized with a panic, lest Corvinus should join him. He was also much worried by Beatrice, who was perpetually urging him to fulfil his promise to her, and now threatened to give up to his brother all the fortresses in her power, if he delayed any longer to make her his wife. Her threats were by no means to be despised, for, with the great wealth at her command, she might turn the scale in favour of whom she would; and in the impoverished state of the exchequer, her offers of help were most tempting, and must be accepted at all costs. Accordingly, by the advice of his council, Vladislav started off for Gran, renewed his false promises to the Queen, in the presence of witnesses, and, having received from her a considerable sum, proceeded to Presburg, to bring up the Black Legion.

Meanwhile many of the Corvinus party went over to Maximilian, surrendering to him whatever towns and castles chanced to be in their possession; but the honest Duke himself turned a deaf ear to his solicitations, and remained faithful to the oaths he had taken. No army had yet appeared, and the Austrians continued their march upon Stuhlweissenburg unopposed. Báthori and Kinisi led some five hundred men into the threatened city; but they found some difficulty in per-

suading the people to admit a garrison, or even to incur the expense of repairing their fortifications, so persuaded were they that the marshes which surrounded their city, and the large number of country-people who had taken refuge within the walls, would be amply sufficient to defend them. However, the soldiers were allowed to remain, and the generals withdrew, with sad forebodings of the fate which awaited the ancient coronation and burial place of their kings. Maximilian knew well how weak it was, and incited his Bavarian and Suabian mercenaries to the attack, by promising them the plunder of the town if they could take it by storm. The Bakony suburb was soon burnt down; and on the 17th November, the eager soldiers pressed on to the attack, but were met, outside the walls, by the little garrison, and the citizens, who made a brave but mad attempt to repel them. As they retired discomfited, the enemy pressed in after them, through the gate, and over the walls, and were soon in possession of the city, which they treated with the utmost barbarity. Even the tomb of King Mátyás did not escape desecration; and when Maximilian made his entry into the blood-stained city, not only had he the greatest difficulty in curbing the fury of his soldiers, who were already beginning to quarrel over the booty, but he was obliged to witness their depredations, and hold his peace, from inability to give them the arrears of pay due to them. He took the title of 'King of Hungary,' on the strength of his conquest, and wished to march on at once to Buda, which, in its defenceless state, he might easily have captured. Fortunately, however, his disorderly unpaid troops refused obedience: Báthori and Kinisi gained time for their preparations; and when, at length, the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of eight thousand fresh troops, demanded the surrender of the capital, they were in a position to meet him with a bold refusal. Meanwhile the Austrian army gradually but steadily melted away; and Maximilian, finding himself obliged to terminate the campaign, placed garrisons in the most important places he had taken, stormed and plundered Vásonkö, the castle where Kinisi kept his treasures, and returned home, carrying with him, as he wrote to the Archduke Sigmund, the sword of King Mátyás, 'which he used against our house of Austria.'

Just then King Vladislav returned to Buda with the Black Legion, not before five counties, part of Croatia, and the coronation city, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Now, however, there was a general call to arms of the lords spiritual and temporal, and early in 1491 the army set out to dislodge John Albert. A few small encounters, in which his daily diminishing army was worsted, disposed him to negotiate; and a treaty was signed on the 20th February, by which, in return for certain Silesian duchies, he renounced his claim to the Hungarian throne, and Vladislav promised to do what he could towards making him his successor, if he himself should die without an heir.

Peace was thus happily established between the brothers, but the country experienced but little relief; for not only were there two

thousand Poles who still plundered the neighbourhood from their fortified position near Kassa, but the Black Legion, which was encamped between Vác and Eger, (Erlau,) committed similar depredations and deeds of violence, to indemnify itself for the pay, which was again in arrears to the amount of forty-six thousand ducats. The treasury was empty, and the King was prevented, by the terms of his election, from levying a war-tax; so that, when it was determined to free the country from the disgrace of seeing the Austrians in her very midst, there seemed to be no alternative but for the chancellor, now Bishop Oswald of Agram, to pawn the crown-lands and customs. Vladislav, for his part, did not scruple to degrade himself, by going again to Beatrice, to renew his false vows, and receive his reward, in the shape of men and money. Báthori took the command of the army thus raised, which was increased by the King's banderia, and Kinisi's troops; and Stuhlweissenburg was besieged during thirty days, the Austrian garrison offering a most determined resistance, in their fear of the vengeance which the Hungarians might justly be expected to take for the outrages committed on the tombs of their kings. While the siege was in progress, Kinisi re-took Vásonkö and Ozora, Bishop Bakács stormed Sárvár, and Corvinus, who had proved his devotion to the fatherland by taking part in the campaign against John Albert, now succeeded in recovering Agram. Each returned to the royal camp, bringing with him a number of prisoners of war, among whom were persons of considerable wealth and position; but Vladislav, as if it were really his object to arouse discontent among his followers, ordered all to be dismissed, without ransom. Meanwhile, the walls of the city had suffered much from the siege, and the garrison asked for a five days truce, that they might discuss the terms on which they should surrender; and here again Vladislav deeply offended the generals, especially Kinisi, by allowing the Austrians, after all the outrages they had committed, to march out, with their arms and baggage, under a safe-conduct, to the frontier, only leaving behind them the prisoners they had made, and the plunder they had taken from the churches.

Unable to procure money, either from his father or the German States, Maximilian had expressed his readiness to make peace, even while the siege was in progress; and now, shortly after the evacuation of the city, his ambassadors entered Hungary, where they arrived at a very favourable moment. Vladislav had been taken so seriously ill at Palota, that a rumour of his death had got abroad, and reached John Albert, who at once took measures to secure the vacant throne; and although his army was routed by Zápolya, and he himself compelled to retire for ever to Poland, the episode was not without its effect on the terms of the treaty, which, after two months discussion, was finally concluded at Presburg. Vladislav was henceforth to be acknowledged as lawful King of Hungary, and his sons, if he should have any, were to be allowed to succeed him without dispute; but on the other hand, he

was to renounce all the conquests made by Mátyás in Austria, give up all the heavy artillery and war *matériel* still left there, pay a war indemnity, and cancel the Empire's long-standing debt to Hungary. Nor was this all, or even the most important part of the treaty; for, if Vladislav died without a male heir, Maximilian, and his successors in the direct line, were to become Kings of Hungary; the consent of the people to this arrangement was to be gained at the next Diet; and henceforward, the Bishops, the Palatine, the Vajda of Transylvania, and the Bans, upon their appointment to office, were to take a formal oath, in the presence of certain Imperial delegates, that, in the event of the above circumstances occurring, they would deliver the castle of Visegrád, and the royal insignia, either to Maximilian or his successor; more than this—Vladislav actually promised to try and make a similar arrangement with regard to the Bohemian crown, and agreed to allow Maximilian the title of 'King of Hungary,' even during his own life-time. The King of the Romans had indeed lost, in the late campaign, all his former conquests, and was utterly without the means of prosecuting the war; but had he been a triumphant conqueror, he could not have won more, and might well therefore rejoice in the peace. As for Vladislav, he was too wretchedly poor-spirited to be at all sensible of the disgrace he incurred by consenting to so shameful a treaty, and even took the trouble to congratulate the country on its conclusion; but what is to be said of the Hungarian delegates, who could thus sell their country's honour? That they should have suffered themselves to be talked over, or bribed, is hardly credible, nor could they have misdoubted their country's strength, and power of resistance; but perhaps we shall not be far wrong, if we attribute their conduct to the fear, then prevalent, that Vladislav would die unmarried. For fifteen years he had been betrothed to Barbara von Brandenburg, the widowed Duchess of Glogau, but since she had been dispossessed of her husband's property, he had become disinclined to fulfil his engagement with her; and yet, as he was too lazy and irresolute to get it dissolved by the Pope, it seemed hardly likely that he would marry anyone else. At his death, therefore, the country would be exposed to all the miseries incidental to a disputed succession; and it was this consideration, as well as his own undeniable advantages, which had induced a numerous party to turn their eyes upon the King of the Romans and the House of Habsburg. To this party belonged the Hungarian delegates, among whom were Bakács, Bishop of Raab, and Báthori; and so eager were they to secure the favour of the future King, that their obsequiousness knew no bounds, and even led them to forget their country's honour and welfare.

But the country herself did not see with their eyes; and when the terms of the treaty became known, there was violent indignation, both in the capital and throughout the land. The King's incapacity was loudly complained of, and the delegates were openly accused of betraying the fatherland; nevertheless, the obnoxious treaty was signed by eight

Prelates and seven Magnates, and Vladislav, having summoned the Diet to meet, and testify its acceptance of the same, became so impatient, that he added his own signature, without waiting for its consent; thus setting the law, constitution, and public opinion, at open defiance, as other incapable princes have done, before and after him.

He was not, however, long suffered to continue in ignorance of the feeling of the country. On the 2nd February, 1492, the Diet met, in unusually large numbers; and the King addressed it, pointing out the difficult position of the country, and urging the acceptance of the conditions of peace. He had not taken the trouble to learn his people's language, and therefore spoke in Bohemian, which was interpreted by Bishop Wuk; and this circumstance, of itself, was enough to irritate the minds of his audience. Still more violent, however, was the general indignation, when, after the King had retired to the palace, Bishop Bakács, the chancellor, tried to justify the shameful treaty, and then proceeded to read it aloud. With every clause the members became more exasperated, and the murmurs louder, until he came to the arrangement for forcing a fresh dynasty upon the free nation. Then the storm burst forth in ungovernable fury. Cries of 'Treason!' resounded from all sides. 'Fatherland, freedom, and honour, have been sold! no peace! no bondage! To arms! Death to the traitors!'

Such were the enraged cries which fell on the ears of Bakács and the Austrian ambassadors, who had come to receive the oaths of the Diet, and now, in their fright, fled to the castle, whence, for several days, they dared not emerge into the streets of Buda, save under the protection of a guard. When they were gone, Báthori, who was much respected, succeeded in some measure in stilling the tumult; but even he could not tranquillize the minds of an assembly, which was so thoroughly imbued with mistrust of the government. The nobility quitted St. George's Square, where the Diet had met, and held separate meetings; and every day, proclamations were found affixed to the church doors and the corners of the streets, declaring that every honest Magyar would rather die than submit to the bondage of Austria.

At length, the King somewhat appeased the multitude, by promising that, although it was now impossible to annul the treaty, without the greatest danger to the public weal, still that its hard conditions should be modified. This promise, however, like many another made by Vladislav, was broken. The treaty was not again brought publicly before the Diet; but many of the Magnates, who were more easily persuaded than the nobles and deputies, were privately induced to sign a deed, declarative of their acceptance of the peace of Presburg. Ten Prelates, and several Magnates of Slavonia, did likewise; but the three deeds together could not, as he well knew, give Maximilian any hold whatever on the nation, without the sanction of the Diet, and this he strove, and strove unsuccessfully, to obtain.

This disagreeable business having been disposed of, there was another

perplexing question to bring before the Diet. Vladislav had shrewdly promised Beatrice that he would marry her so soon as he should obtain the consent of the Diet, well knowing that this would never be given; and now the matter was formally submitted to the assembly. The Queen had always been too meddling and ambitious ever to be popular in Hungary; and although Várday, the Archbishop, who owed to her his weary years of imprisonment, now generously stood forward as her advocate, and urged that the King and the Magnates ought to keep their promise to her, his pleading was all in vain, and the States refused their permission. Beatrice, who had been awaiting their decision in a convent in Buda, returned disappointed to Gran; and her career in Hungary was over. First, she had recourse to her father, the King of Naples; and when he failed to obtain anything but an ambiguous answer from Vladislav, she turned to the Pope, (Alexander VI.,) who, as he chanced to be in need of Ferdinand's assistance, warmly espoused her cause, and having in vain admonished Vladislav to marry her at once, despatched a legate to Hungary, to inquire into the whole matter. The legate however returned, so fully persuaded of the repugnance, both of Vladislav and his subjects, to the match, that he advised her to give it up, and be satisfied with her ample dowry—unpalatable advice, which she rejected, and instead instituted a law-suit against the unwilling bridegroom. Unfortunately for her, her father died in January, 1494, and in the following year, Charles VIII. of France conquered Naples; and now, the Pope, having no further reason to befriend her, declared her betrothal with Vladislav to be dissolved, forbade her ever to mention the subject again, and mulcted her in twenty-five thousand ducats costs. She had driven her honest step-son from the throne, and had wasted her wealth in trying to raise to it a prince, who was not only weak, but capable of the basest dissimulation; and now, uttering vain threats, she quitted Hungary. For a time she lived in Vienna; but her jointure was confiscated, and even her dowry was withheld. In vain she demanded payment, in vain she laid her complaints before the Pope; no one attended to her, and, in poverty, she retired to the island of Ischia, where she survived the downfall of her family, and at last died in actual want, in the year 1508.

But to return to the Diet, which was unusually active, and passed several new and important measures, the tendency of which was to yet further circumscribe the already limited power of the King, and to diminish his revenue. Zápolya was unanimously proclaimed Palatine; and it was decreed, that, as many of the Prelates and Magnates often did not make their appearance at the Diet till some time after the date fixed for its assembling, and thereby the poorer nobility were either much inconvenienced, or obliged to return home without voting, as had been the case at the last election; henceforward four days grace should be given, and at the expiration of that time, the measures passed should be considered binding on all, whether present or absent.

Meanwhile, the truce with the Sultan had come to an end; and he, wishing to profit by Hungary's enfeebled condition, tried to gain the good-will of Ujlaky, who had always hated Vladislav, by promising to place him on the throne, if he would surrender Belgrade and certain other places to the Osmans. Ujlaky's answer was ambiguous; but the Turks were repulsed with great loss, and Kinisi once more distinguished himself by his victories, and, we must unhappily add, by his cruelty. The Sultan found that his hope of easily winning the southern provinces of Hungary was vain; but he did not abandon his scheme, and would not agree to a prolongation of the truce, save on the condition that Wallachia and Ragusa should be given up to his soldiers, and that he should be allowed to pass through Dalmatia and Croatia to Germany. These terms being rejected, he set out for Sophia, and sent his wild hordes to Carinthia and Styria.

The news of these hostile movements reached Buda while the Diet was assembled there, and added to the indignation already excited by the peace of Presburg, while it afforded the nobility a very welcome pretext for withdrawing from the discussion of the same. Many of those whose homes were in the threatened districts, at once quitted Buda; and others followed their example, to make preparations for the expected campaign.

The Black Legion, which had fought and conquered in so many battles, was now encamped at Szegedin, to defend the country from the Turks; but its allegiance had been purchased for Vladislav by bribes and flattery, and the bonds of discipline were relaxed, till now no one was able to control it, and when its pay was not forthcoming, it robbed, burnt, and committed every sort of violent outrage. It was determined, at last, that the once famous legion should be disbanded, and Kinisi was charged to carry the sentence into effect. Some were slain, others took service with Kinisi and the Palatine, and the rest betook themselves to Austria, where for a few months they lived by plunder, till they were finally defeated and dispersed by the Austrians.

Such was the fate of the Black or Death Legion, which had achieved such glorious victories under Mátyás—a fate which it had incurred less by its own fault, than by the fault of those who had first used it for party ends, then kept it unpaid, and finally could devise no other method than extermination, of reducing it to obedience.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XI.

ROSAMOND'S APOLOGUE.

Pray, Sir, do you laugh at me?
Title of Old Caricature.

Was Cecil's allegiance to Dunstone, or was it to the heiress of Dunstone? Tests of allegiance consist in very small matters, and it is not always easy to see the turning-point. Now Cecil had always stood on a pinnacle at Dunstone, and she had found neither its claims nor her own recognized at Compton. One kind of allegiance would have remained on the level, and retained the same standard, whether accepted or not. Another would climb on any pinnacle that anyone would erect for the purpose, and become alienated from whatever interfered with such eminence.

So as nobody seemed so willing to own Cecil's claims to county supremacy as Lady Tyrrell, her bias was all towards Sirenwood; and whereas such practices as prevailed at Dunstone evidently were viewed as obsolete and narrow by these new friends, Cecil was willing to prove herself superior to them, and was far more irritated than convinced when her husband appealed to her former habits.

The separation of the welfare of body and soul had never occurred to the beneficence of Dunstone, and it cost Cecil a qualm to accept it; but she could not be a goody in the eyes of Sirenwood; and besides, she was reading some contemporary literature, which made it plain that any religious instruction was a most unjustifiable interference with the great law, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and so, when she met Anne with a handful of texts neatly written out in printing letters, she administered her warning.

Cecil and Anne had become allies to a certain extent, chiefly through their joint disapproval of Rosamond, not to say of Julius; and the order was so amazing, that Anne did not at first take it in; and when she understood that all mention of religion was forbidden, she said, 'I do not think I ought to yield in this.'

'Surely,' said Cecil, 'there is no connection between piety and cutting out.'

'I don't know,' said Anne; 'but it does not seem to me to be right to go on with a work where my Master's Name is forbidden.'

'Religion ought never to be obtruded,' said Cecil.

'The Word ought to flavour everything, in season or out of season,' said Anne thoughtfully.

'Oh! that's impossible. It's your narrow view. If you thrust preaching into everything, we can never work together.'

'Oh then,' said Anne quickly, 'I must give it up!' And she turned away with a rapid step, to carry her texts back to her room.

'Anne!' called Cecil, 'I did not mean *that*.'

Anne paused for a moment, looked over the baluster, and repeated firmly, 'No, Cecil; it would be denying Christ to work where His Name is forbidden.'

Perhaps there was something in the elevation and the carved rail that gave the idea of a pulpit, for Cecil felt as if she was being preached at, and turned her back, indignant and vexed at what she had by no means intended to incur—the loss of such a useful assistant as she found in Anne.

'Such nonsense!' she said to herself, as she crossed the hall alone; there meeting with Rosamond, equipped for the village. 'Is not Anne going to-day?' she said, as she saw the pony-carriage at the door.

'No. It is so vexatious. She is so determined upon preaching to the women, that I have been obliged to put a stop to it.'

'Indeed! I should not have thought it of poor Anne; but no one can tell what those semi-dissenters think right.'

'When she declared she ought to do it in season or out of season, what was one to do?' said Cecil.

'I thought that was for clergymen,' said Rosamond, hitting the right nail on the head in her ignorance, as so often happened.

'She sees no difference,' said Cecil. 'Shall I drive you down?' she added graciously, according to the fashion of uniting with one sister-in-law against the other; and Rosamond not only accepted, but asked to be taken on to Willansborough, to buy a birth-day present for her brother Terry, get stamps for an Indian letter, and perform a dozen more commissions that seemed to arise in her mind with the opportunity. Her two brothers were to spend the Christmas holidays with her, and she was in high spirits, and so communicative about them, that she hardly observed how little interest Cecil took in Terry's achievements.

'Who is that?' she presently asked, 'with those red-haired children? It looked like Miss Vivian's figure.'

'I believe it was. Julius and I often see her walking about the lanes, but she passes like—like a fire-flaught, whatever that is—just bows, and hardly ever speaks.'

'She is a strange girl,' said Cecil. 'Lady Tyrrell says she cannot draw her into any of her interests, but she will go her own way.'

'Like poor Anne?'

'No, not out of mere moping and want of intellect, like Anne. But Lady Tyrrell says she feels for her; she was brought a great deal too forward, and was made quite mistress of the house at Rockpier, being her father's darling and all; and now it is trying to her, though it is quite wholesome to be in her proper place. It is a pity she is so bitter over it, and flies off her own way.'

'That boy!' said Rosamond; 'I hope she does something for his good.'

'She teaches him, I believe; but there's another instance of her strange ways. She was absolutely vexed when Lady Tyrrell took him into the house, though he was her *protegé*, only because it was not done in *her* way. It is a great trial to Camilla.'

'I could fancy a reason for that,' said Rosamond. 'Julius does not like the tone of the household at all.' But she added hastily, 'Who could those children be? They did not look *quite* like poor children.'

'Ah! she is always taking up with some odd person in her own way,' said Cecil. 'But here we are. Will you drive on to the hotel, or get out here?'

When, at the end of two hours, the sisters-in-law met at the work-room, and Rosamond had taken a survey of the row of needle-women, coming up one by one to give their work, be paid and dismissed, there was a look of weariness and vexation on Cecil's face. She had found it less easy to keep order and hinder gossip, and had hardly known how to answer when that kind lady, Mrs. Miles Charnock, had been asked after; but she would have scorned to allow that she had missed her assistant, and only politely asked how Rosamond had sped.

'Oh! excellently. People were so well advised as to be out, so I paid off all my calls.'

'You did not return your calls without Julius!'

'There's nothing he hates so much. I would not have dragged him with me on any account.'

'I think it is due to oneself.'

'Ah! but then I don't care what is due to myself. I saw a friend of yours, Cecil.'

'Who?'

'Mrs. Duncombe,' said Rosamond. 'I went to Pettitt's—the little perfumer, you know, that Julius did so much for at the fire; and there she was, leaning on the counter, haranguing him confidentially upon setting an example with sanatory measures.'

'Sanitary,' corrected Cecil; '*sanitas* is health, *sano* to cure. People never know the difference.'

'Certainly I don't,' said Rosamond. 'It must be microscopic!'

'Only it shews the difference between culture and the reverse,' said Cecil.

'Well, you know, I'm the reverse,' said Rosamond, leaning sleepily back, and becoming silent; but Cecil was too anxious for intelligence to let her rest, and asked on what Mrs. Duncombe was saying.

'I am not quite sure—she was stirring up his public spirit, I think, about the drainage; and they were both of them deploring the slackness and insensibility of the corporation, and canvassing for Mr. Whitlock, as I believe. It struck me as a funny subject for a lady, but I believe she does not stick at trifles.'

'No real work can be carried out by those who do,' said Cecil.

'Oh!' added Rosamond, 'I met Mrs. and Miss Bowater, and they

desired me to say that Jenny can't come till the dinner-party on the 20th, and then they will leave her.'

'How cool to send a message instead of writing!'

'Oh! she has always been like one of themselves, like a sister to them all.'

'I can't bear that sort of people.'

'What sort?'

'Who worm themselves in.'

'Miss Bowater could have no occasion for worming. They must be quite on equal terms.'

'At any rate, she was only engaged to their poor relation.'

'What poor relation? Tell me! Who told you?'

'Raymond. It was a young attorney—a kind of cousin of the Poynsett side, named Douglas.'

'What? There's a cross in the churchyard to Elizabeth Douglas, daughter of Francis Poynsett, and wife of James Douglas, and at the bottom another inscription to Archibald Douglas, her son, lost in the Hippolyta.'

'Yes, that must be the man. He was flying from England, having been suspected of some embezzlement.'

'Indeed! And was Jenny engaged to him? Julius told me that Mrs. Douglas had been his mother's dearest friend, and that this Archie had been brought up with them, but he did not say any more.'

'Perhaps he did not like having had a cousin in an attorney's office. I am sure I had no notion of such a thing.'

Rosamond laughed till she was exhausted at the notion of Julius's sharing the fastidious objections she heard in Cecil's voice; and then, struck by the sadness of the story, she cried, 'And that makes them all so fond of Miss Bowater. Poor girl, what must she not have gone through! And yet how cheerful she does look!'

'People say,' proceeded Cecil, unable to resist the impulse to acquire a partaker in her half-jealous aversion, 'that it was a great disappointment that Mrs. Poynsett could not make her sons like her as much as she did herself.'

'Oh!' cried Rosamond; 'how little peace we should have if we always heeded what people say!'

'People that know,' persisted Cecil.

'Not very wise or very kind people to say so,' quoth Rosamond; 'though, by-the-bye, the intended sting is happily lost, considering that it lies among five.'

'Why should you assume a sting?'

'Because I see you are stung, and want to sting me,' said Rosamond; in so merry a tone, that the earnestness was disguised.

'I! I'm not stung! What Mrs. Poynsett or Miss Bowater may have schemed is nothing to me,' said Cecil, with all her childish dignity.

'People talk of Irish imagination,' said Rosamond in her lazy meditative tone.

'Well!' demanded Cecil sharply.

'Only it is not *my* Irish imagination that has devised this dreadful picture of the artful Jenny and Mrs. Poynsett spinning their toils to entrap the whole five brothers. Come, Cecil, take my advice, and put it out of your head. Suppose it were true, small blame to Mrs. Poynsett.'

'What do you mean?' said Cecil, in a voice of hurt dignity.

'I may mean myself.' And Rosamond's peal of merry laughter was most amazing and inexplicable to her companion, who was not sure that she was not presuming to laugh at her!

There was a silence, broken at last by Rosamond. 'Cecil, I have been tumbled about the world a good deal more than you have, and I never found that one got any good by disregarding the warnings of the natives. There's an immense deal in the cat and the cock.'

'I do not understand,' said Cecil.

Whereupon Rosamond, in a voice as if she were telling the story to a small child, began: 'Once upon a time there was a wee bit mousikie, that lived in Giberatie O—that trotted out of her hole upon an exploring expedition. By-and-by she came scuttling back in a state of great trepidation—in fact, horridly nervous. "Mother, mother!" said the little mouse, "I've seen a hideous monster, with a red face, and a voice like a trumpet, and a pair of spurs."'

'Of course, I know that,' broke in Cecil.

'Ah, you haven't heard all. "I should have died of terror," said the little mouse, "only that I saw a dear sweet graceful creature, with a lovely soft voice, and a smooth coat, and the most beautiful eyes, and the most exquisite pathetic expression in her smile; and she held out her velvet paw to me, and said, 'Dear little mousiekie-pousie, you're the loveliest creature I ever met, quite unappreciated in these parts. That horrid old cock is terribly vulgar and common-place; and never you believe your mother if she tells you he is better worth cultivating than one who has such a deep genuine love and appreciation of all the excellences of all mice, and of you in particular with your dun fur.'"'

Rosamond could not for her very life help putting in that word *dun;* and Cecil, who had been driving straight on with her eyes fixed on her pony's ears, and rather a sullen expression of forced endurance, faced about. 'What you mean by all this I don't know; but if you think it applies to me or my friends, you are much mistaken.'

'I told you,' said Rosamond, with the same languor, looking out under her half-shut eyes, 'that I apply things to myself. I've met both sorts in my time.'

And silence reigned for the rest of the way. Cecil had read many more books, knew much more, and was altogether a far more cultivated personage than the Lady Rosamond; but she was not half so ready in catching the import of spoken words; and all this time she was by no means certain whether all this meant warning or meant mockery, though

either was equally impertinent, and must be met with the same lady-like indifference, which Cecil trusted that she had never transgressed.

Neither of them, nor indeed any other living creature, knew of a little episode, which had occurred about eighteen months previously, when Joanna Bowater had been taking care of Mrs. Poynsett during Raymond's first absence from home after her accident. Of course he took her back to Strawyers as soon as he arrived; and about half way, after a prolonged and unusual silence, he said, 'Jenny, I believe we know one another's histories pretty well. It would be a great happiness and blessing if you could bring yourself to sink the past so far as to take me, and become indeed my mother's daughter. Do not answer me in haste. Think it over, and tell me if it is possible.'

Jenny let him drive on more than a mile before she spoke; and when she did, the tears stood on her cheek, and it was quite an effort that her voice was made steady. 'No, Raymond, I am very sorry, but it will not do. Two griefs will not make one joy.'

'Yes, they would, to my mother.'

'Ah! there it lies! Indeed, Raymond, I do feel for you all so much, especially your dear mother, that I would bring myself to it, if I could; but the very thought brings Archie up so vividly before me, that I cannot! He has almost seemed to be sitting by me all this time. It seems as though beginning again would kill my right to think of him foremost of all.'

'I could bear with that, and trust to time,' said Raymond. 'Think it over, Jenny. I will be candid with you. The old delusion was too strong for any repetition of that kind, as you may see by the lame performance I am making now.'

Jenny gave a little agitated laugh, and ejaculated, 'Dear Raymond!' then added, 'It is not on your account, but mine.'

'But,' he added, 'my marriage is becoming a necessity, if only for my mother's sake; and you stand far before any other woman with me, if that would but satisfy you. I verily believe that in a short time we should be just as comfortable together as if we could start with more romance.'

'I dare say we should, dear Raymond,' said Jenny; 'but I cannot feel that it is the right thing, while I have not *that* feeling for you which overpowers everything else; it seems to me that I ought not to give up my place at home. Papa depends on me a good deal, and they both will want me more and more.'

'Less than my mother.'

'I don't know; and they are my first duty. I can always come to your mother when I am wanted, and I know in your secret soul you prefer me on those terms.'

He made no answer, only when passing the lodge he said, 'Will you consider it a little longer, Jenny?'

But this only resulted in a note.

Dear Raymond,

Considering only shews me that I must be Archie Douglas's now and for ever. I can't help it. It is better for you; for you can find some young girl who can wake your heart again, as never could be done by your still affectionate

J. B.

Raymond and Jenny had met so often since, that the matter was entirely past, and no one ever guessed it.

At any rate, Rosamond, the most ready to plunge into counsel to Cecil, was the least likely to have it accepted; Rosamond had foibles of her own that Cecil knew of, and censured freely enough within herself.

That never-ending question, whether what became the colonel's daughter became the clergyman's wife, would crop up under endless forms! Rosamond, in all opinions, was good-natured and easy, and always for pardon and toleration to an extent that the Compton code could not understand. She could not bear that anybody should be punished or shut out of anything; while there was no denying that now the first novelty was passing, she was very lazy as to her parochial work, and that where her feelings were not stirred, she was of little use.

Julius seemed shamefully tolerant of her omissions, and likewise of her eagerness for all gaieties. He would not go himself, would not accept a dinner invitation for any of the three busy nights of the week, and refused all those to dances and balls for himself, though he never hindered Rosamond's going.

She used absolutely to cry with passionate entreaties that he would relent and come with her, declaring that he was very unkind, he knew it took away all her pleasure—he was a tyrant, and wanted her not to go. And then he smiled, and owned that he hoped some day she would be tired of it; whereat she raged, and begged him to forbid her, if he really thought her whole life had been so shocking, declaring in the same breath that she would never disown her family, or cast a slur on her mother and sisters.

It always ended in her going, and though never again offending as by her bridal gown, she seldom failed to scandalize Cecil by an excess of talking and of waltzing, such as even Raymond regretted, and which disabled her for a whole day after from all but sofa, sleep, novels, and yawns.

Was this the person whose advice the discreet heiress of Dunstone was likely to follow?

It may be mentioned here, among other elements of difficulty, that Cecil's maid Grinstone was a thorough Dunstonite, who 'kept herself to herself,' was perfectly irreproachable, lived on terms of distant civility with the rest of the household, never complained, but constantly led her young mistress to understand that she was enduring much for her sake.

Cecil was too well trained, and so was she, for a word of gossip or censure to pass between them; but the influence was not the less strong.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER V.

But he said how a sparrow can't founder—d'ye see?—
  Without orders as comes down below;
And many fine things, that proved clearly to me
  That Providence takes us in tow.

For says he, 'D'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
  Take the top-lifts of sailors aback—
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!'

If I were to give a detailed account of each day as it passed at Illium, the chances are that I should not meet with a reader, for they were certainly somewhat monotonous. Algy's adventures, at any rate, were not various enough to bear relating; for he spent all his time either by or in the sea, and made one almost inclined to believe in the theory of transmigration, for no one who had not either been a fish in some previous state of existence, or was in process of being turned into one again, could be so fond of the water. He seemed as happy as the day was long, while he was there, and it was only when he came home that he thought proper to grumble furiously that his powers should be so circumscribed; and Frances felt more and more thankful, each time that she heard him, that she had told old Southerden that boating was a forbidden pleasure, for she doubted whether Algy would have been proof against an invitation to join him.

She did the best she could to further his wishes, by persuading him to write to his father, and ask for leave; but though he would not shew her the answer, she gathered enough of its contents to know that it was not satisfactory, inasmuch as Sir Francis failed to perceive that because Southerden was Myra's cousin, it followed that he must of necessity be a good sailor—at any rate, he should like to judge for himself, and so Algy must rest contented till he could come to Illium, which he hoped to be able to do safely in a few days time.

Poor Sir Francis! Algy had forgotten what good and sufficient cause he had for his dread of the sea. He had been taken, when a child of about six years old, on a fishing expedition, by his two elder brothers, boys of twelve and thirteen. As everybody prophesied, or said they prophesied, after the event, (which did just as well,) the boat, being manned by so young a crew, capsized; and though his life had been saved by his uncle, who had seen the accident while bathing, and gone to the rescue, yet both Ethert and Lindsay had been drowned, as well as Colonel Darell, when he was returning to their assistance. No wonder that Sir Francis had an almost superstitious horror of the sea,

and all therewith connected; so much so, indeed, that sorely as he had been in want of a haven of refuge where the two children could be sent, to be out of the way of the infection at Lurgershall, he thought twice before fixing upon Ilium, on account of its proximity to the object of his aversion, and would certainly not have ultimately decided upon it, if he had not felt tolerably certain that his orders would be implicitly obeyed. Nevertheless, if he thought that he was keeping his son out of harm's way by this caution, he was a grievously mistaken man; for Algy was one of those unwise people, who hold that danger and delight grow both on the same stalk, and was consequently never more happy than when he had succeeded in making other people the most uneasy about him. At present his great aim and object seemed to be, to give his father proof positive that, as there are more ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream, so it is quite possible to get drowned, though you never set foot in a boat.

Even old Southerden, amphibious as he was, grew uneasy at his rashness, and confided to Frances, 'That as to young Master, he was *that* venturesome, that he never knowed what he'd be up to next; and he'd take upon himself to warrant that he'd be safer far along o' him in the boat, where he could give an eye to him, than left to hisself all day, more especial now that the sands were quick and shifty.' She debated within herself whether she had better tell her father of this piece of advice, or no; but she at length decided that, as he was so soon coming to Illium, it would be unnecessary to do so, for he would then be able to see all that was needful for himself—very likely writing to him would only make him angry with Algy, and do no good; and she comforted herself by thinking that, after all, 'all is not lost that is in danger,' though, in spite of the consolatory nature of this proverb, she passed many an anxious moment. Her own occupations were a trifle more varied: she taught little George to read; she tried to take his and old George's portraits, and succeeded so well, that Mrs. Myra pronounced the pictures to be as like as they could stare; but as it afterwards appeared that she was by no means clear which was which, I am afraid her verdict would not go for much. She made acquaintance with the neighbouring farmeresses, though her efforts in this direction were rather frustrated by the fact, that Sawkett etiquette rendered it absolutely necessary that the best dresses should be assumed, in order to do honour to her visit. Consequently, though her hostesses were radiant when they appeared, and far outshone her in their attire, yet she did not feel that this entirely atoned for their having kept her waiting half an hour at a time, in divers and sundry best parlours, where light and air were evidently forbidden luxuries. She was far more at home in the school, where she won golden laurels by teaching the children to sing, 'Would you like to know how bread is made?' and 'A jolly fat frog;' but rather to the detriment of their more serious studies. Drawing was her greatest resource, however, and one that had all the charm of novelty

to add to its own intrinsic merits; for at home her time was so fully occupied with her lessons, that she had never been able to find any opportunity for sketching. Her attempts were not always very true to nature, it must be confessed; but this mattered the less, as she had no very critical inspection to fear; for so long as the sky was very blue, the grass very green, and the sands very yellow, everybody was quite satisfied, and would have thought it being extremely hypercritical to remark that the houses were tumbling down, that the colours were bright enough to set your teeth on edge, and that the shadows and lights were placed in the most arbitrary manner, without any reference at all to such a trifling matter as the position of the sun. Miss Philly, at any rate, was charmed with the sketch of Illium that fell to her share, and immediately had it framed and hung up in the best parlour, where it looked so conspicuous, being all alone in its glory, that Frances felt herself in duty bound to furnish it with a companion, as soon as possible. The only difficulty was to find an object, for the Marsh did not offer any very practicable variety of views; and after hunting in vain for anything nearer home, she at length pitched upon the church. Mrs. Myra put no obstacle in the way, though the church *was* two and a half miles off, for she had been long enough at Illium by this time to have outgrown her objection to Frances going out by herself; since (as neither of them were at all afraid of the 'Pharisees,' of which Jane, Betsy, and even old David himself, stood in such mortal terror, that nothing would persuade them to go after dark within a quarter of a mile of the Pook Hole, their chief haunt, unaccompanied) the worst that could happen to her was, that she might meet some Wildishers coming seawards, or some foreigners crossing the Marsh with their pikey carts, on their way towards the hop-picking districts. Nay, Mrs. Myra did more than not object, for she spontaneously offered to make ready a packet of sandwiches, as she supposed 'Miss Fanny would not want to come all that way back to dinner;' though this was perhaps one word for Frances and two for herself, as by so doing she would obviate all chance of being kept waiting.

The sandwiches had to be renewed more than once, for the sketch was not one to be finished in a day—more particularly as Frances wasted a good deal of time hunting for a favourable point of view from whence to take it, before she decided to sit on the stile which led into the churchyard, so as to have the two Southerden head-stones for a foreground. It was as good a place as she could have chosen; the only draw-back being that if anyone wanted to come into the churchyard she would have to move, for as the funeral gate was kept locked on account of the sheep, the stile was the only way in, though this was counterbalanced by the fact that no one could come in or out without her seeing them. She was not often disturbed. Their worst enemy could not have accused the inhabitants of Sawkett of wasting their time by sentimentalizing among the tombs, (they thought that it was unlucky to

go into the churchyard except on Sunday;) so that her only visitors were Mrs. Cluffe, who came expressly to sympathize with her on the 'ill-convenient' nature of the stile, and to offer her the use of a chair, or anything else that her house possessed, and the school-children, who of course spent the greater part of their dinner-hour crowding as closely round her as possible, dividing their attention between the drawing and Joe, who was her constant companion; and who, though better fed than most of his admirers, would certainly have fallen heir to the larger part of the contents of their dinner-baskets, if his mistress had not interfered to put a spoke in his wheel, for which he by no means thanked her, as he evidently thought that all was fish that came to his net.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day. The lengthening shadows might have warned Frances that it was time for her to be going home, but she did not heed them, for she was loath to leave off; and so was lingering, putting in a few last touches to the foreground, and wondering, for about the hundredth time, how she could possibly contrive to make the names on the square Cessford tomb-stone legible, (as Miss Philly had particularly requested they might be,) without making them unduly prominent, when she was roused from her meditations by hearing Joe give a low growl, and looking round to find the cause for such an unusual expression of his feelings, she saw a young man standing behind her, evidently much at a loss how to make her aware of his presence. 'I beg your pardon!' she said, almost involuntarily, as she jumped down from her perch: and he, having answered the 'Pardon's granted,' with which south-country folk always think necessary to acknowledge this piece of civility, sprang actively over the stile, and walked up the pathway. Frances thought that it was not worth while clambering back to her seat, (which was always a work of difficulty,) as she was likely so soon to be disturbed again; so she stood watching him, vainly wishing that her very limited knowledge of figure drawing would allow her to make a study of him, so as to give a little life to her sketch.

He was a fine-looking well-grown young man, of about seven or eight and twenty, with a pleasant open countenance, in which a firm tightly-closed mouth was by far the most remarkable feature. It was not closed from any feeling of suppressed grief, however; for he looked so cheerful, and so extremely unlike the conventional mourner, that she found herself wondering who he could be, and what he wanted there. He was a sailor—for his brown face, gold ear-rings, and quick alert movements, proved that at a glance—but not from this part of the world; for even Frances was learned enough in such matters by this time, to know that his monkey-jacket and blue serge trousers were not of the kind patronized by her own more immediate neighbours.

It was no one that she had ever seen before, and yet his face reminded her of some one, but she could not tell who. She supposed that he must be young Martin Cluffe. She knew that he had been expected home

any time the last three days; but then Mrs. Cluffe had told her, when she paid her her usual afternoon visit of inspection, not an hour ago, that Martin had not turned up yet, and so her master had took horse and rid to Napinque, to see what had come with him, for the Guardian Angel had made the port last night, and they doubted that he must be gone off on the spree. This being the case, it was unlikely, to say the least, that the missing Martin should pass his own home without greeting his mother, merely for the sake of looking at the graves of the six little brothers and sisters, most of whom had died before he was born. Her curiosity was roused, and looking again, she saw that the unknown was standing at the Southerden, and not the Cluffe, marking-stone. The one to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of George Southerden, appeared to be the one that he had come to see; for he read it attentively, and took out his knife to clear away a piece of lichen which had collected in the E. As he did so his eye fell upon its next-door neighbour, the stone that had been put up to the memory of the two boys. He could never have seen it before, for he started violently, dropped his knife, and gave a long low whistle of intense surprise. He seemed unwilling to believe his eyes; for after having read it once through, he stooped down, and began slowly passing his finger under each word, as if he wanted to make assurance doubly sure by the assistance of another sense.

This process took up so much time, that Frances thought that he must have been so much struck by the epitaph as to be endeavouring to learn it by heart; and having just awakened to the fact, that whatever his meditations might be, they could by no possibility be any concern of hers, and that he might indeed prefer making them unwatched, she began collecting her scattered goods, which had taken advantage of her sudden movement, to retire into an adjacent bed of nettles. She had not recovered them all, before the sailor came down the path again, and looking up, she saw that his knife was still lying where it had first fallen, and told him of his loss.

'Thank you kindly,' he said, turning back for it; then, as he came up to the stile again, he said, speaking half to her half to himself, 'I'd be as like as not to forget my own head if it were loose, I'm thinking. It do give a chap a turn to see his own name stuck up right afore him. 'Tis the rummest start as ever I heard tell on.'

'Your own name? What do you mean?' said Frances, more puzzled than ever. Then, as the young man pointed with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the tomb-stone which he had left, and she read *Sacred to the Memory of* GEORGE, a light flashed on her as she remembered that she had heard that though Michael Southerden's body had been recovered, his brother's had never been heard of. 'Are you— You can't be— You are not George Southerden?'

'Well, I aint no one else, that I knows on,' said the young man, apparently gratified at being so quickly recognized. 'But you can't know aught about me, I reckon?' he added, looking curiously at her.

'Yes, I do. I am Miss Darell. I am staying at Illium. I know your father quite well. He and Miss Philly have often talked to me about you. How glad I am you're come back! Do you know, everybody thought that you were drowned! Why did not you let Master Southerden know you were alive? Have you seen him? How pleased he will be!'

'Why, it won't make any odds to him. I aint a-going nigh him.'

'Not going nigh him!' said Frances, repeating the words almost *verbatim*, in her intense astonishment.

'No, that I aint, I can promise him!'

'What are you thinking about?' said Frances indignantly. 'You must. You can't be so cruel as to dream of going away without seeing him. It would be wicked—downright wicked!'

'I don't know nothing about its being wicked or not; and I don't suppose as how you'd say so, if you knowed all the ins and outs of the matter,' said the young man doggedly.

'Oh, but I do!' cried Frances eagerly. 'Your father has often talked to me, about you and your brother Michael, and he told me that he was un— that he was not kind to you when you were boys; but he's so sorry for it now, and—'

'An' well he may,' said young George, interrupting her; 'but 't aint no kind of good being sorry, when everything's over and done for. He should have thought of that afore, he should! If he'd been good to I when I were a little chap, I'd ha' stuck by he through thick and thin, that I would; but he would not put hisself out of the way for me, so I don't see that I've any call to put myself out for he.'

'He would be quite different now,' said Frances, speaking more gently than before; for she was beginning to perceive that there were two sides to this, as to every other question.

'I'm none so sure of that. 'Deed, I'm thinking that he'd just as lief know me dead as alive, seeing that he an' I could never set our horses' heads together no way that we could fix it. If it had been Mike—why, that would have been quite another pair of shoes, for Mike were a different sort of chap to me altogether. He could make out with anybody, he could! but as for the old gentleman and me, we was alers best friends apart, for there was never no love lost atween us, and so now we are shut of one another we'd best stay so. Bless you, he don't care that for me, he don't. You ask him.'

Frances did not understand much more of this speech, than that young George still felt aggrieved by the recollection of old George's behaviour to him in past days; so she only answered the last sentence, which had been rendered emphatic by a snap of the fingers. 'I don't think you would think so, if you were to see him now. You don't know how fond he is of you; nor how he has grieved for you and your brother, but especially for you, because Michael was buried and you were not. Do you know, he has taken a little boy to live with him,

only just because he has got your name; for he told me himself that when he first saved him from the wreck he did not intend to keep him; but when he heard that he was called George, he could not make up his mind to send him to the work-house, because it reminded him so much of you.'

'Did it now?' was all the comment vouchsafed by young George; but Frances thought that he looked touched.

'Yes; and Miss Philly told me too, that the only reason he stayed on at the cottage by himself so long after you were drowned, was because he knew that your cat would not make itself happy anywhere else, and he could not bear to kill it, because it had been such a favourite of yours—and when it died he brought it here, and buried it by your brother;' and Frances pointed in her turn to the grave.

'Well, I would not ha' thought it on him! Poor Dick! many and many's the time that I've been a-wondering what come with her, but I made certain she'd be put the wrong side of the door, when once I was gone; else, if you'll believe me, I was that made up with her, that if anything would have fetched me home 't would have been to clap eyes on her again.'

Frances was silent for a moment, and then said, 'You will go and see your father now, won't you?'

There was no immediate answer. George shuffled the pebbles on the path before him into a little heap with his foot, without speaking.

'Do—won't you?' she repeated again.

'I don't justly see how I can,' was the disappointing answer. 'You see 't aint only that the old man and I misagreed. *That* would not have minded, for 'tis in the nature of things that fathers and sons should fall out now and agen,' (it struck Frances that this was a somewhat novel rendering of the Fifth Commandment,) 'and I'd be as willing as he to let bygones be bygones, if that were all; but it aint, and what sticks in my throat is this. That ere time, as you've maybe heard tell on, when Mike was lost in the Lass of Sawkett?' (Frances nodded her head in assent,) 'I'd been up the country in a barge. I hadn't taken reglar to barging, I hadn't, and 'twas against the old chap's wishes that I went that time, but a mate of mine had fallen sick, and so I took his place for a trip. I'd been gone just a week; and when I come home towards night-fall, the first thing that I heard tell on was that there'd been a terr'ble great catch all along the coast; and that the Lass of Sawkett was the only boat that hadn't been out, for Father was laid on the shelf, and Mike couldn't make shift alone. Well, I knowed Father'd be in a pretty particlar taking about this bar; I wasn't best pleased myself; but I never reckoned on his wanting us to set out there and then, with the weather getting up, and the drum hoisted, and night drawing in and all. I said him nay as long 's I could, but he was alers so ter'ble set that there was no moving him, for you see, he never made no 'count of the weather hisself; so when he began checking us with

being afeard, and calling us every name that he could lay his tongue to; 'twas more than mortal man could stand, specially when he took to swearing that, unless we give him his way, he'd turn us out of house and home, and never have no dealings with us again. 'Twas all one with sending us to our deaths, to send us out such weather; and any way, come what might, 'twasn't a night to threat a boat on, as he very well knowed—but much he cared for that so long 's he got his will; an' so when the worst come to the worst, and Mike an' the poor Lass went to the bottom together, an' I was picked up by the Belle of the North, I took oath on the Bible that I'd never come nigh him agen, not never no more, till he'd took back his words; no more I won't, for I'm one of those that what I says I says, and what I says I sticks to, and I aint a-going from my word to please nobody, and that's one word for all!'

Frances felt puzzled. She thought of the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;' but she did not like to put her thoughts into words, for she had not quite outgrown the feeling that there was something irreverent in bringing a religious subject to bear on a common discussion. 'But if he does not see you,' she said at length, 'how can he tell you he is sorry?' and then felt vexed with herself for having made so foolish a speech; perhaps, though, it answered as well as a wiser one would have done.

All young George said was, 'There's somewhat in that!' but the mound of pebbles grew rapidly higher, and he was evidently cogitating deeply over something. 'Look ye here,' he said, at last. 'Tell you what you can do, if you'll be at the pains, seeing you're set on bringing me and the old gentleman together again. You tell him that you've fallen in with me—and if so be as he wants to see me hisself, he can just pull across to the harbour to-night, and I'll be on the look-out for him on the jetty; but he must jump round pretty sharp if he wants to it, for we've just done coaling, and we shall be off with the tide. I don't half like it,' he added; 'but there, I do suppose he won't come.'

'Oh yes, he will!' said Frances, pulling out her watch, and dismayed to find how late it was. 'I shall tell him directly. You will be sure to watch for him, won't you? Do you think you shall know him again?'

'No fear of that!' And with these words the two parted; but Frances had not taken many steps before the young man caught her up again. 'Beg pardon, Sir,' he said, with some hesitation, 'I've been thinking—maybe, you could tell me whether the old gentleman's pretty tolerable beforehand with the world now, or not?'

'Yes—no—I don't know. I don't think he is very well off,' said Frances, who did not in the least know what constituted being beforehand with the world.

''Cause I should not mind sending him a trifle, to help him along,' said young George, beginning to fumble with the somewhat complicated fastening of an old weasel-skin tobacco-pouch, which he fished out of his pocket. 'I don't want him to come to want, for all he and I are not

very thick together. So if you'll be at the charges to give this him, that'll be all one with his seeing on me. An' if he's anything of the man he was, he'll like it a sight better, an' so shall I.' And he tendered Frances the greater part of the contents of his purse, with a much relieved air; but, to his surprise, she refused to have anything to do with this arrangement.

'No—you can give it him yourself, if you like; but I won't take it, for I know your father would not care a bit for the money. It's you he wants to see.'

George looked somewhat crest-fallen. 'You don't know him so well 's I do,' he said, 'else you'd sing a different tune, I'm a thinking. If you give him his choice he'd choose the money—you take my word for it—an' quite right too; for the money's worth something, and I aint.'

'Well, he can have both,' said Frances, disdaining to weigh the rival merits. 'And I am quite sure, that if I were to take him your money, and tell him that you would not come and see him, that—that—' (pausing a moment, and then fixing upon what she herself would do under similar circumstances,) 'he'd throw it all into the sea!'

'If he'd do that, I doubt that he can't be the man he was when I went away,' said George, who did not seem to be so much struck by this proof of affection as Frances had hoped; 'for he'd ne'er have been so simple as that, while he was all there. Any way, it's too hard work to come by the money, to have it chucked away after that fashion; so I s'pose I must pocket my pride, after all, and meet him on the landing.' And they again parted, Frances this time setting off at a pace that greatly alarmed Mrs. Cluffe, (who had been watching the whole interview with much interest from the parlour window,) and made her feel sure that 'that there foreign fellow must have interrupted her sadly, to make her run so.' She went to the door, intending to offer her the companionship and protection of her 'girl' Keziah—Keziah being a stolid young person, who was quite above being interrupted by any amount of foreigners whatever, and indeed, (judging from the expression of her countenance,) looked more likely to interrupt them herself, (if at least *interrupt* was used in the south-country sense of to alarm,) but Frances was already out of hailing distance, and it was no use to give chase, for 'no bird flies faster through the wood than she fled o'er the moor.' Unfortunately the pace was too good to last, for before she had got a quarter of the distance which lay between the church and the shore-cottage, she found that her breath was gone, that her knees were shaking, that she had a pain in her side, and in short, was suffering from all the various discomforts which are sure to be felt by anyone who is unused to hurrying and yet attempts to hurry; but in spite of her uncomfortable sensations she did not like to linger, for she did not know at what time the tide was high, nor how long it would take old George to pull across to the harbour. She saw too that her new friend was by no means so keen as she was to effect a meeting, and she was afraid that

if any delay or *contretemps* should happen, he would be only too glad to avail himself of it to back out of his promise. She was determined that no excuse should be given him by any fault of hers, and so she sped on, at a pace that was a compromise between a walk and a run, and which, like most compromises, was a decided failure.

She met no one who could have acted as a messenger either, and had given up all hopes of doing so, when, as she drew near a ditch which separated two of the fields just by the turning to Illium, she saw the top of an eel-spear being flourished in the most erratic manner in the air, and was greeted by, 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?'

'Algy!' she exclaimed, recognizing the voice—indeed, nothing else was recognizable; for he and his companion, 'little George,' having spent the day hunting for eels, or as Myra said groping in the ditches, had contrived to cover themselves with a complete coat of mud and duck-weed, this being the only apparent result of their day's labours. 'Is that you? I'm so glad! Do you know, I met old Southerden's son in the churchyard, and—'

'Fiddle!' said Algy, 'you could not; he's dead. It was his ghost, I suppose!'

'No, it wasn't,' said Frances, disdaining to vouchsafe any further explanation; 'and he said if his father wanted to see him, he must pull across to the jetty, and he'll meet him there; only he must make haste, because his ship's only put in for coals, or something of that kind, and she's going out with the tide, and I am afraid that I shall not be in time, for I am so tired; and I thought, if you didn't mind going—'

'Oh dear no,' said Algy, scrambling out of the ditch, and beginning to lace on his boots in a desperate hurry. 'Of course you'd take all day, and a little piece of night, getting there. Only tell me what I'm to say. That you've seen his son, and that he's not drowned; and if he wants to see him he must go to Napinque directly minute, else he'll be too late. That's about it, isn't it? What's the name of his ship—and what is she?'

'I don't know. I forgot to ask. He's George.'

'How stupid! Just like a girl!' said Algy, pulling his sleeve from out of his sister's detaining grasp, as she tried to find breath enough to give him some additional particulars, and more especially to impress upon him the necessity of haste. She did not think that he heeded her, for he was occupied in shouting some directions to little George, who stood staring, with eyes and mouth stretched to their fullest extent with astonishment. She had a great mind to give chase, but she reflected that if she did, she should in all probability only arrive just in time to be too late; and so, though she was a little disappointed (now that she had recovered her wind) at not being the bearer of the good news herself, she prudently decided to go at once to Illium, and only waited long enough to tell little George all the rest of the story which Algy had

been too impatient to hear, and see him start off in the opposite direction at a pace which promised to bring him to his journey's end in a very short space of time, though he had considerably further to go than she had, besides being laden with the eel-spears, which projected before him like two huge antennæ.

Myra was quite as much excited by the tidings as the heart of man could wish; and though she could not resist making some Cassandra-like prophecies, respecting the disadvantages that were likely to result from such a sudden and unexpected return home, yet she was merciful enough to say that she hoped she might be mistaken, and was moreover so extremely anxious to hear what 'Cousin Southerden' thought and said about the matter, that she became pretty particularly cross when Algy did not put in an appearance at tea. They waited some time in vain, and then (the meal being finished) human nature could stand being kept in such a state of suspense no longer, and she suggested that Frances should go down to the water's edge, to see what had become of him. A proposal to which Frances willingly agreed; for though she knew that Algy particularly disliked being what he called hunted down, yet her curiosity was too much roused for her to be as considerate of his feelings as she usually was.

She need not have troubled herself about Algy though, for Algy was nowhere to be seen; neither of the boats were in their usual place, but as the smaller of the two was as often as not left with Dan Whybourne, old Southerden's mate, this did not surprise her, and it was more from habit than from any other motive, that she ran up the shingle ridge to the cottage, and peeped in at the window. Yes, everything was quite quiet there, only the strings of 'damsels' that were hanging in festoons on the wall to dry moved up and down in the cool evening breeze, as if they were trying to flap her a welcome. The patch-work curtain was not drawn, so she could see plainly in; and she thought that the room looked too much like the dwelling of the Sleeping Beauty before the arrival of the Fairy Prince, for comfort. Old Southerden had evidently been disturbed at tea, for the tea-things were still standing on the table, and his three-cornered chair was pushed back, as if he had only just risen from it. The awmry, which was usually carefully locked, stood open, with its contents in the wildest confusion. A half-eaten hunch of bread-and-cheese was on his plate; his saucer was full of tea, which, having been poured there to cool, was now stone cold, and—greatest of all proof of his surprise and hurry—his carefully-guarded huge silver-rimmed spectacles (which were almost literally what he always called them, his eyes) lay on the floor, by the net which he had been mending when the news came. Frances's feminine instincts made her wish that the place should be 'red up' before the old man came back. If the door had been unlocked, she would have been tempted to take the law into her own hands; but it was too securely fastened for her to get in, and she turned away from the house, and went again to the water's edge to

see if she could find the boys. There were no signs of them there—the little sand-runners and sea-larks were still the only living creatures visible, and they fled away at her approach, and left her the whole place to herself. How pleasant and bright it was, with nothing to be heard but the murmur of the ground-swell in the distance, and the ripple of the outgoing waves, which glittered and shone in the evening sun, while the night wind, which was beginning to rise, made them break and dance as if they were alive! Now they seemed to be running races with the little sharp pebbles which chased them so eagerly as they retreated, or playing hide-and-seek behind the black boulders, which were already half hidden by the sand and sea-weed; while the breakers in the offing lifted their white heads, as if they were anxious to see what was going on in front of them, and bear their part in the game. 'How could anyone dream of being afraid of the sea?' thought Frances, as she gazed, forgetting that 'they jest at scars who never felt a wound.' She sat down on the highest stone, not meaning to linger more than five minutes, but she was too happy watching

'The ocean old
Pace restless to and fro, up and down the sands of gold,'

to notice how time went. By degrees she found herself, almost unconsciously, building a castle in the air—or rather, perhaps, to speak more accurately, a cottage in the air, as her day-dream had chiefly to do with the three Georges and their future lives—how everything was to end like the end of a fairy tale, with 'they all lived happy for ever after'—she of course being the beneficent fairy who was to bring affairs to this desirable result. Perhaps, under the circumstances, however, it was as well that she lived in the days when fairies have broken their wands, and wishing has lost its power, seeing that there might be two opinions as to whether old George would like being transplanted to Lurgershall when she left Illium, in the summary manner that she proposed to herself. Indeed, the old man's love for the sea, and all therewith connected, was so great, that he was sorely exercised in his mind by the text, '*and there shall be no more sea*,' and had once greatly scandalized Master Brinckman, by saying in all sober sadness that he took it it *would* be all right in Heaven, but he for one did not know how he should make out withoutens any water—a difficulty which the worthy clerk had promptly and triumphantly solved, by replying that 'he'd no call to fright hisself about that, for he'd hazard he'd never get there, so long 's he talked in that there godless fashion;' so that to expect him to make himself happy in an inland parish, was about as wise as it would be to expect a fish to live and thrive under similar circumstances, even though it should be supplied with everything that the heart of fish could desire, except its native element.

This idea, however, was one that would never have suggested itself to Frances; and she went happily on with her plans, which were so far

advanced by this time, that it only remained for her to decide whether little George should turn into school-master or organist, (he had certainly never shewn the slightest inclination for either of these two employments; but this was a matter of quite secondary importance, and indeed hardly to be wondered at, considering that he could only just read, and did not know a note of music,) when her dream was dissipated by the appearance of Miss Philly, riding across the sands on her white pony. She looked surprised to see Frances, and greeted her with an astonished 'Why, it's never you, out all alone at this time of day, is it? with the damp rising, and all!' for Miss Philly had that fear of sunset and dew-fall which sad experience always sooner or later impresses on the minds of the inhabitants of an agueish country.

'Yes,' said Frances apologetically. 'I did not know it was so late. I came to look for Algy. Have you seen him anywhere?'

'No, I can't say that I have,' said Miss Philly; 'but I don't know that I was very likely to come across him, for I've been looking at the lock, and I don't take it he's often to be met with so far inland. Sir Francis, he talked of coming over here some one time this week, did not he?' she said, following the current of her own thoughts, and so changing the conversation somewhat abruptly.

'Yes; he said that he thought it would be safe for him to come and see us soon, but he did not fix a day,' answered Frances, feeling a little curious. 'Do you want to see him?'

'Well, I don't know that I to say want him exactly,' said Miss Philly, who had a Scotch aversion to giving a direct answer to a question; 'but Mr. Merricks and I we don't feel altogether happy about the flood-gates, and I thought that if he should happen along it would do no harm for him to run his eye over it himself. I wrote him word of it Saturday, so I quite counted to have had an answer by this time. I can't make out how it is I haven't had one.'

'Perhaps he is coming,' said Frances, knowing that sluices were too far above her comprehension to care to run the risk of displaying her ignorance by asking any further questions. 'I hope he is. It's so pleasant here, I am sure he would like it.'

Miss Philly looked as pleased at the compliment to Illium and its surroundings as if it had been personally addressed to herself. 'I am glad you like the place,' she said; 'I don't think that there's its match to be found neither in Kent nor Christendom; but I mind when I was a little maid my poor mother used to tell me that every cock is proud of his own dung-hill, and I doubted but that you'd find it lonesome.'

'I don't think that I could ever be lonely by the sea,' said Frances, popping the last ore-weed bladder within reach as she spoke.

''Tis always company, isn't it?' said Miss Philly, shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed over it, 'though there aint much to be seen to-day.'

'No; I don't think that I ever noticed so few boats before. What's

become of them all, I wonder? for there are generally a good many just at this time.'

'They're got under the lee of the Ness to shelter for the night, I take it, for there'll be a change of weather before long. It's blowing up for rain.'

'Why, what makes you think so?' said Frances. 'It's quite bright and clear.'

'Too clear by half,' said Miss Philly; 'don't you see how sharp and plain you can see everything in the distance? and there's two colours on the sea, that's a sure sign of weather; besides, the wind's been chopping and changing all day, till it's had a try at all four quarters and back again. However, we've no call to trouble ourselves about it one way or the other, for we shall have a roof over our heads come what may —that's a comfort!' and she sighed. Perhaps she was thinking of the time when, though safely housed herself, she had still felt uneasy at the slightest symptom of a storm; however, whatever her thoughts were, she did not waste much time on them, for in another moment she roused herself with a 'Well, I must be jogging; and if you will take my advice, Miss Frances, you will be making the best of your way home too.'

'Yes,' said Frances; 'may I come with you?'

'Oh, welcome,' said Miss Philly, turning the pony's head up the shingle. 'I'm just going to leave a message with Master Southerden, but it won't take me a minute, and it isn't out of the way.'

'You won't find him at home; he's gone to meet his son. What, haven't you heard?' and nothing loath, Frances proceeded to give her companion a detailed account of the day's adventures. It said something for the strength of her lungs, as well as for the quickness of Miss Philly's ears, that the latter could make out anything of the state of the case, through the noise that the six feet were making on the beach; but she did at length arrive at a tolerably clear comprehension, and was quite as much delighted as Frances had expected. 'Well, that is good hearing. I am as glad as if anybody had given me ten pounds. I always told Master Southerden that George would turn up some fine day, and now he's just come in the very nick of time. It wasn't so very long ago that I was saying to Mr. Grant that Master Southerden was beginning to look very old-fashioned, and he said that now that he was getting on in years he did ought to have somebody more than the little lad to do for him, and he wanted me to put in a word for old Mrs. Sievyer who's just lost her husband, but I knew it would be no manner of use, for Master Southerden is like me, he would not give a thank-you to anyone for making or meddling in his concerns; but now George is come back, everything 'll be just as it should, for he can go out in the boat, and the old gentleman can sit at home by the fire.' (If Southerden could only have been made aware of the plans that were being made for his well-being, I think that his motto would have been, 'Save me from my friends.') 'I suppose George is somewheres handy, for as I am here I

may as well leave word with him about the ore-weed for Mr. Merricks, and that 'll save me a journey.'

It was evident that someone had been to the cottage since Frances had last left it, for the tea-things were cleared away, and the door was standing wide open, but no one was to be seen; and though Miss Philly called three or four times at the top of her voice, there was no answer, and she began to wax angry. 'Little rascal! to leave the place in this forsaken way! I'll warrant Master Southerden does not know what rigs he's up to, as soon as his back's turned. If I could lay hands on the door-key! I've more than half a mind to make the door fast, and let him lie out all night to learn him better ways. I—'

'There he is!' said Frances, catching sight of the missing hero, running full speed up the nearest sand-bank, with the evident intention of concealing himself behind it; and he would have succeeded in his object if Mrs. Philly had not started off at once in pursuit, and headed him by a dexterous manœuvre, which astonished and alarmed Frances, who expected to see Dick come upon his nose every minute. When she herself arrived at the scene of action, some minutes later, Mrs. Philly's voice was still raised in fierce wrath, and her whip was being flourished in such close proximity to the culprit's shoulders, that she hastened to interfere. 'Don't scold him, please, Mrs. Philly. I am sure he's very sorry.—You won't run away again, will you?' turning to little George, (who, in spite of this confident assertion on her part, looked as if he were very much inclined to take the earliest opportunity that offered itself to escape,) and wishing good-naturedly to turn the current of Miss Philly's ideas from dwelling on the insult which she thought had been offered her, she asked the first question that suggested itself, which was, 'Do you know where my brother is?' There was no answer; and it was not till she had repeated the question a second time, and Miss Philly had informed him 'that he'd best mind what he was after, for she'd fetch him a clout side of his head as soon as look at him,' that he took what appeared to him to be the readiest method of getting out of his difficulties, by bursting into a loud and noisy fit of crying. Frances's heart was touched; but Mrs. Philly, who knew that country boys' tears somehow lie very conveniently near the surface, was only doubly irritated. 'Grant me patience!' she exclaimed, in a tone that shewed that her by no means large stock of that article was already quite exhausted. 'I'll see if I can't learn you better manners!' and suiting the action to the word, she seized the boy by the shoulder, and administered a shake vigorous enough to have confused any ordinary intellect. 'What's come with Master Algy, eh?'

'I don't know,' gasped George.

'Don't know? I'll find a way of making you know!' And a second still more energetic shake elicited 'Father said I weren't to tell.'

'And I say you are to.' And Miss Philly being present and 'father' absent, this appeared to be such a conclusive argument to both the

parties concerned, that George answered without more ado, 'He's gone off in the little boat by hisself.'

Miss Philly, for once in her life, looked really alarmed, and became as anxious to silence her companion as she had previously been determined to make him speak; but the gesture of warning, added to the grimace that she made, was so energetic and truly horrible, that it only served to render George a trifle more confused than he already was.

Frances, it is true, had not been attending very closely to what was passing; and having only just caught the sense of the last words, did not comprehend all the risk that her brother was running; but she had heard enough to make her feel vexed and worried, more particularly when she thought how angry Sir Francis would be at such a piece of disobedience. 'Oh, how sorry I am! how tiresome of him! how could Southerden have taken him, when he promised me—' she stopped short, for she perceived that as two wrongs did not make a right, blaming Southerden was not exactly the same thing as exonerating Algy; but she had said enough to make little George perceive that she was in some way displeased with his father, and he hastened to justify him. 'Father did not take Master Algy. Father 'd nothing to do with his going, for he'd gone to fetch Dan Whybourne to help him across with the George, cause how the little boat wasn't seaworthy, and whilst his back was turned Master Algy went off in the little boat all by hisself alone.'

'Alone!' the word sounded ominous, though Frances did not realize all that it meant till she saw Miss Philly's grave face. 'It's impossible, quite impossible!' she cried; 'there must be some mistake. He can't have gone alone; he would never have been so foolish; he does not know how to manage a boat. Then, as her almost angrily impatient assertions met with no reply, her tone changed to one of terror. 'O Miss Philly, what shall we do?'

Miss Philly was questioning little George, and had already gathered all the additional particulars there were to be learnt. How 'father' had told him that Master Algy had come down to the cottage, and had seemed in a great ho because he couldn't start at once, but must go fetch Dan'el; that he'd made offer to go with him himself, but that he (Southerden) would have none of that; whereupon Master Algy had put himself in a great rage, and told him that he were an old fool for his pains, and that 'twould just serve him right if his son went off without him; to which he did not make answer, but went off, leaving him alone on the beach; that when he and Dan'el came back they found Master Algy an' the little boat both gone. That they'd both started off direct to search for him, an' father'd sent word to the Preventive Station, and they sent out to look for him too. Father'd been gone the best part of two hours. He was very much put out about it, for he said as how the little boat were noways safe for anyone as knowed how to manage, which Master Algy didn't; and his only hope was that one of the other fishing-boats had come across her and taken her in tow; but that was a

mortial poor look out, for there was a terr'ble strong tide running, and if she'd got into the current she'd be carried nobody knowed whither, and he doubted that she'd be past praying for by this time.

'O Miss Philly!' repeated Frances, 'is there nothing we can do—nothing?' Then, as Miss Philly shook her head, she turned and ran up the sand-bank, in the hollow of which she had been standing, to see if there was anything to be seen. How everything seemed to have changed during the last quarter of an hour! The puffs of air, which she had thought so pleasantly fresh, now seemed angry blasts, and whistled sharply in her ears. The waves had turned their song into an ominous roar, the 'many twinkling smile of ocean' had disappeared, and in its stead the sea looked as brown and troubled as when Dame Ilsabil would have her own will, and sent to ask the Man of the Sea to make her a king.

If either of Southerden's boats had been there, she was not sailor enough to have distinguished them; but they were nowhere to be seen. A mist seemed to come before her eyes—a sound was ringing in her ears; but still she tried to look and listen, feeling in one dull maze of terror, with her thoughts hardly clear enough to realize distinctly what it was that she feared. Miss Philly (having ascertained that there was nothing left for her to do, as everything that could had been done) came and stood beside her with a quietness that was quite foreign to one of her active nature and habits, till as the twilight began to close rapidly in, and she saw her companion apparently quite unconscious of how time was going, she touched her. 'Miss Frances, it's getting very late; won't you come home?'

Frances looked at her piteously. 'Mayn't I stay here?' was all she said. 'I can't bear to go away. Perhaps they'll want something when they come, and—'

Miss Philly's imagination had been dwelling on a much more ghastly probability. She knew better than Frances the danger that Algy was running; and she had so little hope of his being recovered, that she was only anxious to spare his sister the shock of seeing Southerden's return, and she caught at the last observation quickly. 'Belike they will, and we've got nothing here, so I'm thinking we'd best hurry home, and I'll send some brandy and what not across to Master Southerden's,' (she did not think it necessary to state that she had already despatched little George to Illium with all necessary orders,) 'we're doing no good here.'

'Very well,' said Frances, feeling that it was easier to agree than resist, and so rousing herself to make the necessary effort. The walk home was a very quiet one. Miss Philly was too habitually silent herself to be able to express her sympathy in words; and she respected Frances all the more for her silence, so that the only time a syllable was uttered was when a hare crossed their path in the dusk, and Mrs. Philly half unconsciously endeavoured to avert the evil omen in the usual manner, by spitting over her shoulder, and repeating the cabalistic words—'Hare

before, trouble behind; change ye, cross, and free me!' which made Frances think that she had suddenly taken leave of her senses.

How the rest of that evening passed Frances could never very clearly remember. Miss Philly and Myra were both very kind to her—kinder even than she knew, for they had both arrived at that time of life when the greatest consolation in present trouble is to recapitulate the past griefs that you have known, so as to prove that you are 'one who had known sorrows,' or to prophesy worse to come in the future; but they abstained from doing anything of the kind in her presence. Miss Myra brought her Bible to read aloud. Unfortunately, she had an idea that it was presumptuous to select any particular chapter, but that the right way to act when you stood in need of any religious comfort, was to open the Book at hap-hazard, for by so doing you were sure to arrive upon the part most particularly appropriate to the occasion; and as in carrying this idea into practice, she opened upon the fortieth chapter of Ezekiel, Frances could not comprehend or take in much of it. Bed-time came at length; but tired as she was, she was most unwilling to go to bed, for like most young people she had a vague idea that sitting up all night was not only a highly praiseworthy action in itself, but one that was sure to bring its own reward with it by some means or other. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Myra had not been a nurse for so many years for nothing, and so she was not only far too wise to think of allowing her charge to do any such thing, but also much too much accustomed to over-rule her to pay any attention to her objections; and Frances found herself carried off, undressed, put to bed, tucked up, and having a glass of hot elder wine administered as a sleeping-draught, without her own consent being asked in the matter.

Myra would not even allow the candle to remain behind her, but bore it off in triumph with her, assuring her prisoner as she departed that if she would go to sleep like a good girl to-night, she'd bring her some good news the first thing next morning, though if Frances had seen how bright the little black beady eyes were with unshed tears as she spoke, she would not have felt the little comfort she did in 'Nurse's' hopeful augury.

If going to sleep was the only way in which good news could be secured, Frances certainly did not deserve to hear any, for she lay awake a long time. Miss Philly's predicted storm had not come, but in its stead gusts of north-easterly winds, which made the old house creak and rattle again, while ever and anon little scuds of rain came noisily pelting against the window-casement, or fell pattering to make the beggar-men dance on the flags beneath. A sailor, Algy, or even Frances herself at any other time, would have laughed at the idea of anyone's being made uneasy by such wind or such rain; but to-night every fresh sound struck home to her, and seemed to bring her heart to her mouth. Once she thought she heard voices calling, and sprang up, but it was a false alarm; and as she crept shivering back to bed again, she recollected

with horror how often she had lain awake on similar nights, listening to the voices of the winds and waves, and amused herself by planning how there should be some dreadful wreck, such as she had read of, in order that she should perform prodigies of valour, and become a second Grace Darling. She had never thought of all the dismal train that 'a wreck' brought with it; and now was she to be taught in this way (by losing Algy) all that must be gone through before her dream of heroism could possibly be realized? She could not bear the thought, and tried to put it out of her head by all the means in her power, but it would return again and again; and at last she burst into tears, and fairly cried herself to sleep, with the words of the song ringing in her ears—

'The creeping tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see,
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
But never home came she.'

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER V.

PARTISANS.

Osmond quickly regained the ground he had lost; but he had not judged wrongly, when he supposed himself still a long way from church.

It was some weeks before he could bear the motion of wheels; and even when he could do so, and his father or Lady Mary drove him out daily in her light low pony-carriage, he knew he must not ask for any such indulgence on Sunday. By the time he could use crutches, so as to be able to manage short distances alone, he felt it his duty, however, to speak to his father on the subject.

As he had expected, the interview was not a pleasant one, though Mr. Lettridge did not refuse point-blank. He hesitated—told Osmond fretfully that he was not strong enough for the exertion, and would certainly make himself ill, and finally said he would consult Lady Mary.

Osmond knew there was no hope then—that Lady Mary would be inexorable in refusing what her conscience disapproved; and he was forced to console himself by trying to calculate the length of time that must pass, before he could go half a mile and back on his crutches. Help was at hand, however.

Mr. Burnett did not mend matters by attacking Mr. Lettridge, when he chanced to meet him in the Park one Sunday morning, and telling him it was both inhuman and unchristian not to allow his son the

means of attending the ministrations of his own Church. Mr. Lettridge gave some cold answer, and shook off his antagonist, as a well-bred man can usually do with his inferior in externals; but when he was alone, he was more incensed against his son than he had ever been before, for having, as he supposed, complained of him to an outsider. He as little guessed at the hail-storm of well-meant but intrusive questions that Osmond had undergone without uttering a word of his difficulties, as did Mr. Burnett that he had done irreparable mischief, and laid the first foundations of real resentment and distrust in the father's heart.

It was in no amiable mood, therefore, that Mr. Lettridge was returning to the house after this conversation, when he was accosted by Evans, the coachman, who had grown grey in his service, and had never hitherto crossed his will in anything.

'If you please, Sir, no offence—but I wanted to ask a something.'

'Well, Evans, what is it? be quick!'

'If you please, Sir, I was thinking I should take it very kind, if I might take the young gentleman to his church o' Sundays. He do seem moped like, and 'twould be a little change for him.'

'No, Evans, you may *not*,' was the answer of the already irritated Squire. 'Mr. Osmond could get to chapel if he pleased, and he shall have no help of mine to go anywhere else.'

'Well, Sir,' answered Evans hotly, 'I am sorry to disobey you, Sir, as has always been a kind master, but I can't stand this, Sir; and if it comes to that, I must give warning. The horse is ready, and in the carriage a' waiting, and I'll not lift a finger to take him out. I'd have brought him round unbeknownst to you—I'll not deceive ye, Sir—but the young gentleman would not hear of it. What am I to do, Sir?'

Lady Mary, strong in her belief in the goodness of the cause, would have at once answered with dignity, 'You will unharness him, or leave my service;' but it was not in Mr. Lettridge to be firm about many things, and however weak it might be of him, he really felt a little ashamed of the advantage he was taking of his son's helplessness.

He stammered—began several sentences, looked very uncomfortable, and at last said, 'Well, Evans, you have been a good servant, and I will overlook it this once. If you like to take the extra trouble, you may, but take care you never oppose me again.'

He purposely left it doubtful whether the permission were given for one Sunday or many, hoping Evans would decide the point for himself, which he felt no scruple in doing. The unexpected fulfilment of his wishes could hardly be said to come upon Osmond in a pleasant way. He had been surprised and touched by Evans's desire to befriend him, but had had no doubt that his father would refuse the request, and had prepared himself for another lonely home Sunday, rendered anxious by Evans having got into trouble on his account. Under such circumstances, it was almost too startling to be pleasing, when the triumphant Evans re-entered suddenly, to announce that he 'had spoken to Master, and the

carriage was at the door;' and it was hard to thank him properly for his kindness, and to seem pleased enough to satisfy his expectations, when the strongest feeling that came naturally was one of flurry.

If the carriage was at the door, there was no time to lose. Evans officiously hunted for a Prayer-book, and handed him his crutches at the same time; and so, without a quiet moment for thought or preparation, he crossed the hall, and took his place in the carriage.

Mr. Lettridge (from a feeling whether of mercy or weakness he knew not) came out to see him start, fetching the air-cushion which Evans had forgotten, and stowing away the crutches, (which he had stuck up as if they were a triumphant standard,) with a silent kindness that was most soothing to Osmond's worried nerves. 'Mind you don't tire yourself!' he said, as they drove off; at which injunction Osmond could not help smiling—it was so impossible to dream of such an effort being made without extreme fatigue, though it need not be hurtful.

Evans, as the saying is, was 'not much of anything,' and would have liked quite as well to go into church with his young master, as he did to go to the chapel; but it was not in his power, and he therefore greatly rejoiced in the opportunity for a churchyard gossip, which recalled the good old times, before the Squire changed his opinions, and those of his servants.

In spite of the bustle that Evans had thought necessary, they proved to have started violently early, and the bells were still chiming when they reached the churchyard gate. As the doors were not yet unlocked, they were forced to wait some time in the street; and there followed a trial for which Osmond had never thought of preparing himself.

Obliged to be constantly repelling Mr. Burnett's ardent and most offensive admiration of himself, unable to work *with* his father, and determined not to oppose him except where it was absolutely necessary, he held back from his poorer neighbours in a way that pained him greatly, dreading and distrusting even gratifying proofs of their affection, lest they should be prompted by the partisanship of which he had so great a horror.

Thus he was in almost entire ignorance of the strong and universal attachment to him. It was a matter of course that he cared for them, but he had given them no cause to love him—he had done them as great an injury as he well could.

He had considered his going to church as a matter that concerned no one but himself, and was quite unprepared to find his appearance hailed as a great and joyful public event. Almost the whole Anglican half of the village came up to the carriage, to shake hands with and congratulate him, as he sat waiting for the doors to be opened; and when at last there was admittance, he found himself conducted to his seat, with an amount of assistance and parade that was galling to his reticent sensitive nature.

Already three months ago, on Easter Eve, he had returned thanks at

Alston for his wonderful recovery; but he saw that it was expected of him to do so again here to-day. He felt he ought not to shrink from it; if his thankfulness were anything like what it ought to be he should be ready to confess it freely, always and everywhere; but there was a sense of being stared at, thought of, and even (as he might have expected) preached at; which was very trying and distracting, as he sat, or tried to recline, on the hard narrow seat, all alone, and with his least movement in full view of everybody.

He knew that at least half the congregation were engaged in watching him, and feared he was anything but an edifying spectacle—especially during the sermon, when both back and head were aching miserably, and he could not help now and then shuddering at the well-meant personalities of the preacher.

Consideration was not one of Mr. Burnett's virtues, and the sermon was so long, that by the end of it Osmond was tired out, and perhaps would have done wisely to have left the church; but he stayed. It was so hard to turn away from the part of the service for which he had hungered most, when he could not tell how long it might be before he had another opportunity.

Service was over at last. His kind but officious friends had almost all left the church long before he did, but he had not escaped them. They had waited in the churchyard, on purpose, as it seemed, to escort him to the carriage; and it was not till after another general hand-shaking that he drove off, with an unsatisfactory feeling of having, after all, profited shockingly little by the service he had made such a point of attending.

It was nearly two when he reached the House, and he knew they were expecting him at luncheon; but either eating, or sitting up an unnecessary minute, was out of the question, and he was forced to go at once to his own room, sending in a message that he wanted nothing. It was at least a comfort to find himself once more on his own sofa, though every limb was aching with fatigue, but it was not pleasant to think what would come next—the large amount of scolding and reproaches he must expect, for having over-tired himself, in spite of his father's warnings.

As he had feared it would do, his message brought Mr. Lettridge to his room, very much annoyed, and feeling he had a reasonable right to be angry. He was disturbed at finding Osmond so utterly spent as he seemed to be; but since he was not seriously alarmed, what could he do but rate him soundly for his folly, in first overtiring and then starving himself? As a climax, he threatened him with having indefinitely retarded his recovery, and said he should bring him some brandy at once.

Osmond was in no state to argue; he merely said he must rest at present, but should be all right by dinner-time, and that it had been more tiring than it could be again, and then lay silent to be stormed at, making no remonstrance, either against the lecture or the spirits. He hated brandy, and knew he did not need it, but he had rather drink it

than argue the point; and moreover, he knew by experience that it was his father's favourite punishment and disgrace for offences such as his of to-day, and that when once it was inflicted, both his wrath and his anxiety would be greatly allayed. Do what he would, he was determined to appear at dinner; and he awaited the dose, with a terror of the chaplain's Sunday conversation haunting his aching brain.

But Lady Mary was merciful. In great matters she was cruel on principle, but she was incapable of petty tyranny, and she had a reasonable pity for indisposition, such as few men know how to feel. Mr. Lettridge, like most of his sex, considered all people as either well or else alarmingly ill, and did not understand any intermediate stage; but Lady Mary knew all about it, persuaded her husband that wine would do just as well as brandy for his son, and that he had much better let *her* go and see about him.

Mr. Lettridge hesitated, saying he did not want Osmond petted up; but when Lady Mary promised sincerely not to encourage him in church-going, he was not sorry to leave the matter in her hands; and she so effectually doctored the head-ache, as at length to send her patient to sleep. He awoke refreshed, in time enough to appear, only rather whiter than usual, at the dinner-table that evening; and to listen to the interesting conversation about Church matters, kept up chiefly by Lady Mary and Mr. Tracey.

This lasted until Owen ran in to dessert, and as usual insisted on putting his stool by his brother's side, and talking confidentially to him about his strawberries; and then followed the evening twilight, as he lay on the sofa in the drawing-room—listening with delight to Lady Mary's rich sweet voice, as she sang one glorious Latin hymn after another—until it was nearly Prayer-time, and he rose and wished them good-night, turning away from them in all that both he and they most valued, and with the prospect that the same struggle must be gone through again next Sunday.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER V.

Cecil and Helen were shewn into a pretty bright-looking room, neither small nor large, warmly carpeted and curtained, handsomely furnished; with winter flowers, chrysanthemums and China roses, in vases, on the table and mantel-piece, and a beautiful red camellia in a painted flower-pot.

Everything was comfortable and nice, and they received a kindly welcome from Mrs. Lester, whom they found alone when they entered. She was a pretty woman, still under forty, with a fair sweet face, and a small elegant figure. She was nicely dressed in black silk, and wore a little lace cap trimmed with delicate mauve ribands, though she had still a profusion of hair untinged by grey.

'Come to the fire this cold day,' she said warmly, 'I am sure you will be glad of it. My girls have not come in yet; they are a little late, but they cannot help it. Mr. Porteous has a class to-day, after church, and then he wanted to make some new arrangements about the lending-library; but they will be in directly, I am sure.'

'Church?' said Cecil.

'Yes, the eleven o'clock service, you know.'

'Why, it is not Sunday!'

Mrs. Lester laughed a little. 'No,' she said, 'it certainly is not Sunday; but there is eleven o'clock service on Wednesdays and Fridays.'

'Is there really!' replied Cecil. 'I did not know it.'

'I have sometimes wondered what the bells rang for now and then,' said Helen; 'but it never occurred to me it was more some days than others.'

'There is always service at eleven o'clock every Friday and Wednesday,' was the answer.

'And do the Miss Lesters go?' asked Cecil.

'Oh yes, we always go. I have a little cold to-day, and so I was left by the fire.'

'But is not it a great interruption? Does it not come in the way of studies and things?' asked Cecil, who felt greatly surprised, and rather contemptuous, at what was to her the revelation of quite a new sort of life.

'Oh no,' said Mrs. Lester, smiling, 'the service is barely more than half an hour—sometimes less; and it is very easy to make our arrangements suit *that*. To-day is an exception, for this meeting about the library is detaining them.'

'And the class?' asked Helen; 'did you not speak of a class?'

'The class, I hope, will be very useful,' replied the lady; 'it is a new plan; Mr. Porteous holds it this morning for the first time. He is giving lectures on the Acts of the Apostles on Sunday evenings; and he has a class on the same subject every Friday; but is he not your clergyman, my dears? do not you live in Byfield parish?'

'I don't know anything about parishes,' said Cecil, with a little curl of her lip; 'but we have a pew in the church.'

'And we always go there every Sunday,' added Helen, rather anxiously. 'Papa is most regular; he would not miss, or let us miss, going to church on any account.'

'Then you heard the first lecture on the Acts last Sunday evening;

and did not you notice the announcement about the class? Perhaps you intend to join it?'

'Oh dear no!' replied Cecil, 'we never go to church except in the morning; and Uncle James will not, I am sure, *hear* of our joining any classes, we have so many studies at home; it would be quite out of the question.'

'Besides,' said Helen, 'is it not a class for servants and tradespeople? Our steward's daughter asked leave to go to a class Mr. Porteous had got up, to-day. Has he two classes, then?'

'No, he has only the one, and it is attended by all ranks; my girls' young maid went with them to-day.'

'Not really?'

'Yes, my dear; why not? I think it particularly nice—it gives them a subject of common interest together, and for conversation afterwards, which is just what I should wish.'

Cecil and Helen could not help exchanging amused and rather contemptuous glances.

'Uncle James would never hear of it,' Cecil said, 'even if it was only for ladies; but a class with servants in it, he would do anything rather than let us go to.'

'Indeed?' replied Mrs. Lester, quite gently and pleasantly; 'different people have such different notions, and, of course, you are right not to want to do anything your uncle does not like.'

'Mean and truckling!' thought Cecil to herself.

The door opened, and the two Miss Lesters came in. Very nice looking girls, but not so pretty as their mother. Lucy was perhaps the best looking; but Adela, the eldest, (the pattern young lady,) had a sweet interesting face, beautiful eyes, and a perfect figure, on which everything she wore looked well.

'I am afraid we are late, Mamma,' she said, after they had both shaken hands with their guests; 'we are so sorry, but we could not get away sooner. As this was the opening of the class, Mr. Porteous gave a sort of address; and then all about the books kept us such a long time.'

'Never mind, my dears. It is only a few minutes past two, and your friends arrived just before you. Run away now and get ready for dinner; and take the Miss Vauxes into your room. They will like to take their jackets and hats off, I am sure.'

The four girls went up-stairs together, feeling mutually shy; very unlike, as Cecil regretfully thought, the sweet bright familiarity which had at once subsisted between her and Mrs. Wyndham.

Adela and Lucy politely, if a little stiffly, did the honours of their room, offering their brushes and combs, pouring out hot water, and doing their best to make their guests comfortable. It was a large pleasant apartment, with two little white beds in opposite corners, with the washing and toilet-tables for each girl, and in the centre, near the

fire-place, a round writing-table and two demi-easy chairs. Between the windows was a large book-case, full of books; the walls were blue, with crimson borders, the carpets different shades of crimson, and the curtains and draperies snow white.

'Are you ready? shall we go down?' said Adela; 'and then we shall not keep Mamma waiting.'

Cecil would have liked to dawdle, as she thought the pattern girl wanted to teach her; but she could not be so ill-bred as to make her hostess wait for her; and in a few minutes they were sitting round the dining-table, busily engaged in a comfortable meal. Mrs. Lester explained that her husband had gone to London on business, and that they always dined early in his absence.

'We dine early at home,' Cecil replied, 'because we are not yet out.—Are you out, Miss Lester?'

Adela Lester smiled, and turned to her mother. 'Am I, Mamma?' asked she; for which question Cecil despised her very much.

'Really, I don't know what to say, my dear,' replied Mrs. Lester, smiling also. 'I hardly know what coming out in Byfield consists of. You are seventeen, and you are going to Mrs. Wyndham's ball, so I suppose you may call yourself come out.'

'Oh, you are going to the ball, are you?' asked Cecil.

'Yes, Papa says I may; are you?'

Cecil coloured violently. 'I don't suppose I am. Uncle James considers me too young.'

'I should have thought you were as old as I am.'

'No; I am only sixteen.'

'Oh,' said Adela decidedly, 'that is too young to go to balls.' And Cecil disliked her more than ever.

'I suppose you are very much pleased at going; is it your first ball?' asked Helen shyly.

'Yes, I have never been to one before, and I think it will be delightful. I am *very* fond of dancing.'

'She is engaged for the three first dances,' said Lucy; whereat Cecil felt greatly astonished, and wondered who would care to dance with her. 'She is not pretty,' she thought to herself, 'and she is not the least pleasant; what odd men they must be who care to engage her beforehand!'

'I think, Mamma, that Mrs. Wyndham is very good-natured; she sent almost a whole shape of jelly to widow Brown's sick child,' said Adela.

'I am glad of that,' was the reply. 'I dare say she *is* good-natured;' but the words were not spoken very warmly, and Cecil felt indignant both at the praise and the tone in which it was received.

'We have brought home a basket full of books,' said Lucy; 'we are to cover them, paste the papers in the beginning, and let Mr. Porteous have them back to-morrow.'

'That will be nice work, while we go on with Macaulay.'

'I shall have to read aloud, Mamma,' cried Adela, 'for you are never so happy as when you are covering books.'

'Are they Mudie's?' said Cecil; 'why do you cover them?'

The girls laughed, and explained that they were not Mudie's books, but belonged to a lending-library Mr. Porteous had for his parishioners.

'But why do you cover them?' asked Cecil.

The girls looked surprised, and did not seem to grasp the meaning of her question; but Adela answered simply, 'Mr. Porteous asked us.'

'And whom does he lend them to?' pursued Cecil.

'To all the members—to us, and the Hugheses, and Sulridges,' (Mr. Hughes was the doctor, and Mr. Sulridge the lawyer, both living in Byfield,) 'and to the tradespeople, and some of the servants, and any respectable persons whom he has admitted as members.'

'But what a *very* odd plan!' said Cecil; 'surely all the common people can be *much* better employed than in reading, and *you* would not care for the same books as they do.'

'But some of them are very nice books, that we like to read,' said Lucy.

'And the others don't read them except in their leisure hours,' added Adela. 'I believe it is found to answer very well.'

'It seems all great waste of time,' said Cecil. 'I never heard of such a thing before.'

'Things often sound odd at first,' replied Mrs. Lester, answering for her daughters, who appeared a little perplexed and even annoyed at Cecil's comments, looking as if they hardly knew what to say, 'which, on a closer acquaintance, you discover the merits of.'

'Well, distance does not lend enchantment to the view here, certainly,' replied Cecil brightly.

'But the library is an excellent thing, and the books do a great deal of good; and it is nice to think that they have books that give them all sorts of interests and subjects of thought,' said Adela, with perfectly good temper, but very earnestly.

'Is it?' said Cecil, laughing. 'I should have supposed they were much better employed sweeping rooms and selling tea and sugar.'

'But people can't sweep rooms and sell tea and sugar all day.'

'No; but they have to darn stockings, and make their brothers' and husbands' shirts.'

'They can't do that all the rest of their time, either; but even if they could, may not the brothers and husbands read to them while they are darning their stockings and mending their shirts?'

'With all my heart,' laughed Cecil, 'and much good may it do them; for my part, I think they are the most uninteresting people possible, and that the less we know about what they do, except across the counter, the better.'

'O Miss Vaux—' began Adela; but her mother interrupted her.

'Very naturally you have not thought on the subject at all,' said she; 'get accustomed to the idea, and then see how it strikes you. But, talking of books, have you read the last volume of the Life of Dickens? it is hardly equal to the first, is it?'

'We have not read it,' said Cecil; 'it is a great pity that we are kept so much at our studies, as to have very little time for reading.'

'That is *your* sweeping and selling tea and sugar,' said Adela playfully; but Cecil coloured up, feeling rather affronted at the comparison.

'I am reading The Talisman,' she said, 'and I think it is the most beautiful book in the world; when I am *in* it, I wonder why people ever do anything else than read grand books; but I suppose *you* don't read novels.'

The Miss Lesters looked all astonishment, and then laughed. 'That we don't read novels!' they cried.

'Oh yes,' said Adela, 'indeed we do; it is one of our great treats: we have read almost all the Waverley novels, and some of James's and of Dickens's, and Miss Yonge's—I mean those that are like novels as well as the others; and Nigel Bertram's Ideal, and Linnet's Trial, and several more of Miss Smedley's, and one or two of Cooper's; and I dare say others that I don't recollect.'

'Well, you have read more novels, then, than we have,' replied Cecil, 'we have so very little time; but we read German and French books with Mademoiselle, and there are sometimes novels among them.'

Dinner was finished by this time, and the four girls adjourned into the drawing-room. Mrs. Lester did not accompany them, but went up-stairs.

The young people stood round the fire, not seeming to have much to say to each other, or apparently knowing exactly what to do. Cecil took up and opened several books that lay on the table. There was a volume of Algebra, a Treatise on Logic, Tindall's Lectures, Tennyson's Idyls of the King, and Mansell's Bampton Lectures. 'Have you a brother?' said she; 'are these his books?'

'Yes—no,' replied Adela; 'we *have* a brother; but these books are ours—what we are reading.'

'Oh, are they really? I should have thought, with going to church, and covering books, and all that sort of thing, and novels besides, you would not have had time for study.'

'Yes, the days are long enough for a great many different things; we always study in the morning.'

'Except when you go to church.'

'Well, even then, we get more than an hour before we go out, and as much afterwards as ever we like,' said Adela, laughing. 'You seem to think that on church days nothing else can be done.'

'It must cut up the mornings so completely.'

'But we have other things that cut up mornings or afternoons,' said Adela. 'There are the choir practisings, and the school.'

'The school!'

'Yes, one day in the week we visit the school.'

'But *what* school?'

'Why, the National School, to be sure; and we have a class between us, and you can't think what nice little creatures the children are! There are some of them we are quite fond of.'

'You actually know them apart?'

'Yes, actually,' replied Adela, laughing.

'But how can you find time for study, then?'

'There really is so much time,' said Adela, 'all we have got to do seems, to me, to be to use it.'

'Well, I thought people who did those sort of things did nothing else. It seems so odd that you should do all that, and yet study, and go to dances, and read novels.'

'It would seem much odder to me if we didn't,' replied Adela; 'but Mamma does not wish us to have a district yet.'

'To have a district!'

'Yes; we really have *not* time for that, while we have so many other things to do; besides which, she says we are too young. I believe when I am nineteen—Lucy will be seventeen then, you know—she will let us then have one between us, if I am very wise and steady.'

'I thought district-visitors were only old maids who have nothing else to do, and it was a sort of a gossip-ground for them, and so they liked it.

'O Miss Vaux, you cannot really mean that!'

'Yes, I can, for I really thought so. Are girls ever district-visitors?'

'Adela,' said Lucy, rather shyly, 'means to be an old maid, just that she may always be a visitor; what she *wants* is to be a hospital nurse, but Mamma won't hear her *speak* of it till she is five-and-twenty.'

'Oh, hush! dear Lucy; don't, please don't!' said Adela, colouring scarlet all over face and neck.

'You really want to be a hospital nurse!' cried Cecil, her astonishment carrying her beyond the limits of good breeding.

'Please don't talk about it,' said Adela, still blushing painfully.

'I beg your pardon, Adela,' said Lucy, penitent when she saw her sister's distress; 'I don't know how it came out.'

'Never mind, Lucy,' said Adela kindly, and then she poked and made up the fire sedulously; and Cecil, quite bewildered by all she was hearing, to prevent herself from exclaiming or asking questions, turned to the table and opened a book of photographs. She moved the pages one after another carelessly, not thinking much about the faces her eyes rested on. There were, of course, the usual number of ladies in easy-chairs, with dresses hanging in voluminous folds of silk, trimmed with elaborate lace; and of gentlemen standing by the pedestals of statues, with their hats either on the pedestals or in their hands. But at last she came to a page, that not only arrested her attention, but took her breath away. There were two photographs on it—each page holding

only two. The first was a young man in regimentals, exactly like any other young man in regimentals, as Cecil disdainfully thought, while she just glanced at the dress and features of the portrait—just glanced at them, and then just glanced at the other head on the same page, in the same listless uninterested manner, and it was then that her attention was arrested, and her breath taken away. For the other head was a portrait of her brother!

A portrait of her brother, in the photograph-book lying on Mrs. Lester's drawing-room table! Cecil neither moved nor spoke for full two minutes, but just sat gazing on the well-known face. It was not a photograph that she possessed, though it was very like one that Jocelyn had sent her two years ago. She could almost fancy it had been taken on the same occasion, for the dress and surroundings were the same, though there was some difference in the position. But oh how well she knew the face! the dear beloved face, the—to her—almost sacred face! There was the high broad intellectual forehead, and all the curly clustering hair about it; the eyes, that she so often thought over, wondering what they really were like, because no photographer has yet discovered the power of photographing eyes as they *are*. She knew they were hazel, the same colour very nearly as her own; but she in vain taxed her memory, recalling with impatience all her childish impressions, to decide whether they were large or small, stern or soft—in short, what *kind* of eyes they were. The nose, with its bold yet delicate outline, there was no doubt about; neither could there be any about the mouth and chin, the former sharply cut, with short upper lip, and the latter with its deep cleft and manly decision of form. What a face it was—how beautiful in everything—beautiful in feature, and more beautiful in expression. At least so thought Jocelyn Vaux's sister, as she gazed, her heart in her eyes, on his portrait, so unexpectedly found in a stranger's book.

'Whose picture is this?' she asked at last, in a voice that made Helen start; though Adela Lester did not notice that it was unlike her own.

'That?' she replied, looking over her shoulder. 'Oh, that is Captain Sherrard, a friend of Frank's—of my brother's—this is my brother's book you are looking at. I will shew you mine by-and-by. Captain Sherrard is in the same regiment with Frank, and he says he is more indebted to him than to anybody else in the world. Frank has been of such use to him.'

'I do not mean the officer—I mean the other,' replied Cecil, with parched lips that would hardly articulate, so great was her surprise and emotion at the unexpected discovery.

'The other?' answered Adela, more slowly. 'Ah—yes—is it not handsome?—and such a noble sweet face!' Cecil felt her eyes filling at the words; 'it *is* such a pity; he was a great friend of my brother's also; but he was not worthy of him—he quarrelled with him.'

Cecil was too bewildered to feel indignant, or completely take in the meaning of the words. 'Quarrelled?' was all she managed to say, in a tone of inquiry.

'Yes, quarrelled,' repeated Adela, quite regretfully; 'it was about some matter of principle. Frank could not help it; he gave him advice, you see, and he resented it; and the next time they met he cut him—cut Frank!'

Adela uttered the two last words as if human depravity could no further go, though she was too good and amiable to point her displeasure by more than the tone of her voice.

'Let me look at the interesting individual who won't take advice,' cried Helen, leaning over her cousin's chair; but when she saw the picture, she quite started back, and said to Adela, 'Why, *how* did you come by it? It is Jocelyn!'

Miss Lester looked inquiringly at her. 'Jocelyn?' she repeated; 'no, that was not the name, though I *can't* remember what it was—it is very odd that I can't remember, for Frank often used to mention him in his letters; but do you know him? or rather, I suppose it is somebody like him you know, as you think the name is Jocelyn.'

Cecil gave Helen a quick look. She had no time to examine into her feelings, or ascertain the reason of what she did, but she could not bear the idea of saying that it was a portrait of her brother, after the anecdote Adela had told of the original of the picture.

'Yes, we do know somebody very like it,' she said, 'and I wish very much that you would try to remember the name.'

'It is very odd that I have forgotten, for I used to know it quite well.'

'Who is it?' cried Lucy; 'let me see. Oh, *that!* why, he is the man Frank used to rave about in his letters; he was such a rider, and such a shot, and sang and played and did everything better than anybody else; and he saved a child's life when a house was on fire, by rushing up a ladder and bringing it safe down, though he got burned himself. Don't you remember, Adela? you *must* remember about the child?'

'Yes, I remember perfectly. I recollect all about the man, except his name.'

'And I don't think Frank was ever so vexed at anything, as when he quarrelled with him; poor Frank! he had tried to prevent his doing something wrong. So he could not help himself.'

Cecil's face was all this time bent over the book, and it was a hard struggle to prevent her tears springing forth at these praises of her brother; but the last words checked them, with a glow of rising indignation.

Helen stood puzzled and silent, looking from Cecil to the Lesters, and from the Lesters to Cecil; at one moment wondering why Cecil did not proclaim that the unknown was her brother, and the next doubting whether he really was her brother at all.

'But what *was* his name?' cried Lucy. 'Let me see—Fawkes.'

'Nonsense, Lucy, we should have always said he was a Guy, then, to teaze Frank; and there was never any joke about his name at all; we used to call him Sir Roland, I remember, so I suppose his Christian name was Roland, and we knighted him because he was such a paladin.'

'Was his Christian name Roland?' said Cecil, getting a little bewildered about his identity herself when she heard that.

'Yes, we always called him Sir Roland. Frank had another friend, Captain Oliver, but he liked Sir Roland much the best; and we told him he would never give a Roland for an Oliver.'

'It is very tiresome,' said Lucy, 'not being able to recollect a name. Now this name will go on haunting and worrying me, till, all of a sudden, it will jump into my head, I suppose, of its own accord.'

'But I know an easier way of discovering it than staying till that happens,' replied Adela; 'wait a minute, while I find Frank's letters of two years ago, and I shall certainly discover the name in them, for they used to be quite full of him.'

'Yes, but take care he does not always call him Sir Roland,' said Lucy.

'He can't quite always do that; sometimes the real name must slip out.'

Adela left the room to fetch her letters. Lucy looked thoughtfully after her. 'She keeps all Frank's letters,' she said.

'Does she?' asked Helen. 'I'm sure that's more than I do by Alexander's or Julian's. Such bits of notes as they are, too—not worth the keeping; but perhaps your brother is an only one?'

'The only one grown up, and he is ten years older than we are; then come we two girls, and then little Alfred, at school.'

'And he is in the army?'

'Yes; he was born a soldier, I do believe. He was always wild to enter the army, and he was so good and so religious, so unlike most boys, that everybody said he ought to be a clergyman!'

'But he wouldn't?'

'Oh yes, he would, if Papa had gone on wishing it so very much, because he was the best of sons, and always did right; but most luckily Papa read the Life of Frederick Robertson just at the time, and he saw how cruel it had been to make *him* a clergyman, just because he was religious; and how good it was to have religious men in other professions, and how *particularly* useful a religious officer might be; and so poor Frank was allowed to go into the army, just as he had determined to sacrifice his wishes to Papa.'

'Who was Frederick Robertson?' asked Helen.

'Don't you know? I mean the Brighton clergyman; his life is very interesting, and some of his sermons are beautiful. I have not read them all, and even those I have read, Mamma says I must not let guide me; but they make me *think*.'

'Do you ever *read* sermons?' asked Cecil, astonished. 'One can't help hearing them, of course; but do you *read* them?'

'Yes, and I like some very much indeed; but I don't like them as well as Adela does. Adela is so good—so good! I don't think there is anybody like Adela; and Mamma says Frank did everything for her—that his example and conversation made her what she is!'

'Oh yes,' thought Cecil bitterly to herself; 'the pattern young lady, formed and made by the pattern young gentleman, who had the impertinence to advise Jocelyn!'

The pattern young lady returned at this moment, with a rose-wood box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in her hand. 'I have found the letters of that year,' she said, 'and I have been glancing them over, and indeed there is plenty about Sir Roland in them; but, as far as I can see, he is always called Sir Roland.'

'Where are they written from?' asked Helen.

'Oh, from New Zealand, where Frank was with his regiment; that is where the friendship was formed.'

Cecil and Helen exchanged looks.

'Now listen,' continued Adela, 'here is a bit:—

'"Sir Roland has just been breakfasting with me, so you may be sure I have been quite happy. We had a long discussion about self-discipline, which he thinks every man can do for himself unhelped. I suppose strong natures like his can, after a fashion; but if self-dependent, they would surely fail when much tried, and break loose. I am sure I should—I don't think I could stand a day by myself. Then, after breakfast, we took such a ride! How that fellow does ride, to be sure—there isn't a horse in the settlement he could not subdue. Verily, if he disciplines himself as well as he does his horses, he may do; and yet with them it seems all done by kindness, with very little help from whip or spur; but I think such a fellow as he is must require a stronger curb than any self can put on himself. I do wish we agreed more on some points—but perhaps we do, and I don't see it; it's my stupid way of expressing, or not expressing, what I mean, that makes him argue."

'That *is* so like Frank,' said Adela, interrupting herself; 'he always thinks it's more likely he is wrong than anybody else; but you see there is no mention of the real name here.' Then she drew out from the bundle of letters another, and after looking it over, said, 'See here, Sir Roland appears on the scene again.

'"I have been ill—don't be frightened, I am all right now; but I have been ill, and Sir Roland has been nursing me—and such a capital nurse did he make, that I neither missed Mamma's gentle hand nor your kind voices. He would not go away when the doctor said it might be fever, though fevers here are very infectious; and when I was better and allowed to be amused, he read out to me by the hour together—and he reads as well as he does everything else, with that fine voice of his; and he taught me how to play *bezique*, and then we talked sixteen to the dozen, as I think we always do when we get alone together. At night I asked him to read to me, and gave him my book, and he looked

oddly at it, and inquired what he was to read, so I knew what you would all be busy with, and told him the Second Lesson; and then he laughed at me, and said I had lost my count of time, and this was not Sunday. So I shewed him the tables in the beginning of the Prayer Book; and he stared—I suppose there are never daily services out here, not even in the towns; and he asked what it was all for, and then I shewed him the Rubric, ordering the clergymen to have service every day; and he whistled a little, and said there were more things in Heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy; and, presently after he had read to me, he said he would give his right hand—not his left, because that is his bridle hand—to have been brought up as I had been. All honour to the dear old home, and the parents, and their teaching; but mark my words, Sir Roland will be a better Christian than I am, one of these days, in spite of all the difference in the training, and will teach his teacher."

'There it is so like Frank again, with his utter humility, and his certainty that everybody who is not better than himself now, will be some day or other.'

'I don't understand what people call humility,' replied Cecil, who felt greatly irritated by all she had heard, supposing that Sir Roland really was her brother. And when she looked at the photograph she could not doubt it, though when she found his name was Roland she doubted it a good deal. 'I don't understand what people call humility; the reverse of humility is—supposing you are clever and good—rating yourself justly; and why should not a person do that? unless they are in error, and have a false opinion of themselves, they can't be humble.'

'Oh, but that can't be,' cried Lucy, astonished; 'can it, Adela?'

'I suppose, what should make people humble,' replied Adela, in a low reverent voice, 'is comparing themselves with the Standard; and then, however good and clever they are, they must fall so far short of *it*, that they can't help being humble.'

'The Standard!' cried Cecil; 'why, what's that?'

'O Miss Vaux! you know, of course, what I mean.'

'Indeed I don't.'

'The Sermon on the Mount,' replied Adela, almost in a whisper.

'O—h,' said Cecil, 'but—I'm not talking of that sort of thing—I'm talking of men and women, and what we *really* do. I don't like bringing that sort of thing in, do you?'

'But how can we help it?' replied Adela, with tears in her eyes, 'when we speak of humility, and what makes us humble.'

'Well, I don't know,' said Cecil; 'I don't see that it makes any difference; if a person is clever, or good-tempered, or anything else nice, why should not they know it?'

'Do you remember what you said to me about a pretty dress?' asked Helen.

(To be continued.)

I WONDER WHY.

CHAPTER I.

'That little thing is stronger than the strongest force; is higher than the highest heavens; is more imperishable than all the creation of God; for it is the Voice of God Himself.'

My friends, Arthur Temple and Vernon Browne, have grown—the one grey, and the other tall and broad, since that Easter; but in spite of silver threads, and in spite of boyish locks having worn away from a smooth forehead which is smooth as ever, they can both see clearly and distinctly before them, as in a picture, some of those days spent at the River Inn, at Leigh, and at the old rectory home.

It was a home, not only for the Browne family, but for sundry swallows and sparrows, who spoke of the inmates *proper* as 'things,' seeming indeed, to the swallows, below them in everything; below the chimneys, instead of being in them, like the house-swallow; below the eaves, and yet very close to them, thought the house-martin as he peeped in at the nursery window on rainy days, and saw the children rubbing their fingers up and down the panes; and 'Why,' asked the swifts, 'do they never come up higher with us on to the church tower, instead of always going underneath through the big hole?' Many birds, living in such close quarters with mankind, as swallows, starlings, and sparrows, know more about us than we dream of, and perhaps have not always that dread of us which we imagine them to have; probably very much the reverse. So Vernon often thought.

Can he not see himself lying on the lawn that afternoon, as he hacked away at a shapeless piece of wood, presently to be metamorphosed into a figure-head of surpassing beauty? Close by was his mother's couch, against the railings which divided a flower-bedded lawn from the meadow, forming a foreground to the lovely picture of wood and river and hill, with a great stretch of valley scenery spreading away on the right as far as sight could reach. Cyril was there too. He was twelve that month—just two years younger than Vernon—with dreamy blue eyes, that were on his brother when not on his book.

The swallows constantly remarked, what a blessing it would be to that mother if those 'walking things' would learn to fly, for there were so many of them. They observed that she rarely walked herself, and therefore it was a constant hope with them that she might one day fly. So they always looked for her in those southern climes where their second summer was spent, but always in vain; and on the first warm days that called them back to their rectory home, there would they find her on her couch by the window or on the lawn.

Vernon can remember the throng of knickerbockers and blouses

scampering down the kitchen-garden that afternoon, all anxious to see how the fruit was getting on. He can remember his sister Grace, the eldest schoolroomite, in a frock once Gertrude's, and not long enough to sweep the ground, which was her great ambition. He can see her advancing with measured steps across the grass, paper and pencil in hand, their mother smiling as she said, 'Composing, Gracie?' and Gracie answered, 'Yes; I must finish it. Don't let the children come to the summer-house if you can help it; and don't let the Swift disturb me when he comes; you can all play at hide-and-seek without me.'

'You must come when he comes, he will make you,' Vernon called out. He never gave her any peace, and bullied her dreadfully; but then she would take meekly and as her due from Vernon what she would resent from the others.

'The Swift' was Arthur Temple, who had brought himself and his boat to the River Inn, at Leigh, having overworked himself at Haileybury, and so been sent home on sick leave in the middle of the term. He had spent some weeks out of the midsummer vacation in the preceding year at Leigh, and had walked up, one hot afternoon, to Fernleigh Rectory, and there introduced himself to the Rector as 'Arthur Temple. My father has the living of Streatbourne, some way up the river—you and he were school-fellows long ago. And when he heard that I was bound for Leigh, he told me to call upon you directly.'

And shortly after that day, he was so much at home with them as to answer to the name 'Swift,'—called so by the children, because he was *not* famed for his rapid progression, and also because, according to Vernon, he was not unlike that bird in build and physiognomy.

'He says we may go down to his boat whenever we like,' continued Vernon rapidly, as Grace, who had interrupted the conversation, disappeared within shelter of the summer-house at the end of the lawn. 'If we go down there early in the afternoon we are sure to find him. He reads all the morning in that fusty old inn, and boats in the afternoon and evening; and now he has begun to read again at night. So he must be getting quite strong again.'

'And when does he sleep and eat?' asked the mother, laughing.

'Never sleeps, I do believe!' declared Vernon solemnly. 'But he says that his old appetite has come back to him since he came to Leigh; he *does* eat a little—doesn't he, Cyril? Do you remember the mutton chops that evening at tea?'

'*And* the steak,' said Cyril, with wide-open eyes.

'But he says,' went on Vernon, 'that his brain requires boating, and boating requires feeding. His home is on the river, you know; and he says that he lives in his boat in vacation time; and don't you remember his telling us, when we first knew him, about his brother who could row before he could walk, and you believed him, Cyril! This figure-head is not so much like Gerty as I meant it to be—the nose won't stand out—and the whole thing has a smashed brown look, more like Grace. You

know, Mother, the Swift leaves Haileybury at midsummer; and he *must* pass his examination then, because it is his last chance, and he thinks he must go back next week—not till the end, perhaps. He will be two-and-twenty next August—doesn't he look quite old sometimes? I heard Father say yesterday that he more often fancies he is two-and-forty when he is talking to him. I really do think he is even better than he was last year. I only wish he was coming to stay with us, as he did in the winter. Do you remember how he used to sit in the nursery rocking-chair and send Nurse into fits by balancing a tea-cup on his nose? She was only saying this morning, she never saw anyone amuse the babies as he did. I don't believe you would see *anyone* like him *anywhere!*'

And Vernon thanks God that he can say now, in his thirty-fourth year, what he said then: he can thank God that he is able to regard his old friend with the same hero-worship, pure and strong as it was then on that sunny afternoon in the rectory garden.

'They like him awfully at Leigh Court,' Cyril said, 'only he never will dine there, because he can't work afterwards.'

'But he paddles up to the end of their lawn in the afternoon very often, and Claude says they are all just as fond of him as we are,' said Vernon; 'and Claude and I were telling him yesterday how we mean to go into the army, and into the same regiment, and how we both longed to be in the Crimea last winter, and he says he did too. I wish we grew up faster. There! it's done!' and he rolled over and over in convulsions of laughter, as the figure-head was held up for approval.

'It is just like Grace, but not a bit like Gerty,' was Cyril's opinion.

'Doesn't it look like Grace when she gets what she doesn't like at dinner?' said Vernon.

'Some grapes are coming to you from Leigh Court, Mother,' here put in Cyril. 'When we were there yesterday, Mrs. Wyatt told Claude not to forget; but Marcus came in and said he would bring them this evening.—Vernie, that makes the sixth time! We said he would come again this week.'

'Marcus is very kind.' And as she spoke, Vernon noticed how his mother's face flushed. Whenever he was at Leigh Court, he used to feel as if she were deprived of some of her rights. It was a continual grievance with him that the mother of his school-fellow, Claude, should have so many comforts and luxuries that were denied to his own mother. Never did the Rectory appear so very plain, the carpets so shabby, his father's coat so rusty, as after a day spent at Leigh Court.

'It is not *kind* of Marcus, because he is so fond of you that he would do anything for you,' said Vernon hotly. 'And I'm sure you look much more like the mistress of Leigh Court than that fat old Mrs. Wyatt! And I wish you had a pony-chaise like hers to drive about in. She has such a lot of things that would do you good! Never mind! when I am Colonel Browne you shall have everything!'

Can he not feel that touch of hers on his hair as she kissed him, saying, 'My dear boy! I want nothing but to be strong; and I must wait patiently. Is that not Mr. Temple's head over the hedge? No, Vernon! not so fast! Stay here, for I know Papa wishes to speak to him.'

The gate was heard to swing on those poor old hinges, which must often have ached when all the children were at home.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed Vernon. 'Father and Gerty have got hold of him; and there he is pacing up and down with them. That's the worst of Father being so fond of him.'

And Vernon always associates that bend of the walk—which brought them, every time they turned, just beyond the laurel-bush at the corner, and so within his sight—with their three figures walking to and fro: his father, thin and spare, in the old straw hat; Arthur Temple, his head thrown back, and looking away in the distance, as he always did when talking very earnestly; and Gertrude, sweet Gertrude, who seemed to be listening to them both. Surely she was the very best eldest sister that ever boys could have. The swallows loved her because she had once brought a little swallow to life again, that had returned too soon one early spring, when bright warm days had been followed by frost and snow. The sparrows loved her because she gave them crumbs in the winter, and would not allow the boys to set traps for them. And did not the villagers, going home after a day's work, call her 'an angel from heaven,' as she stood by the gate and wished them 'good-night;' and then she would look away to the distant hills, and to something further away yet. This was when she was alone; sometimes she was not alone, and then she would forget to say 'good-night' to the passers by—then, too, she would not look so far away.

'There! actually they have turned again!' exclaimed Vernon, still watching them on his knees. 'I can't think what Father and Gerty have been talking about all this time; and now they have got hold of the Swift, they are telling it all to him, I suppose. Just like the swallows and the sparrows up there,' he added, throwing himself back on the grass. 'I should like to know what they have been arguing about this afternoon; such a row has been going on upon the roof. I suppose swallows have a lot to talk about when they first come over. I should have thought they were a peg above the sparrows.'

And the reason of the row was this: A certain young sparrow having discovered that the swift's nest resembled his own very closely, had therefore arrived at the illogical conclusion, that what the swift did *he* might do, and in time might even migrate, and see those distant countries of which the swallow-tribe told wondrous tales on their return; indeed, the very air had been full of them this afternoon, and many an old sparrow, too well-stricken in years to have the face to confess to such weakness, had been filled with indefinable longings in consequence.

'We never go away,' murmured the young sparrow. 'It is the same dull life always; a nest under the eaves, sometimes in an apple tree for a change—a race for the best grub is our only excitement, or a chance of getting shot if we prefer fruit—and that is all our life. I wish we might go away with them! Why can't we?'

'Because we can't,' a neat little hen-sparrow had answered; 'and that's enough for any bird; because we must stay. Sparrows must be sparrows, and must do as sparrows do. Perhaps you would like to have a long swallow-tail like theirs, with wide-open beaks, always ready for the flies to fly in? Little gad-abouts! too frivolous and restless to stop quietly at home; too delicate, forsooth, to live here through the winter if they tried!' And all the time she was longing to be able to go away with them herself.

'But they are always happy; they never starve, never catch cold; always have change of air when the bad weather comes; and when they go away they do see such beautiful sights. And then just fancy being able to fly as fast as the swifts! And they never have to go to bed early,' he whimpered; 'even the very little ones stay up so late in the long days, playing about the old church tower.'

'My dear,' observed an elderly sparrow, 'you will be wishing to walk like them next, or rather to *roll*, for they never seem to have anything to stand upon. However high a bird can fly, he is not worth much if he cannot hop—and after all, a swift cannot stand a high wind. What's the use of flying up to the moon and the stars, if you are blown down again?'

'I suppose they wait till the wind is over, and then go up again and catch more flies,' said the young sparrow.

'Good for you!' twittered a swallow skimming past; which praise so charmed the sparrow, that he made no more complaints just then.

Wheeling about in pursuit of flies in the sunshine that sweet afternoon, the swallows had been engaged in a similar discussion amongst themselves; for a certain young swallow was so delighted with the Rectory garden that he declared his intention of remaining there, and never migrating at all.

'I don't want *always* to be catching flies; I like to look at this beautiful new home. I never wish to leave it again. I was too young to care about it when we left last year.'

'Nor will you leave it, my dear, before October. There's another—catch it! Now, really!' and the tiny fly which the son had allowed to escape him was snapped up instantly by the paternal beak. 'Is this the way you mean to go through life now that you have come to building years?'

'If I catch every fly I see now, will you let me stay here when you all go away?'

'You could not,' answered the gentle father-swallow. 'I can't tell why; and I can't preach. I can only do what my fathers have done—

pursue flies with all my might; and when they go away, pursue them in other lands.'

'The sparrows are always here,' murmured his young hopeful. 'They need never leave their home. Why must we?'

They were basking on the roof, a large party of swallows and martins, amongst the chimney-pots and the sparrows; and the paternal swallow, turning to his friends, said, 'Before we start again, will you have the kindness to say *why* we go away?'

There was a chorus of twittering surprise. '*Why?* because we must, we can't help it—we know it, and we do it.'

'Exactly! we do it because we know it—we can't help it—we must—it is a law that always has been and always will be.'

But to the young bird many things, and perhaps all things, are a mystery, although the parent declares that all will be plainer when October comes; in the meantime he must pursue flies.

It was a pity that Vernon could not understand bird-language; he was too impatient for the finish of that wearisome conversation going on up and down the shrubbery-walk, to care much about anything else this hot, idle, April afternoon. Waiting had always been a trial to him, and so it is now, and always will be more or less, just as prompt action is difficult for others. But all things come to an end at last; although the children had all trooped out of the kitchen-garden, Grace's poem was finished, the cow driven up for milking—before a long shadow came over the lawn, and 'Here he comes!' was the signal for a general rush from the grass to the gravel.

And the Swift came, picking up a child here and there on his way; so that what with the baby-girl in his arms, a toddling thing on his shoulder, a pinafore on one side, knickerbockers on the other, shy gruff Gracie walking at the end of his shadow, and Vernon and Cyril everywhere—his hands were full before he reached the sofa. Vernon thought his mother's smile must have gladdened Arthur Temple's heart, when she looked up at him as she did then. 'The children's friend, as usual, Mr. Temple?'

And then Gertrude joining them, said, 'Everybody's friend, I think!'

'I hope so. Will it be too much for you if we play at hide-and-seek?' Vernon can hear him now, speaking in the softened tone which was habitual to him with that mother-bird. 'It has been a promise to this one ever since last Sunday.' And he looked round into the little face perched on his shoulder; and his whole face lit up as a little fat hand stroked his cheek, and two little rosy lips kissed the tip of his nose.

And play they did with a vengeance. Not of the least use was it to try and escape from him, although the baby was in his arms all the while, for with one stride he was out of the summer-house, dodging round the dahlia-bed, and so by the evergreen-oak to the mulberry tree in front of the drawing-room window, which was 'home,' where Gertrude's sweet face was watching them with her mother.

To Grace, the whole affair seemed slightly *infra dig;* but Vernon had teazed her into it. 'Not if I have to run past the drawing-room window every time!' she protested. 'To be laughed at for running like a cow!'

But as that happened to be the favourite spot with all the others, Arthur Temple said, 'The whole course of the game cannot be altered for the sake of one individual. What nonsense!' and then Grace's grumblings were heard no more.

They played until the last bright lights had died away from off the distant patches of wood, until the last long shadows had gone out of the meadow, and the sun himself was disappearing behind Thistlebed Hill, lighting up marvellous hills yet further away, like the beautiful land beyond the sea; so that the young swallows had asked 'if they were going back over there to-night—it looks quite close—our old home—doesn't it?' upon which several elderly swallows had told them that their home would be in the Rectory chimneys for the present. Swallows and sparrows had all gone to roost now. There were sounds from the house that indicated an approaching summons indoors—sounds drawing a large family together, and telling the one by himself that it was time to go. The children who belonged to the nursery-window where the house-martins lived, went creeping unwillingly up the oak staircase, nearer and nearer to that region whither they were always called 'just when we didn't want to!' And the Swift, after saying 'Good-bye,' as he passed the drawing-room window, and making himself a beast of burden up to the very nursery door, came down again to be seized upon by Vernon and Cyril at the foot of the staircase, Grace sitting on the last stair.

'Mother says you are to stop for dinner.' And Vernon held him as if wings alone would enable him to escape from them.

'You *must* stop for dinner,' echoed Grace and Cyril.

It was so dark in the twilight of the old hall, with the cedar outside spreading its wide branches before the window and the open door, that voices only were clearly distinguishable; therefore, when the drawing-room door opened suddenly, letting out a flood of fire-light, bringing with it that essentially countrified scent of a wood fire, Gertrude's face could not be seen as she said, 'Mamma hopes that you will stay and dine with us, Mr. Temple; we think you must be so tired after all your exertions.'

If swifts ever kick, Vernon fancied their Swift kicked then. As he hung on his arm he felt something that was not quite a start, but very like it—a sort of vibration.

'Thank you!' was the answer. 'Not this evening. I have some rather stiff work to get through, which must be done to-night.'

In the light through the open door-way, Vernon had a vision of a broad forehead, contracted above long, black, straight eyebrows, that always seemed such an expressive protest against anything like contradiction.

'Then I shall walk down to the gate with you,' said Vernon decidedly,

when they were once more left in the twilight. 'You might just as well have stopped, and been with us three till dinner was ready. You might have told us about your uncle the major, as you did the other evening. I *hate* that tea of ours except when you come in to us; it seems to me that I am never to have late dinner all my life long! Look at Claude—he dines late every day, and he is only my age. He can do just as he likes, and can have everything he wants—horses and dogs no end—and a dog-cart that he drives himself.'

They were at the gate, and Arthur Temple was resting his arms on the upper bar. 'He told me the other day how much he wished for some sisters; and he wished he was like you in being so rich; but then —he certainly has dogs and horses.'

Vernon looked up at him doubtfully, and saw something in the face above that made him laugh in spite of himself. 'No, but without any humbug, I do wish the governor was better off! He gets so old and worn when the doctor's bill comes in. Uncle Bill is a crabby old fellow, but I should never have got to Harrow last January without him, and he says Cyril is to go when he is fourteen. I tell you what,' he added, with sudden eagerness; 'you know Claude's eldest brother, Marcus—the one who paints? Well—I do wish he would marry Gerty! He is always coming up here to look at the sun-set—five times this week he has been already, and twice on pouring wet afternoons; and I heard his voice in the drawing-room just now when the door was open, didn't you? Just fancy what a haul that would be for Father!'

Here the gate swung open so suddenly and unexpectedly, that Vernon was jerked into the lane almost before he knew where he was, as the Swift said, 'I am glad you gave your father his right name this time. Look here, Vernon; there are things we shall want all our life long if we don't take care what we are about;' and the long figure drew itself up, and looked straight over the hedge, not at the turnip-tops, but over, where the dark line of hills and Thistlebed wind-mill stood out against the light beyond; and his eye-brows came down almost on to his nose as he spoke. 'There are bright bursts of sunshine, and there are bits of horrid twilight; and there is a sun-dial in the midst of it all, with the motto like that one in the River Inn garden, which we were studying the other day. Do you remember the words?'

In Harrovian French came the answer, '*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra.*'

'Which being interpreted, means—' said the Swift, (and Vernon, looking up at him with heightened colour—for speaking French was a great effort—saw his face as it had been the face of a child,) '"We must obey—come what may!" We shall never become like little children unless we do.'

'And it is the first lesson a soldier has to learn, isn't it?' and the boy's grey eyes shone; and so did the Swift's, as he made answer, 'We could not fight at all without learning it.'

'Yes; but I mean when a man is in the army,' urged Vernon.

'And *I* mean when a man is in the army. There are the Leigh bells beginning, which tell me it is almost seven o'clock, and that I ought to be at work, and you must go in to Grace and Cyril.' Off he went, singing to the five bells in his deep baritone: 'Fais-ce-que-*tu-dois;* ad-vienne-que-*pour-ra.*'

Vernon answered his last 'Good-night' as he turned the corner of the lane, with a shout that disturbed the slumbers of the birds, and sauntered towards the house, his hands in his pockets, and unusually thoughtful. 'I wonder if I hurt him somehow just now!' he meditated. 'He's a rum 'un! And he never said a word about pulling up to the lasher to-morrow, and I forgot all about it. I'll go down the first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder if the governor said anything to him this afternoon he didn't like. There's something wrong with somebody.'

'Salt butter again, Vernon!' Thus did Grace and Cyril greet him as he joined them at tea in the library. 'And after the apricot-jam at Leigh Court yesterday, what shall we do with it?'

Vernon was quite accustomed to be treated as an authority by Grace, one year his senior. At his instigation, she had once flung an objectionable pat of butter, from the point of the knife on to the summer-house roof; but his answer this evening was simply, 'Eat it.'

CHAPTER II.

'To go down to the Swift the first thing the next day,' had been Vernon's intention, but the day was nearly ended before he walked to Leigh, and well does he remember the reason why; well does he remember his walk down to the river in the sparkling beauty of that April afternoon. It was a long walk, and it was a hot day; but sometimes we are too hot within ourselves, and too tired from fighting with ourselves, to heed outside weariness or heat.

As the swallows fly, the river was not far from the Rectory garden; they knew it as well as they knew the pond by the churchyard, and they knew that boat also, with somebody lying at the bottom of it every afternoon—the enlarged Swift, with the plumage-colouring reversed, being white with one streak of black beneath his chin. From the river up to the church tower, from the tower back again to the river, his bird name-sakes were flitting, only just returned home, but not in the least weary—full of life, full of energy; not at all disconcerted in their travelling arrangements, by the warm weather having set in so early as to oblige them to return before their usual time; otherwise the gnats and midges would be growing too strong for them. For gnats and midges, like many other small evils, would become a great destroying army if not taken in time.

'Of course it is charming to have you with us again, dears,' thus did

the friendly little swallows greet the swifts; 'but are you quite sure that you have not made a mistake in coming so early?'

'Positive!' shrieked all the swifts in chorus, scarcely pausing for a moment in their rapid flight.

'How do you know?' inquired the speculative young swallow of the Rectory.

'Because we *must* come. Here are the insects, here are we; where they are, we are.'

'But why?' To the alert swifts the questions of this dreamy young bird were extremely aggravating; he sat balancing himself on the chains enclosing the pond, apparently gazing at his own image in the water.

'Good gracious!' they cried; 'we can't stop to answer any *whys*. You ought to know "why" yourself by this time. You are quite old enough.'

And off they went at incredible speed, far away over the woods and hills, high up into the soft infinite blue above them, whilst the young swallow murmured, 'I don't believe they know themselves. It is only a matter of taste. If there is no reason for me to go beyond the sea with the rest, when the time comes, why may I not stay as the sparrows do? I wonder why!'

And 'I wonder why!' came from the boat on the river, his arms over his head, and his straw-hat down over his eyes, so that he did not see Vernon as he drew near the river-bank, and was only conscious of his nearness at last by feeling the boat rock, and then he saw him sitting in the bows. The Swift took no notice of him, except to say in a sleepy tone, 'Hallo! you have come down? shall we call for Claude, and then pull down to the Abbey?'

'No, don't! I don't want anybody but you.'

Then the Swift raised his head, and looking at him, (after all these years he can look in just the same way now!) saw a face that suited the tone of those last words, and understood it all. 'It is hard lines for you, old boy,' he said. 'I know all about it. Your father and sister were telling me yesterday afternoon.'

'What's hard lines?' asked the boy gruffly.

'To give up what your whole heart was set on having; to give up going into the army, and to make up your mind to go into your Uncle William's office instead, because your father wishes it.'

'I have not given it up; Cyril may give up just as well, and better, because he is younger. Why should he feel giving up being a parson more than I feel—*this?*'

'That would be harder lines still, then; for you would find it easier to bear the disappointment yourself than to see him bear it; not now, perhaps, but afterwards.'

'I would do anything to help Father,' Vernon burst out; 'anything to help them all; but I don't believe I can do this. I know I could get on

in the army—I know I could fight—I have it in me; I shouldn't mind how much I knocked about; but I have never dreamt of being nailed down to an office, adding up figures.'

'Has Cyril ever dreamt of it, do you think?'

It was a home-thrust; for he loved that brother of his even more than his friend thought; and well did he know in his heart, that to be 'like Father' had been Cyril's darling hope, almost ever since he had thought of anything at all.

There was a silence. From under his straw-hat Arthur Temple could hear someone whistling at the other end of the boat, as if what was last said had made no impression whatever; whilst Vernon, whistling all the time, watched Arthur Temple pull long pieces of grass from the bank and eat them ruminatingly. He was ruminating upon the father's anxious face yesterday afternoon, as he said, 'You can understand, Temple, what an opening this would be for one of the boys, and the relief to my mind, in having the future prospects of one, at least, assured; for if Vernon gives his uncle satisfaction, there is the hope held out of his becoming a partner at last.' And then Gertrude had said, 'Must it be Vernon?' and the answer had been, 'I shall force neither of them. I have no intention of bending a boy's will the wrong way; but if you are thinking of Vernon's military romance, I fancy his dreams on that subject are somewhat vague and shapeless. Now Cyril, poor little man! would have many a hard struggle before giving up his cherished idea—and more than idea—of following his father's footsteps;' and then he had turned to Arthur Temple, saying, 'I must look to the main chance for my children, they will thank me some years hence.'

The whistling ceased, and silence reigned, broken only by the occasional sound of an oar from a passing boat, or the splash of a water-rat, frightened whilst staring at the apparently inanimate invaders of its premises, and now and then a voice or a laugh from a river-side garden.

To both of them it was one of those hours not to be told by minutes, for both were fighting a hard fight in that fair peaceful scene. If Vernon had known how his friend was struggling at that moment, perhaps it would have helped him to come to his decision, even sooner than he did; afterwards he told Grace the Swift was very different from that day, and no wonder, for those silent fightings leave the deepest marks.

At last Vernon spoke. 'Cyril has not heard yet; I asked Father not to tell him. Father was very good; he was talking to me in the garden after breakfast; he doesn't say "you must," but something says it, all the same. It will have to be one of us—it's too good a chance to throw away, he told me that. And Uncle Bill is so crabby, that if we both said 'No,' he would very likely turn his back on us all—Father told me that too. The worst of it is—' and there was a sort of sob in the boy's voice; 'the worst of it is, that none of them except

Grace and Cyril ever believe that I am in earnest about anything, except larks—and swifts. I don't feel a bit inclined to laugh! and I can't cry because I am a boy; but I do wish you could tell a fellow what it all means. Just look at Claude! he gets everything he wants—he never has to give up anything, and it will be all play for him when he leaves Harrow. Bother it! he will have to go into the Rifles without me now. Do you think he deserves it all more than I do?'

The mass of white flannel at the end of the boat raised itself into a sitting posture. 'We don't know anything about deserving, and *I* can't tell you what it all means; but I can tell you this—' and as he spoke he seemed to be measuring Leigh Church spire with his eye, looking at the same time as if he thought it had no business there, 'there is a Voice which tells you and me what we have to do, as plainly as the swallows up there are told when they must go away and when they must come back. We can't shirk it; it tells us of the two ways before us—the right and the wrong; and the man or boy, woman or girl, who keep themselves, or are kept, pure and brave and true, who hold fast to the truest that is in them, need never be afraid of growing deaf to it. They *must* try to go right when they hear that Voice; and what more can any of us do but try? It is a Voice that speaks in everything. I have heard it all round me here this afternoon. Obedience to a Father in Heaven. With the swallows it is simply obedience: with us there is as well the crushing down of self for the sake of another self; for those two laws move hand in hand in our world, I think—the law of obedience, and the law of self-sacrifice, which is our very life.'

He stretched himself, rose, and sprang on to the bank so alertly, that the swifts and swallows really thought he was about to fly. 'And indeed,' remarked one, 'if he always moved as quickly, he might come with us at last.' Perhaps they did not know of that other land beyond the sea, nor of that race in which a man's strength is tried to the utmost.

Vernon said nothing, but followed him across the lawn that sloped from the ancient inn down to the river, pausing, when he paused, to read the motto on the sun-dial, the gilt letters of which were very clear in the calm evening light.

'All right!' said Vernon, when he looked up at last; 'I must be off home now. Don't gripe a fellow's hand like that, it makes my eyes water. You will come up to-morrow, won't you?'

'What is to-morrow—Sunday? Yes, to afternoon service. Good-bye, old fellow; you will get your medal for being a brave man, one of these days yet, although nobody may see it, and perhaps you will not know it yourself.'

And as Vernon went whistling out of the garden and up old-fashioned Bell Street, with its little gabled houses, he turned and saw the tall white figure still standing against the sun-dial, looking after him.

'Given: a man working hard to pass an exam.—' so the Swift was musing; 'a great deal depends upon his passing. For the sake of quiet he

comes down to ruralize at a country inn, imagining he can read there. He meets with something in that country which distracts his mind from its firm purpose, because he wants that something for his very own—somebody else, far better fitted for it, wants that something too. Clearly, the working man must leave that country, and pursue the purpose of his life elsewhere. Elsewhere does not seem pleasant, with such a *here*.'

Arthur Temple has seen grander scenery, with serener skies, since that evening; but not often have 'the strange sweet hauntings of an Infinite Goodness' entered into his very soul as then: flowers from a hundred gardens seemed to be lading the air with scent, down in those river-meadows; the monotonous cry of the swifts as they swept about overhead, and the distant sounds of life from the little town he loved so well, making the silence only more silent, more sweet; whilst above it and through it, and in it all, spoke the Voice, and the Leigh bells began that moment to say the same thing: 'Fais-ce-que-*tu-dois*; ad-vienne-que-*pour-ra*.'

So Vernon went home, and asked his father to say nothing to Cyril, because he had made up his mind to do as he wished.

'It won't make any difference in my leaving Harrow, will it?'

'Not a bit, my boy; your uncle wishes you to remain till you are seventeen. You are quite right, Vernon; I am glad you have thought better of it.'

It was in the library that these words were said. Vernon can remember, as if it were yesterday, how, all the time he was speaking, his eyes were fixed on the great mass of wood, dipping from the hill on which the Rectory stood into the valley where the chimneys of Leigh Court were just discernible, whither Claude, who was blest with 'everything,' would be riding home to dinner; and there too was that bend of the river so clear and distinct, where the Swift's boat would be lying. He can remember how the clock on the mantel-piece was ticking so loudly, that it seemed almost like a third voice; and how it was practising night at Leigh, and the bells persisted in bursting forth and dying away, sweeping up the hill-side and in at the library-window, shouting in his very ear the old song they had learnt from the sun-dial. And all this lasted but a minute or two.

'We cannot always do as we wish in this world,' his father said kindly, as Vernon turned to leave the room.

'I think some people do,' muttered the boy, adding aloud, 'Don't let them all think I have turned coward; as long as they won't think *that*, I don't so much care; and I dare say it will be very jolly.' Then he sauntered off to find Cyril, and found him in bed with one of his bad head-aches. Beside him stood a tray with some untouched tea and bread-and-butter; on his head was a handkerchief steeped in eau-de-Cologne, filling the room with a faint scent, for some time afterwards associated with that evening in Vernon's mind; whilst from the nursery came sounds of tea-things being washed up, mingled with shrieks, as

tangled hair was forced to yield to the merciless brush and comb. The blind was drawn up, and Cyril lay staring out of the little attic window.

'Hallo! seedy? you should have been in the boat with the Swift and me.' And as he spoke, Vernon twisted himself on to the window-sill.

'Has he put up the figure-head yet?' asked Cyril, in a tone of intense interest.

'No; he won't have it, except turned topsy-turvy, and then he means to use it for cigar-ashes; so it was lucky that I scooped it out, though you did all chaff me about giving Gerty no brains.'

'And what did he say about the pic-nic? will he have us both in his boat, and Claude too? Marcus and Claude came up after you went out this afternoon, and they want it to be the Abbey, and so does Gerty.'

'Well, I don't know; we never said a word about that. I say, Cyril,' and Vernon began to swing his legs backwards and forwards like a pendulum, 'what do you think I am going to do when I leave Harrow?'

'Just as if I didn't know!'

'No; but it isn't the Rifles after all, or any regiment. Guess?'

'I can't, my head aches so.'

'Then I'll tell you. I am going into Uncle Bill's office, to be a partner some day. Fancy what a swell I shall be! think of the presents I shall be able to send Mother then! and Grace shall have a jolly big locket, with my photograph inside, taken with whiskers. Sha'n't I be able to fork out lumps of money for your church and schools! and sha'n't I smoke a lot of cigars!'

'But, Vernon!' and Cyril almost gasped as he sat up in bed and clasped his knees, whilst his bandage fell off unheeded, 'would you rather do all *that* than do what you always said you would?'

The legs went swinging backwards and forwards silently; and at last, with head turned away, and looking hard at the cow being driven out of the yard into the meadow, came the answer, 'Father wished it. I did feel, just at first, as if I should like to kick Liverpool and Uncle Bill over to America; but the Swift has been talking to me, and he *is* a brick! and so I am going to Uncle Bill when I leave Harrow.'

Cyril sighed a deep sigh. 'I am awfully glad he didn't pitch upon me, as you don't mind so much, Vernie. I wonder what Claude will think?'

Vernon's forehead was pressed against the window-pane. Was he still looking at Strawberry? or watching the water drawn up from the well? or was he silent because that hated cat was stealing across the roof of the out-houses, towards the martin's nest under the eaves? Probably he saw all this without seeing it, as happens sometimes when anything has hurt us very much. What did it matter now to him, whether Claude cared or not?

'But it's all right,' was Vernon's thought, as he brought his face round to bear upon the bed once more, when Cyril said, 'I think I should like to go to sleep now; and oh, Vernie, before you go, please put some

more eau-de-Cologne on my forehead.' His head was down on the pillow again, and Vernon's broad hand plaistered the soaking handkerchief all over his hair—the patient, trying to imagine that it was delicious to have eau-de-Cologne trickling into both ears, murmured his thanks, calling out after Vernon as he was leaving the room, 'I quite forgot Hector's bone.'

'All right; I'll do it. Good-night. I hope your head will be better to-morrow.'

Then he went whistling down-stairs, into the yard, into the orchard, up to the kennel under the golden-pippin tree. And he too forgot the bone just then, for he and Hector were alone together, and Hector was a great faithful Newfoundland dog, who loved Vernon from the depths of his large dog-nature; and there—down in the dewy grass, with his arm round the soft shaggy shoulders—Vernon sobbed, and Hector sobbed too.

And another piece of those Easter holidays which stands out prominently amongst a crowd of years, when my two friends look back, is that Sunday afternoon service. How delicious was the coolness from the damp ferns and mosses in the chequered shade of the wood, as Arthur Temple walked from Leigh! Vernon had begun to think he was not coming. The barrel-organ in the vestry had wheezed out the old hymn-tune as usual; the Wyatts' carriage had driven round to the Rectory stables; the Wyatts had established themselves in their pew, which monopolized the entire and only gallery in the tiny church, and boasted a sofa and a fire-place. With this ample accommodation, Vernon thought it was most unnecessary for Marcus Wyatt to intrude upon the Rectory pew, obliging him and Cyril to sit on the opposite side of the chancel, which was a move he always resented, because he never could see that one man was equal to two boys, and also because he thereby lost sight of many familiar old friends in close black bonnets; for in the body of Fernleigh Church the men and women were seated on opposite sides. It was a long-established custom, and Vernon wished from his heart that it extended as far as the chancel.

How pale Cyril looked against the dark oak panelling, and how very grateful he was, when Vernon pushed the only hassock towards him! He can see and hear him whisper, 'Vernie, don't! you know you like it yourself!' He had not said as much yesterday afternoon; why should he? he didn't know,' Vernon would have said. What a rich purple coloured old Bertram's bald head, when the sunlight streamed through the stained-glass window! And what was there to attract old deaf Benjamin to church, who could not read a word, and was stone deaf? Sunday after Sunday he had puzzled Vernon by sitting there so patiently, his hands folded on the top of his stick, and that benign patient expression on his venerable face. Well, perhaps the Voice told him to come, and that was a Voice he could hear, and in his own way could answer.

The church door stood open throughout the service, as if it were a

summer day; outside were the branches of the Rectory elms swaying about in the breeze; and from the hawthorn hedge in the lane came the yellow-hammer's cry for 'a little bit of bread and no che-e-ese;' and looking out on the flowers in the garden he knew there was his mother on her sofa in the window—his mother, who had told him that morning, with her smile, that he would be the wealthy man of the family, and that he had removed a weight from his father's mind. And as he looked at his father in the reading-desk, he wished that his time for helping him might come soon. There was a stranger to preach—one of the masters from Leigh Grammar School; and Vernon never saw him in that church again, for he left the neighbourhood shortly afterwards; but he can remember hearing his father say of him, 'That man is made to be a leader of men.' So when the sermon began, Vernon turned round to see what 'a leader of men' was like, and as he turned he became aware of a figure at the further end of the church, on the seat near the door—a figure not in a smock nor in a close black bonnet, with arms folded and face intent; and he recognized the Swift by his thrown-back head, and position unlike any other in that congregation. And he seemed so utterly absorbed in the words that were spoken, that Vernon became absorbed also. They were told about 'him that overcometh;' about sorrow and sighing fleeing away; and about no more pain, and no more tears, and no more sea, when all wills should be one with the One Perfect Will; and until that time, our part would be—to overcome. To overcome what? Each would find that out for himself and herself as years went by; but what the 'all things' would be which they should inherit, none might ever dream of until the former things were passed away.

To Vernon, how vividly it all rises up before him! the 'former things' seemed to mean—the helmet and drum he used to play with in his nursery days, then his own and Claude's castles in the air, and plans about which regiment should be theirs, and where they should be ordered; and then those heart-thrills last winter, when news from the Crimea was read, and he dreamed of how one day he should go and do likewise.

To Arthur Temple 'the former things' just then meant more than he could say, and in the midst of them all stood the sun-dial, and with it all came the music of the Leigh bells up the valley.

When service was over, and everyone was leaving the church, Vernon wished that he would not bury his face on his arms quite so long, because there stood deaf Benjamin behind him, waiting patiently to pass him and could not; and when he rose at last, and they all met outside the church door, Grace turned away after his kindly shake of the hand, to say in a low tone to Vernon, she was sure the Swift must have felt faint in church.

What a cluster of them it was at the Rectory gate! The school-children went bobbing and clattering down the lane, the men touched their hats, the women curtsied, Gertrude stood nodding and smiling, 'Mr. Marcus' gladdening their hearts by following her example, and

the sweetness of a country Sunday was over everything. One old woman, with a small piping voice, stopped to ask the Rector the name of the stranger who had preached, adding, 'We be so fond of our own, we be, that we baint so fond of a strange gentleman; but it was a mairciful disappointment!' That little old woman's voice has long ago ceased to pipe in the Fernleigh lanes, but those words of hers have never passed away from Arthur Temple's memory, any more than the scene in which they were spoken; and Vernon has lived to know that a disappointment may be merciful, although it was difficult and a mystery to him then. Between the laurels down the garden-path, Marcus and Gertrude were already sauntering; children's voices came ringing to the gate from the lawn, and the Rector was holding open the gate, which one of the party declined to enter; although that glimpse of the Rectory garden might look like Paradise, and the old creeper-covered Rectory itself like a sanctuary, yet it was not the way for him to walk in.

'Not this afternoon, thank you. I have several things to do, and must be off.' Vernon can see him now shaking hands with his father, who was obliged to leave them hurriedly and pursue a truant Sunday-school boy in the distance; and then he shook hands with Grace and Cyril, and lastly with Vernon himself.

'Say good-bye for me to the others, will you? and explain that I had not time to come in.'

'You never can when we want you,' murmured Grace.

'It's hard lines for him,' said Vernon, 'when he wants to come in himself.'

Then the Swift, standing with eye-brows down to his nose, and looking far away across the near fields bathed in floods of light and long shadows, to the distant hills in misty radiance beyond, said, 'If I don't come back just yet—it is not that I do not care—it is because I *must* go and get my work done; I *must* do what I am told to do.'

Vernon looked up quickly into his face, that was so like a little child's face at that moment; then he said Good-bye to them once more, and left them all three standing there looking after him, their hero, the Swift.

Early the next morning Vernon went down to the River Inn, and on inquiring for Mr. Temple, heard that he had gone.

'When?'

'Just now, Sir. He had his steak as usual quite comfortable; and his two eggs; and then he put his portmanteau into his boat, and rowed away as hard as if he hadn't paid, which he always did most reg'lar!'

The hearty hospitable landlady, who had known Vernon since babyhood, pressed him to come in—there was a book of his, she thought, on Mr. Temple's shelf; but he could not bring himself to face the desolation of that room, with the ruins of a breakfast-table just as the Swift had left it, and he himself gone; so he thanked her and said he would go into the garden for a little while instead. There stood the old sundial, with its golden words sparkling in the morning sunlight; there

were the Leigh bells ringing out the same in silver chimes; and overhead were the swallows pursuing the grand object of their life, doing what they were told to do; and there stood a boy, staring with great tearful eyes at the little bit of river under the willow, where a boat had been, longing for that friend of his to come back, hearing his voice still, telling him of the Voice that we must all obey, now and for evermore.

That is the last vividly distinct day in those Easter recollections; and between that day and this, Arthur Temple and Vernon have seen and heard and felt so much, that many more recollections might be written, as perhaps they will be one of these days.

Some years passed before they met again. In the autumn the Swift was on his way to India; his bird name-sakes had left England some weeks before, and the swallows were saying farewell to the sparrows.

The murmuring little sparrow had no more yearnings to depart with them, because when the time came he knew that he could not, must not go—something so strong restrained him and told him to remain; nor did the speculative young swallow ask any more questions when October came, knowing that he could not, must not remain, for something so strong urged him onwards and told him to go. And because the sparrows obey, we who live in cities are not left comfortless throughout the winter months; and because the swallows obey, we are saved from a plague of gnats and midges in the summer: because the Swift obeyed, he brought happiness to a great many people; and because Vernon obeyed, he was able to thank the Swift years afterwards for an infinite blessing. But if you imagine that Vernon always did what he was told to do after those Easter holidays, you are very much mistaken. Our 'unruly wills' are not 'ordered' all at once; and we must overcome like men and obey like little children, until our school-time is over, and we are called by our Master to see what that Truest is, which we have been striving to hold fast, which is in every one of us, and which makes our voices like unto His Voice.

February, 1874. ALICE WEBER.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the journey, the two children settled down into a quieter life. Their father devoted to them as much time as he could spare from his official duties, which were at times heavy. Only three years before, Portugal had been in a state of absolute anarchy, and it had only been quieted down into order by the presence there of the Duke of Wellington. It was even then, in many ways, an undesirable country to live in; the worst characteristics of the eighteenth century remained intact, and the new influences of the Revolution had hardly touched it in any degree.

The nobility were illiterate and degraded, the peasantry down-trodden, and the ecclesiastics so superstitious and ignorant, as almost to justify the most extreme opinions held about their Church by Protestants at that time. The administration of justice fell to the share of the Englishmen who were temporarily appointed military governors of the provinces; and as they administered it as Englishmen will, without fear or favour, they were idolized by the lower classes whom they protected, and disliked by those whom they prevented from tyrannizing. There was no English chaplain at Oporto, and the only sort of religious service ever seen by the children was the ecclesiastical processions and Saints-day festas in the streets of the town, which they were far too truly Protestant to reverence, or to do anything but despise heartily. Nevertheless, they would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for the one spot in their sun—the disagreeableness of poor Mrs. McG——, their governess, which was kept in check by the presence of their father, but blossomed into full flower whenever his duties took him away from home.

They spent the autumn of this year at S. Joao de Foz, a small town at the entrance of the Douro, which was the favourite resort of the Oporto families during the bathing season; and here a quotation from Clara's childish journal gives a vivid picture of Portuguese bathing customs, and the astonishment with which they inspired her. 'About a hundred tents or boxes, formed of four square pieces of canvas, are placed upon the beach, and these are occupied indiscriminately by ladies and gentlemen, who, after changing their clothes for bathing-dresses of thick blue cloth, are led into the water *pêle-mêle* by men and women, and sometimes exchange greetings and compliments when in the very act of bathing!'

In October they removed to a 'spacious house, or rather palace,' at Oporto, called the Casa di Vittoria, where the two children found that grandeur was not comfort; and, as Clara says, 'Many a cold winter evening we have shivered on the marble stairs, and crept into a corner of the magnificent drawing-room, sincerely wishing we could exchange the painted ceilings and gilded panels for a snugly closed and carpeted English parlour.'

The next month the little girl enjoyed the pleasure of a grand ball and supper, in honour of her eleventh birth-day, at which her father wore, for the first time, his Order of the Tower and Sword. She had plenty of grown-up society, notwithstanding her tender years, and some of it of a curious kind. 'We often spent the evening, when we had military visitors staying with us, at the Convent of S. Bento. The nuns were musical, and very sociably inclined. One or two of them, who sang very prettily, used to accompany themselves on the guitar; the burden of all their modinhas was "Amor," and their manners in general not at all calculated to repel forwardness or familiarity on the part of their military guests.'

In March, Sir Nicholas was ordered away on a campaign, and the two children were left in charge of their governess. She tyrannized over them to her heart's content, and at one time they seriously thought of escaping in disguise and joining their father's camp. However, this was one of those childish plans which are generally found difficult to execute when it comes to the point. They had to endure their misery for two months, during which the Commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, Castanos, came to pay his respects to the Governor's 'amiable family, and seemed somewhat disappointed at finding that it consisted only of two children and a cross ugly governess. He was a little man with white hair, wore a yellow uniform, and looked very dirty.'

In May Sir Nicholas returned; and in July the journal continues as follows:—

'July 7. My father and I made a little excursion to the Caldas, or Baths, of Viscila. I jogged along as usual in my litter by day, and in the evening I rode by my father's side on my little pony, as happy as a little queen, or happier. We travelled over a barren hilly country until we reached Carneiro, where we had been requested by Senhor Brandao of Oporto to take up our night's quarters. His Quinta was in a most wretched state of dilapidation. The bed-rooms contained little furniture besides a palliasse and its population; all was dirty, yet all would fain have been fine and showy and gaudy, if the sun, the dust, and the fleas, had not tarnished the gilding, and helped to destroy the old crimson damask furniture.

'We passed through Guimaraem, an ancient town containing many remnants of Moorish architecture, and celebrated for its well-known plums, which are preserved and arranged in boxes by the nuns.'

It is evident which of these pieces of information was most interesting to the mind of eleven years old.

'On arriving at the Caldas we were most kindly welcomed by M. Kopkie, a Danish merchant established at Oporto, who had previously offered us a part of the house he occupied at the Caldas during the season. He was a quiet good-natured old bachelor, who was completely under the petticoat government of a large tribe of maiden sisters. There was another member of the family, who being nearer my own age, was inflicted upon me as a bosom friend. Leonora was a pretty gentle girl, about fifteen, but *so* inanimate, so listless, so imperturbably good-natured, that I always felt inclined to quarrel with her for the sake of a change. I should have fancied I had an excellent excuse for not liking her, if I had foreseen that in the course of three years she would have consented to a detestable family compact, which made her the wife of her sleepy stupid good-natured uncle! Such marriages are sanctioned by the example of the old Queen Donna Maria, and all scruples are removed by a dispensation from the Pope.'

At Visella there were various Roman remains: three baths, paved in black and white mosaic; and a sarcophagus with a long inscription, in

search of which Sir Nicholas and his little girl went to the neighbouring Quinta of an antiquarian inhabitant, who had laid hands upon it. 'What was my father's disappointment, when he discovered that his brother antiquarian, in despair at his own ignorance, and unable to read the rude Roman characters, had sent for a common mason, whom he had desired to hew and hack *ad libitum* wherever he saw, or fancied he saw, the traces of a letter, for the purpose, as he said, of making the inscription deeper and more legible. The poor stupid mason obeyed, and in his attempt to re-form the old letters, he formed so many new ones, that the inscription became perfectly illegible.

'There were a great many visitors at Visella; but there were no rational means afforded them of spending their time; and as the great object of a Portuguese seems to be to vegetate as luxuriously as possible, the days passed in eating, sleeping, visiting, and playing *faro*, or as it is termed in Portuguese, *banco*. I know nothing of the principles of this most gambling game, but I believe it to be one of the curses of Portuguese society. In every private party to which I used to be admitted as a child, there was one large room devoted to cards: one round table in the middle soon became the centre of attention. One elderly man was the director of all its gambling proceedings, or as it is, I believe, called, "held the bank." That table was a *faro* table, and the director was the Most Reverend the Dean of Oporto!'

Their stay at Visella was not long, for Sir Nicholas received letters from Oporto mentioning the arrival of General Graham, and as he wished to pay him all due attention, he resolved to return home. He wished to return by another route, and sent to request hospitality at the Convent of Santo Tyrco for himself and his daughter. Unfortunately, however, women were, by the rules, excluded from the convent, and the Prior was conscientious enough to refuse the request. The English officer was excessively offended at so unusual a course of proceeding, and refused to accept the poor Prior's apologies, though he intended to take no further notice of it. Soon after his return to Oporto, however, he received letters from several other convents, begging him to accept their united apologies for the inhospitality of the Prior of Santo Tyrco, whose conduct they censured severely. So much for ecclesiastical discipline in the time of the Peninsular War.

For some time after their return to Oporto, Sir Nicholas's time was taken up with guests of reputation, whom he had to entertain in virtue of his office. Among these were Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. 'He was a quiet elderly man, whose gentle manners seemed much more adapted to the patriarch of a Scotch clan, than to a soldier of the nineteenth century; and yet what a hero he has proved himself to be! Soon afterwards, Colonel McK——, of the Guards, known in the British army of those days as "handsome Dan McK——," arrived at Oporto in an apparently dying state. My father insisted on his residing at our house, and treated him with the utmost kindness until he embarked.'

In fact, Sir Nicholas's house was almost always full; and as at this time there was an interregnum of governesses, Clara had full opportunity to enjoy the movement and bustle.

'Dec. 20. We were quietly seated at our little family dinner, when some officers entered the room. They proved to be the Prince of Orange, Lord March, and Colonel Fremantle. They accepted my father's invitation to dine that evening, and the French cook's talents were immediately put into requisition, whilst poor little I went to hide my diminished head in the school-room. In the course of the evening I was trotted out to his Royal Highness, and found him full of fun and good nature, much more inclined to play at blind-man's-buff with us children, than to act the Royal Highness.

'The following day was one of delightful bustle; the whole house was in confusion. My father sent out invitations to the whole town; a grand ball and supper was to repay the "nobility and gentry" for the trouble of making speeches to the Prince of Orange; and as it was already known that he was very fond of dancing, all the young ladies were determined to outvie one another in finery, hoping thus to secure the honour of being selected as his partner. In the midst of this bustle, who should make her unwelcome appearance, but my new governess, Miss S——, just landed from an English vessel, looking sick, frightened, and as I should have thought, very little disposed to enter into the gaieties of the evening. I was, of course, very ill-disposed to welcome her, my foolish little head being full of the ball and its anticipated delights. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as pleasure that I heard Miss S—— express her perfect readiness to appear in the ball-room.

'The evening passed away, and everyone appeared very much amused. On the whole, I confess that I was more frightened than pleased when the Prince, out of compliment to my father, selected me as his partner. I felt how irksome it must have been to a "full-grown officer" to exhibit with a little awkward school-girl, and I almost cried with fright; but when it was over, and I was fairly seated, I comforted myself for all the blunders I had made in dancing, and at the annoyance my illustrious partner had endured, by remembering that it would, at least, "cut a figure" in my journal!

'My father gave another dinner to the young Prince and the officers who accompanied him. There were upward of fifty persons invited; amongst the rest, Donna Anna Corcia, a most extraordinary and influential personage. She was the female patriarch of Oporto society, but not such a one as I should wish my grandmother to be. I believe she was extremely witty; but I have very little doubt that the bon-mots, which called forth the applause of Portuguese society, would have been rather painful than pleasing to English ears, and that I have every reason to rejoice in my ignorance of their meaning. Donna Anna Corcia prided herself upon her antiquated *naiveté*, and in this affected

character, which she could assume at will, she used to ask the most abrupt and extraordinary questions. At table she was seated next the Prince of Orange, and, after explaining to him her relationship with the ancient house of Lancaster, (her name was Lancastro, and she always described herself as descended from the Royal line,) she suddenly asked him whether any time was fixed for his marriage with the Princess of Wales.* My father, who overheard this most indiscreet question, and saw the Prince's embarrassment, hastened to turn the conversation.

'During the stay of three weeks, which the Prince made at Oporto, an event occurred which materially influenced his future life. My father received despatches which contained an account of Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow. He was the first to announce these news to the Prince of Orange, and at the same time prophesied that before two years were out the Nassau family would be restored to their throne. Some years afterwards, my father had an opportunity of congratulating him at Brussels upon the fulfilment of this prediction.

'I have heard my father say that it was one of the most pleasing recollections of his life, that when the Prince of Orange was at Oporto, it occurred to him to make him the instrument of saving the life of a poor soldier condemned to death for desertion. He arranged a scheme with the Prince, whom he requested to ask for this man's life from the government at Lisbon. My father himself despatched a courier to Lisbon, paying him highly to ensure his swift travelling; and the pardon actually arrived three hours before the poor man was to have been shot.

'When the Prince left Oporto, he said it was with real regret, as my father was the first person who treated him "*veritablement en Prince.*" We took leave of him at a ball given by M. Kopkie, at which he had danced all night in his travelling dress, and he only quitted the ball-room to mount his horse at four o'clock in the morning, when he set out to join the army.

'The Duke of Alava—at that time acting, I believe, as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington—arrived at Oporto in very bad health, and my father insisted upon his taking up his quarters at our house, which he accordingly did for some weeks. His manners were particularly kind and pleasing; he was a general favourite, a companion to my father, and a play-fellow to us.'

(To be continued.)

* He happened to be the rejected suitor, not of the Princess of Wales, but of Princess Charlotte of Wales.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XI.—YOUNG-LADYHOOD.

HERE is the girl out of her school-room! What is she to do? Some will answer, 'Amuse herself;' others, 'Amuse her family;' and a third set, 'Help her mother;' while there are a certain number who would say, 'Improve herself,' or more wisely, 'Prepare for future usefulness.'

Some recommend, especially in these days, a course of preparation such as learning to nurse, studying art, or housekeeping, or the like; but I am inclined to think that definite courses had better not be decided on till one-and-twenty; and that the maiden of seventeen or eighteen, without an obvious necessity, needs the training of home and family life, and the experience of society acquired in these years, before choosing any form of profession.

It is possible she may marry before one-and-twenty, but a very small minority do so; and they lose what is or ought to be a very pleasant and instructive period of life. The element of girlhood in the house is a very desirable one, and the growth of these years is needed to mature the powers. But it must be growth. The great danger of this time of life is desultoriness. It is the reaction from the methodical life of the school-room, or school; and where the transition is violent from actual school life, or from the high pressure of a finishing governess, there has often been a strain which makes it very desirable, almost necessary, to unbend the bow, by a journey abroad, a sea-side sojourn, a visit, or a brother's holidays. It may be best to have a real vacation from all severe application.

But this rest over, it is a great pity to leave the whole morning to chance. A little note-writing, a little vase-dressing, a little practising, a little reading, a little croquet, a great deal of chatter; and worse than all, much running in and out among near neighbours, till, even if there have been some capacity and will for self-improvement, the power of steady employment is frittered away, and no progress is made.

Mothers often contribute to this state of things, and there is something to be said for them. They have looked forward to the having a daughter out of the school-room, to be a companion, write the invitations, set up the flowers, and entertain the visitors. And all this is good and right, but a little management on their part may prevent them from making such calls on the girl's time as to be perpetual interruptions, and give her a sense that it is vain to attempt anything continuous.

A couple of hours at least in the forenoon ought to be secured for what girls call 'something sensible,' and then it is that, having had the

foundation laid in the school-room, she can go on to pursue her own special bent.

The special direction is not the point, but the sobering effect and the unconscious training of regular application. Of course visitors coming for a very few days require attention, and may disturb the habit; but when they are staying for a long time, or where there is a constant succession, they ought not to trespass on the girl's time. Indeed, if they are her mother's contemporaries they will not want her; if her own, they will generally like to share some pursuit which can be modified for their pleasure if needful. To many girls, a little bit of study done together, with all the brightness of fresh intercourse, is as good as play.

And nothing is more certain than that visitors are always happiest when the natives do not sit up to 'entertain them,' but let them share their home life instead of disarranging it.

As to the habit that prevails where there are families of girls of about the same age, of rushing into each other's houses at all hours, and standing gossipping there, the best thing the heads of houses can do is to prohibit it utterly till play-time, which may probably be the hour of luncheon. If the young people are really at work together, these meetings are a different thing; but purposeless gossip and dawdle should be avoided, either by their own determination or that of their parents.

The holiday-brother, or the over-worked gentleman needing entire rest, are the most lawful interrupters of the morning, but their incursions are brief, and they must sometimes be allowed to tyrannize. It is the going on day after day, week after week, without fixed occupation, with no 'something attempted, something done,' that weakens the whole nature, and induces frivolity and shallowness, with all their attendant mischiefs.

Nor is it a mere matter of indifference whether the habit of culture and regularity is kept up. Silly vacant women are, it is true, sometimes preferred by men, and obtain their affections; but what a fearful charge it is for a woman to have a man's heart given to her!

A weak narrow-minded woman, incapable of sympathy with the higher life, may be tender, kindly, affectionate, but she is the most fatal drag upon her husband or lover. He is hindered from all the nobler purposes of his life, or he fulfils them at the expense of his domestic peace. If he have to make a sacrifice of present advantage or income for the sake of principle, his wife simply views it as robbery of her children; she desires his advancement merely as a matter of personal aggrandizement, and his plans and wishes are a mystery to her. The Lydia who would not encounter India, and saddened the deep true heart of Henry Martyn, and her shadow in Miss Parr's 'Her Title to Honour,' shew what a piteous thing it is for a woman to fall short of the higher aim of her lover.

On the other hand, has not many a woman aided her husband over

some perilous moment of his life? as Vittoria Colonna saved Pescara from becoming a traitor to his sovereign, when a smaller minded woman would have only seen the hope of being Queen of Naples.

But some will say these are matters of right and wrong, not of learning and study. Ay; but there are cases in which a cramped uncultured mind is incapable of judging what is right or what is wrong, like the good mother in 'Hanbury Mills,' who was strictness itself in household honesty, yet was undisturbed by the dishonourable action that preyed on her husband's life. And as Archbishop Dupanloup has pointed out, the most excellent and pious of women lose all the power they might have in dealing with the men of their family, if their minds are too limited to comprehend the force of the difficulties that are felt, and if they cannot understand or sympathize with brother, husband, or son. 'My dear, I can't bear you to talk in that horrid way. It makes me quite miserable. I'm sure it is wicked.' This may silence the speaker in the lady's presence, but will do him no good, but rather make him connect her principles with her silliness.

School-room studies cannot raise the intellect enough to prevent this contraction. They cannot possibly go far enough in the time, and even if they did so, it is constant use of the powers that is needed, not only dead acquirement unquickened by exertion. Moreover, the mind is capable of taking in and digesting much more effectually in youth than in girlhood.

And apart from the desire of usefulness, far more happiness is laid up for after years by a person who occupies her mind than by one who merely tastes the pleasures of youth. Distresses, illness, nervous miseries, tedium, all may be mitigated by the power of being interested in some intellectual pursuit. Even those whose abilities are not great, can wonderfully improve and mature their powers, and keep themselves interested and amused in no small degree, if they have fostered any intelligent and industrious habits in their earlier days.

Different dispositions must train themselves according to their own experience; but it seems to me an excellent rule that there should be no novel touched in the forenoon, except in a language so unfamiliar that it becomes an exercise.

Some portion of a solid book should be read daily, either of history or science; there should be some keeping up of languages and of accomplishments. The language may often be kept up by teaching a younger one, or hearing her read. Or a new language may be studied where there are facilities and there is a turn that way. German is too difficult to be really acquired in the school-room without peculiar advantages, and much more study needs to be spent on it afterwards, if its strength and beauty is to be really appreciated. Italian, too, can be easily learnt enough to read a plain narrative in it; but to enter into Dante requires a full-grown mind. Latin and Greek, too, may be studied more effectually after eighteen.

Perhaps the best way is to go up for the Cambridge examination. As these are conducted in writing, and are not competitive, they do not seem to me to involve anything unfeminine or undesirable; and the benefit of having a well-considered scheme and system given, and of being stimulated to work for an object, is very great. It is very desirable that all who are educated up to the needful point should work for it.

It requires, however, an amount of previous good teaching and ability, and also of leisure, which would put it out of the reach of many; but even these should not sit down content to be idle and trifling, but make it a duty to learn something, practise something, obtain some step in self-improvement every day, either carrying on the study they liked best, or filling up the most serious gap in their education. The self-command of setting oneself to work, and the perseverance of continuing it, would be great gain, even without any further result.

Essay societies are useful in supplying object and stimulus, but they will not serve alone, as it is in their nature to be discursive. Their name is rather unlucky, as it leads young people to set to work on abstract subjects, on which they have not much worth saying, instead of going into positive matters of fact, on which they should collect information.

Music and drawing, to those who have a turn for them, may now become arts instead of mere mechanical exercises. It is, in fact, a valuable period of life to those who are wise enough not to fritter it away.

(*To be continued.*)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

V.—APPOINTMENT OF A CHAPLAIN.

THERE are objections against making a Sisterhood diocesan in its character, almost as cogent as those which forbid it to be parochial.

One reason is identical with a point already raised. To limit a Sisterhood to one diocese is necessarily to limit the area of possible recruits, since few will join it save those who are already within those ecclesiastical limits, or who from ties of association are disposed to migrate into them. But another is even more obvious. Although we need look no further for proof of lack of wisdom and foresight than making a Sisterhood parochial, and have excellent reasons for putting no confidence in the judgment of the founder or Superior of such an institution, yet it may fairly be supposed that they will very seldom have been foolish enough to establish the Society on a permanent footing, unless they have good reason to suppose that a change in the incumbency will make no change in the theology of the local pulpit. In other words, the living will be

almost certainly one in the gift of trustees of a particular bias. But no such guaranty can exist in the case of a bishopric. A prelate may have been himself the founder of a Sisterhood, and have shewn the liveliest interest in its welfare, yet may be succeeded, either under the system of Crown nomination or popular election, by one who is either unacquainted with Sisterhoods or even bitterly hostile to them. Yet, if a Sisterhood be diocesan in anything more than name, the Bishop will probably be intrusted with large powers, as trustee, visitor, or patron, in his official capacity; powers which will be used to the detriment of the Society if he be unfriendly, or even if he be weak, and a hostile influence in the diocese be brought to bear upon him against the community. The simplest way to avoid all such complications is to put the new Sisterhood at the outset upon a general basis, that of doing some particular kind of work anywhere and everywhere that an opening presents itself, and with the notion all along of ramifying from its first settlement into a multitude of branches and daughter houses. Thereby, apart from other considerations, it will enlist the sympathies of all who are interested in that special work, wherever they may dwell, and will draw their personal and monetary help in a way that no mere local organism could hope to do. And if it be thought expedient to bring the Bishop in as an authority, it ought to be in his private and personal capacity, as the Right Rev. A—— B——, not in his official capacity as Diocesan of C——, because that at once opens the way to his possibly unfit successor.

But in order that the Society may not become merely localized in fact and spirit while nominally general, one other preliminary caution needs to be taken, which is often very difficult to effect, and must therefore be ranged amongst the extremely desirable things, rather than amongst the imperatively necessary. It is that no clergyman habitually engaged in parochial work, either as incumbent or curate, ought to be chaplain of a Sisterhood. It cannot always be so arranged, because Sisterhoods are for the most part too poor to offer a stipend, and must content themselves with gratuitous services; while on the other hand, unemployed clergymen of suitable abilities and independent means are not always to be found even in England, are scarcer in America, where the number of the clergy is insufficient for the area they have to cover, and are hardly to be obtained at all as yet in our Colonies. Nevertheless, a parochial chaplain ought not to be regarded as more than a temporary make-shift, to be set aside when one of a different kind can be procured. And now to give the reasons for this admittedly inconvenient rule.

First of all, the *kind* of work a chaplain has to do within a Sisterhood is quite unlike parish work, but just as exacting in its demands on time and energies; wherefore it must be very rare to find a clergyman who is plastic and mobile enough in mind to be able to throw himself daily into each of these currents of occupation with anything like equal vigour and success. The two are as dissimilar as if we substituted a grammar-school for the Sisterhood, and made the parish priest head, and indeed

sole, master. Everyone knows that clergymen who take pupils, unless those pupils be very few, and the parish very small and easily worked, fail in one or other of their incompatible tasks, and end by either wholly neglecting the one they like least, or else by devolving the chief labour attached to it upon an usher or a curate. But whereas a man who is an entire failure as a parish priest may be an erudite scholar and a most successful coach, it is clear enough that such a man cannot usefully guide an active Sisterhood, if he be daily blundering himself in the very sphere of labour in which he desires it to work. And if, by the rarest good hap, we do light upon our phœnix, and get a priest who is equally versed in the Religious Life and in parochial details—who is at once theologian and organizer, a shrewd man of the world, and endowed with clear spiritual insight; the inevitable result is that his physical powers—almost invariably delicate in one so highly strung—break down under the double strain, whose tension none can guess that have not felt it. Consequently, wherever a parish priest is chaplain to a Sisterhood, one of three results must follow—his own speedy exhaustion and prostration; neglect of the Sisters; or neglect of the parish. If his bent be mainly parochial, his time will be so fully taken up with sermons, visits, classes, and organizations, that he will have only odd minutes to bestow on a very delicate and difficult task; he will not be able to give these extra services in the conventual oratory which make such an important element in the inner life of a Sisterhood; he will not have brain-power enough to supply the entirely different preaching needed every week for the parochial pulpit and the Sisters' chapter, for the unlike instruction at the public catechizing and the Sisters' Bible-class. Nay, more; when he does deal with the Sisters, his mind runs so completely in the parochial groove, that they become to him a mere club of district-visitors, agents for doing certain kinds of parish work, and no more; so that such dealings as he has with them are as unsuited to their needs, as if the incumbent-schoolmaster, of whom I spoke above, should repeat to his Sixth Form of budding undergraduates the lessons he had been giving to the juniors of the National primary school. Under such treatment as this, the tone of a Sisterhood becomes at once secularized and depressed: secularized, because the roar and bustle of the outer world pursues them into their privacy; depressed, because while heavy and incessant demands are made on their energies, they do not receive from their task-master the exceptional sustenance needful to recruit them.

Let us now look at the other side of the medal, and assume that the incumbent-chaplain devotes his time and pains chiefly to the Sisters. In that case, the evils mentioned already as indissolubly bound up with a parochial Sisterhood are intensified. The parish is neglected more or less; the congregation gets only the dregs of a mind whose best powers have been poured out in private for conventual use. The priest, when wanted for any parochial matter, has to be sought in the convent rather than in the church, parsonage, or schools, and can be got at only

through the medium of a Sister; the whole machinery of the parish is either worked by the agency of the convent or left to rest unworked; and the congregation is parted sooner or later into two camps—those who like or at least submit to this condition of things, and those who murmur or revolt against it, and find themselves looked on coldly in consequence, and treated as if guilty of some serious offence against religion—a policy which results in making them hostile to every Sisterhood, as well as alienated from all local good works in which they once had their full share. Such are the results which come of making the clergyman of the parish in which the Sisterhood is locally situate, chaplain to the Sisters. These evils are somewhat diminished by employing for that purpose a priest from another parish; but that plan has its own equally obvious drawbacks—that the mere time taken up in locomotion is so much waste, and that either the Sisters or the parish must suffer more from the intermittent character of services so rendered than under the other scheme. Nor is the problem solved by assigning the chaplaincy to an assistant-curate, who is not mainly responsible for the charge of a parish; because on the one hand his time is not at his own disposal, and on the other, the uncertainty of tenure in a curacy makes a frequent change of such chaplains at least probable; and that is an evil as great in its degree as frequent changes of head-masters in schools.

It is, no doubt, very desirable that the chaplain of an active Sisterhood should have had personal familiarity with active work, parochial, scholastic, or any other kind which may be the object of the Society; but the reasons given above, which are the outcome of direct and prolonged experience, are conclusive against his being in actual charge of a parish, if circumstances allow any other choice. For this reason, one of the very first considerations which the intending founder of a Sisterhood should entertain, is how to avoid this disadvantage. If he be himself a parish priest, he should carefully weigh the arguments in favour of his resigning his parish in order to work the Sisterhood, or of procuring the services of some one else as chaplain in his stead. He may take it for granted that he cannot do justice to both undertakings, and had better make his choice early and definitely. If the founder be a lay person, man or woman, nearly the first matter to be seen to is to secure a competent chaplain; and in default of one at hand, free, and of independent means, willing to give himself to the work, funds ought to be raised for an endowment. A Sisterhood which is expected to take root, grow, and spread, is worth while making efforts for; and no outlay, after the questions of its own board, lodging, and clothing, have been settled, is of such utility to it as that which enables it to count securely on the undivided services of a chaplain of its own, instead of having to put up with the casual and eleëmosynary help of inexperienced amateurs. There is another most important aspect of the matter; which is that there is a very wide difference between the relation which a priest who is also founder bears to a Sisterhood, and that of any subsequent chaplain. The

former must of necessity be nearly absolute at first; because the whole plan is his, and on his powers of conception, organization, and practical energy, its success or failure must, humanly speaking, depend. But any chaplain who comes after him is simply an official of the Sisterhood, deriving his authority from its choice and delegation, and occupying a position analogous to that of the house-surgeon of a hospital. It ought therefore to be competent for the Sisters to dismiss him, if his capacity or bias make him unsuited to the post, and above all if he aim at subverting the rule and constitutions of the Society in favour of crude theories of his own.

But it is a much more difficult and ungracious thing to dismiss a chaplain who gives voluntary time and service, than one who is the stipendiary of the Sisters, and fails in carrying out his part of a mutual contract. Hence it may often happen that a clergyman, zealous and devout enough personally, but with no natural aptitude nor acquired fitness for the office of chaplain, is continued in that post, despite the entire consciousness of his unsuitability entertained by the whole Sisterhood, simply because it is difficult to dismiss him, and more difficult to replace him; and his influence during the whole of this time must be as hurtful to the Society as that of an incompetent, albeit diligent and conscientious, head-master to a school.

A modest stipend, therefore, sufficient for a single man to live on, or at any rate enough to supplement adequately any small private resources, ought to be provided from the very outset, even in the case of the first chaplain being able to give his services gratuitously; for then the money may be funded, and accumulate at compound interest during his whole tenure of office, so as to make the post an eligible one when a vacancy occurs. Wherever there is sufficient Church life to warrant starting a Sisterhood at all, there ought to be little difficulty on this head. A shilling per week from each of fifty persons, guaranteed for say three years, would be enough in most places, and would secure the services of clergymen, perhaps of too delicate health for parish work, yet quite fitted for a sphere of labour entailing less physical exertion. This is of so very much more importance to the welfare of a Sisterhood than building or endowment, that I have put it prominently forward in this place.

All this time, some one may ask, what is to become of the parish priest? If the Sisterhood is not to be parochial, and if some other cleric is to be chaplain, what becomes of the incumbent's rights and of the whole parochial system? Just what becomes of them if there be a school with a clerical head, or a hospital with a resident chaplain, within the parish bounds. The Vicar of Harrow does not feel aggrieved because the great public school in that parish is not under his control; the Rector of Whitechapel does not expect to be *ex-officio* Chaplain to the London Hospital; and similarly, a parish priest has no right of control over the inner rule and privacy of a Sisterhood within his district. But if the Sisters work in

his parish out of doors, his rights over them revive, and he is fully justified in dictating the conditions under which they may exercise their ministry, and in requiring them to abstain from working at all parochially, if they cannot or will not accept those conditions. Beyond this, he has no more right of intrusion or interference in their private and domestic arrangements than he enjoys in the case of any other household in the parish; nay, he has less, because their spiritual supervision is in other hands than his.

(*To be continued.*) R. F. L.

CLEWER ST. STEPHEN.

February 23rd, 1874.

My dear ——,

You have more than once found room for some account of the Mission in Clewer Fields; and I think those of your readers who take an interest in it may perhaps like to have a further report of its progress, though from another pen. You know how the Clewer Sisters began it nine or ten years ago, by opening a sort of Ragged-school in a small room of a tumble-down cottage, and how in two more years the room grew to a Mission-house, and a little Mission Chapel was opened under its roof. You know too, I think, how the zealous priest, appointed by Mr. Carter, soon drew people to the services who had been living in utter neglect of religion, and interested his congregation in the church that was to be, so that quite poor mothers brought their pennies to be added to the building fund, while the little upper room became more and more thronged. That proposed church now exists in part; that is to say, there is a chancel, one transept, and a small temporary nave, holding in all about two hundred and twenty persons; but as the present inmates of the Mission-house alone take up seventy of these seats, it may be judged how insufficient the accommodation is for the nearly two thousand inhabitants of St. Stephen's parish. I say *parish* advisedly, for the district was separated from the parish of Clewer towards the end of 1872, and has now a distinct parochial existence under the name of Clewer St. Stephen, of course borrowing the latter half of its title from the saint to whom the church is dedicated.

The greater number of the parishioners are poor, and none above the middle class; but very many of them have shewed their gratitude for the spiritual aids of the Mission by helping according to their power. A report, printed a year ago, says, 'One woman does needle-work for the poor; another brings first-fruits of all the vegetables she is able to grow in her little garden, even down to the mustard and cress; a third brought a bunch of yellow everlastings for the Christmas decorations,

and was much pleased when told that they should be put into the Altar-vases. Flowers for the Altar have been sent by another, who was formerly greatly opposed to the Mission. The presents from the poor for the Harvest Festival were both gratifying and amusing.'

The thankfulness of the people has been especially called forth by the excellent schools which have been gradually established in the new parish. The children, who used to run wild about the streets, and who when first gathered together by the Sisters were found scarcely to know the Name of God, have now all been brought under instruction; and separate school-buildings for boys and infants have lately been erected, at a cost of some £1600.

In the girls school there are six free scholars, elected from among the rest, for good conduct, regular attendance, punctuality, &c.; and these, from the age of ten to fifteen, have their education entirely without cost to their parents, and are provided with a uniform which they think it a great honour and delight to wear. They have a dress and jacket of dark-green stuff, a red scarf for the neck, and a hat of black-and-white straw, trimmed with green ribbon. In winter, a black cloth cloak, the hood of which is lined with scarlet, replaces the jacket. Their under-clothing is also given them, and they have white aprons and white tippets to wear in school. When they are fifteen, a place is found for them if possible, and they are presented with a suit of clothes which will be useful to them in service. To be a Free Scholar is the ambition of many a little girl, and the favoured six evidently feel themselves very fortunate maidens, and are very anxious to keep their position by good behaviour, so that their example gives tone to the whole school. One of the mothers observed, 'Since Maggie has been a Free Child there has been nothing but getting off to school; and she marches off the little ones too, far quicker than I can.' It is hoped that six Free Scholars may be elected *annually*, so that the Free School will in time be quite large. The only difficulty is the expense of providing the uniform, &c. After Easter the boys school will be temporarily required for the Church Services, while the building of the permanent nave is being finished. A generous gift received last year made it possible to begin this, though a good deal more money will be needed before the church can be thoroughly completed.

Besides the ample provision made for the education of children of the working classes, a middle-class school has been opened at the Mission-house, for the daughters of tradesmen and mechanics, and for boys under ten years old. A certain number of the girls are received as boarders and trained for governesses; and some of these give assistance in the Lower Schools in return for their own board and education. An upper-class Boarding School for the daughters of clergymen and professional men with small means, was added at the commencement of 1871; and in this a really first-rate education is given on exceedingly moderate terms. The number of boarders in the Upper and Middle Schools has quite outgrown

the accommodation in the Mission-house, and the Sisters have been obliged to rent four adjoining cottages, and turn them into dormitories. The great need of the House at present is an *Infirmary*, where sick and suffering inmates can be comfortably nursed, and kept apart from those in health. Donations for this object in particular will be gratefully received by the Sister Superior.

Besides the regular Sunday School, Sunday classes of various kinds are held in the parish, one of the most interesting of which is a class for big lads of the hobble-de-hoy description, some of whom are as much as twenty years of age. There are Mothers Meetings, a Clothing Club, a Girls Guild, a Lending Library, and other agencies at work for the benefit of the people generally; and the sick and aged are assiduously visited, and relieved when necessary, as far as funds will possibly admit.

The parish being so poor, it has been needful to appeal to the general public from time to time for help towards church and school building, &c., and £3000 is now urgently needed, for the completion of the church, the maintenance of the schools, the enlargement of the Mission-house, and other objects. Gifts may be sent to the Vicar, the Rev. GEORGE D. NICHOLAS, Clewer St. Stephen, Windsor; or to the SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Stephen's Mission-house. Presents of every description for the church, schools, or districts, are gratefully welcomed by the Sisters; and there is literally *nothing* in the way of food or clothing that cannot be turned to use.

Much still remains to be done; but I think if anyone who remembers the place as it used to be, will go and see it now, they will admit that the money already given has been well spent, and will wish that all the places in England which resemble the 'Clewer Fields' of old days, could be made to wear the present aspect of Clewer St. Stephen. And it is *love* which has transformed it—the love which He who is Love itself has put into the hearts of some of His servants, inspiring them to go forth and win souls for Him.

I am,

Ever yours, &c.

W.

THE DEATH OF CHARETTE.

THE noble band of heroes who had commanded the armies of La Vendée, had one by one given their lives for 'God and the King:' Cathelineau, Lescure, Henri de la Rochejaquelein, Bonchamps, D'Elbée, and Stofflet, had all died gloriously; yet one man there was who still continued to lead the faithful Royalist peasants to battle, in spite of heavy losses and discouragements.

Charette, formerly an officer in the navy, now the last general of the 'Chouannerie,' refused, with indomitable courage and noble disinterested-

ness, to lay down his arms; though the struggle was becoming every day more unequal, and though the Republic, weary of the strife, offered him a safe-conduct to England—nay, even promised him that his confiscated property should all be restored to him, on the one condition of his ceasing to oppose their army.

These offers were rejected with scorn by the Vendean general. 'I am ready to fall with my weapons in my hand!' he exclaimed; 'but never will I fly! never will I abandon the brave Vendeans whom I command! I will remain with them till I breathe my last! It is for France that I have drawn my sword, it is in France that I will die!' And it was indeed in France that he was to die, but not on the field of battle; a greater sacrifice, a bitterer trial, was to prove to the utmost all his faith and self-devotion.

For eight months he held his own, with a handful of peasants, against the Republican forces; but at length, separated from his followers, and overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Republican army, he was compelled to surrender himself as a prisoner to the General Travot, a man better able to appreciate the heroism of his foe's character than were most of the Republican leaders. But even Travot was unable to prevent the capture of Charette from being made the subject of public triumph and rejoicing; the captive Royalist was dragged from town to town, so that all who had witnessed his long and gallant resistance to the Republicans, should be spectators of his downfall and of their triumph. Far, however, from effecting their object, his enemies only succeeded in shewing how much they had feared him, and of what great importance they considered the capture of this one man.

At length, to put the last touch, as it were, to his sufferings and indignities, they brought him to Nantes; Nantes, the home of his childhood, the dwelling-place of all his relations and friends; Nantes, which he had entered scarcely a year before with joy and triumph, as the deliverer of La Vendée! On that occasion, a few months after the peace of La Jaunaye, which had given repose for a short time to the Vendeans and Republicans, alike weary of war and bloodshed, he had entered the town in the bright sunshine, and he was greeted with cries of joy and thankfulness as he rode along the streets decked with flags and garlands in his honour; now it was in the silence of night, in darkness and gloom, that he was led to the prison where he was to await the certain sentence of death. Sad contrast! yet the hero, upheld by his courageous loyalty, did not waver for a moment in his noble resolution of cheerfully giving up all, even his life, in the cause for which he had already suffered so much.

Fifty light cavalry, four grenadiers, and an officer, were appointed to guard him closely. 'I shall be well guarded,' he said to the captain, 'your light cavalry are indefatigable; nevertheless, if I had not been wounded, they would not have taken me.'

General Duthil, who now had the charge of Charette, did not shew

the same sympathy for his misfortunes, and respect for his courage, as Travot; on the contrary, he treated his prisoner with great harshness, heaped every kind of insult upon him, and finally caused him to be led through the streets of Nantes in a sort of triumphal procession, in which all the Republican officers took part, marching to the sound of joyous music through those streets which had formerly witnessed the short-lived triumph of the Royalists. Charette, pale and weary, suffering much pain from his wounds, accompanied the cruel procession with failing strength. At last, overcome by sufferings both of mind and body, he fainted. Some charitable person, at the risk of losing his own life, brought him a glass of water; and the Vendean leader recovered sufficiently to be able to continue the sad march for two long hours. One favour he asked, and it was granted to him; he was permitted to avoid passing through that part of the town where his family lived, and his dearly-loved sister was spared the heart-rending sight of his humiliation.

One word only of reproach escaped his lips during this terrible trial of his fortitude and patience; he said to Duthil, 'Had you fallen into my power, I would have had you shot immediately.' Never would it have entered into his noble mind thus to trample upon a fallen foe.

He returned to the prison, and his sister was allowed to visit him there. What a moment of anguish must it have been for her to see her brother, her pride, and the hope of the Royalists, now in the hands of his enemies, and shortly to pass from prison to death! No wonder that she burst into tears. 'Do not weep thus,' said her brother, moved by her sorrow; 'do not weaken my courage. I have fought for God and the King; I am going to die for them. I need all my firmness; I beseech you to restrain your tears. Dear sister, you yourself have often said it to me, we shall all meet again in Heaven.' With brave words like these he strove to comfort his sister; but their last sad interview was cut short by the judges, who summoned the prisoner to go through his trial—one of those hollow mockeries of justice with which the Republicans delighted to torture their victims. There could be no doubt what the sentence of the judges would be; they never made any change in the formula; the 'citizen Charette,' like so many before and after him, was found guilty of having borne arms against the Republic, and condemned to death.

The hero, knowing that his time of trial was nearly over, desired to arrange both his temporal and spiritual affairs before his death. He sent for a tailor whom he had employed for himself and for several of the officers of his army; and, after expressing his sorrow at not being able to pay the whole of the bill, he added: 'My family is not rich enough to pay the debts of the whole army; but I will mark what concerns myself, my brother, M. de Baumelle, and M. Pouce, and that will be paid you. You are surprised to see me here. I might have been in England; but I had sworn to remain with my brave Vendeans,

and I have kept my word.' Trivial as this anecdote may appear, does it not shew a true sense of honour, and a love of justice, even in the smallest matters, well fitted to adorn the character of a Christian and a hero?

His next care was for his soul, and he asked for a priest. One who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Republic *(assermenté)* was brought to him.

'I come, Sir,' said he, 'to offer you the consolations of religion in the terrible situation in which you now are.'

'That is why I asked for you,' answered Charette; 'I abhor your principles, and I do not recognize you as legitimate; but I know that you are able to absolve me at the hour of death. I beg you to hear my confession. I do not wish for any exhortation from you, only absolution.'

With these words he humbly knelt down before the priest and made his confession. Hardly was it ended, when the prison doors were thrown open, and the prisoner was led forth on his last sad journey. As he descended the prison stairs, with the priest by his side reciting the *Miserere* with him, a wretch, who had not even the instinctive respect for misfortune which the lowest and most ignorant usually possess, attacked him with threats and insults; unmoved by them, Charette raised his eyes to heaven, continued his prayer, and calmly followed the procession formed of all the troops in the garrison, who were escorting him to the place of execution. Those around could not fail to be struck by the noble bearing of the prisoner, as he marched through the town, erect, calm, and unflinching.

When he passed through a street and before a house which his sister had indicated to him, he bent his head reverently, for an old man dressed in black and holding a white handkerchief was standing at one of the windows of this house; he was a Catholic priest whom Mdlle. Charette with anxious piety had placed there, fearing lest her brother should have been deprived of religious aid; and this good old priest gave absolution and the last blessing of the Church to the warrior who was about to die for God and the King. Fortified and comforted by this mark of thoughtful affection, he proceeded on his way, till at their arrival at the place appointed for the execution, the soldiers formed into a compact square, with the generals in the centre. Before the signal of death was given, Charette addressed them; not for himself did he raise his voice, but in behalf of his enemy, the Republican general, Jacob, who had just been imprisoned by his own party, as a traitor to the Republic. He bore testimony to his innocence, and acquitted him of having held treacherous communications with the Royalists.

The priest spoke some last words of consolation; but the Vendean leader answered him: 'I have met death a hundred times without fear; I shall do so now for the last time.' He refused to have his eyes covered, and advancing towards the soldiers who were about to fire, he placed

his right hand on his heart, and said to them: 'Soldiers, aim well; it is here that you should strike a brave man. Long live the King! Long live the King!' The words of courage and loyalty had hardly passed his lips when seven balls struck him, and death, the great deliverer, released the weary prisoner from captivity.

A tribute was paid to the memory of Charette, even by his enemies. No cry of triumph arose when he fell, no shout of exultation announced the downfall of the Vendean cause; but a solemn silence reigned about his dead body, broken only by sounds of grief from those among the Royalists who had witnessed the last moments of their gallant leader.

The Republicans feared Charette even in his death; they would not suffer his friends to give him burial, lest the remembrance of him should re-awaken the enthusiasm even of the crushed and subdued peasants, and the war which they had with such difficulty brought to an end should begin again over the corpse of the great leader. They therefore had him buried in a common pit where thousands of other victims of the Revolution had been laid.

But, although no stately monument rises over the ashes of Charette, nothing can efface the memory of such a hero; and the Republicans themselves, by the very care which they took to do away with his glory, added a fresh lustre to it, by shewing in what awe they had held that one man who had for so long kept their armies at bay.

Thus, in 1796, died the last leader of the Vendeans; and with him died out the war, which had been carried on so courageously for more than three years. To all appearance La Vendée was crushed; but before long not only one little corner of France, but the whole country, was to be delivered from the horrors of anarchy and civil war, and united under one iron rule, which, stern as it was, was peace and rest when compared with the Reign of Terror. And within five years after the death of Charette, their priests were restored to the faithful Vendeans, and they were once more permitted to worship in their village churches.

Remembering all the faith and loyalty displayed during the Revolution, when the God for Whom the Vendeans fought was hated, outraged, nay even declared to be 'abolished;' when the King was a child dying of misery and starvation; surely we must believe that in spite of the love of many waxing cold, in spite of heresy, of infidelity, of atheism, some portion of France will ever remain faithful and true; surely the blood of all her martyrs must, in the end, prove the seed of her Church.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Out of the deep, O Lord,
The deep of guilt and shame,
With none to speak the absolving word,
Or plead the Saving Name—

Out of the deep profound
Of fruitless wasted years,
With naught to close the gaping wound,
Save unavailing tears—

Out of the deep, O Lord,
Of racking wearing pain,
When love nor skill can help afford,
To still the throbbing brain—

Out of bereavement's deep,
When those I loved the best,
And lived to love, are sunk to sleep
In long unwaking rest—

From desolation, Lord,
When friendless, lone, forlorn;
Each joy I prized, each hope I stored,
From my sad bosom torn;

When all that lent to life
Its bliss can ne'er return,
And I must wage my lonely strife,
And wait awhile, and mourn—

Out of each deepest deep
The human heart may know,
To Thee I cry; to Thee I weep;
Hear, Lord, my voice of woe.

Ash Wednesday, 1872.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1874.

HERDER'S HYMNS ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

HYMN I.

O Son of God! when wilt Thou come?
We long for Thee, and pray;
We pray—Oh, may Thy Kingdom come!
And look for Thee each day.

The scorners mock, the careless smile,
At our incessant prayer;
And Thou remainest all the while
Far off—we know not where.

Thou saidst, Behold, I quickly come,
At harvest-time to reap;
But tell us now where is Thy home?
The fathers are asleep.

They hoped and sighed, even as we;
Then laid them down to die:
We hope and sigh too after Thee;
When wilt Thou hear our cry?

Oh! dwellest Thou at God's right hand,
In Thy bright Home above;
Hast Thou forgot Thine earthly land,
The home Thou once didst love?

Oh, if Thy teaching were a dream
From which we wake forlorn,
And there is no one to redeem—
Ah! better never born!

Lord, where are those who loved Thee here,
Gave up their lives for Thee,
And hoped that after suffering here,
Thy Face above they'd see?

Are they in heavenly realms above,
With Thee supremely blest?
Do they not long with those they love
To join the wedding-feast?

Soul! if He tarry, watch and pray,
His promises are sure;
His yea is yea, His nay is nay:
Unto the end endure!

HYMN II.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

Awake, awake! and cry with might,
Thou watchman on the Temple's height!
Jerusalem—arise! arise!
What of the night? 'tis midnight past,
The dawn of day is coming fast—
Where are the virgins wise?
Your lamps with care
In haste prepare;
Arise!
Be ready all,
At the last call,
To meet Him in the skies!

Ah! we slumber all and sleep,
The shepherds slumber with the sheep;
The lamp is here, but where the light?
As it was in Noah's day,
They ate and drank, and rose to play,
With Noah in their sight;
We eat and drink,
In cares we sink,
Earth-born care!
Awake, awake!
Your lamps now take,
His coming draweth near!

False Christs, false prophets, sensualists,
Philosophers and rationalists,
Lead now the world astray;

Thinkest thou the Judge will find
In aught here of human kind,
Truth at the last great day?
The world grows old,
Our hearts are cold;
Love is fled:
Formality—idolatry—
By these the world is led.

Serpents around the nations wind,
And all together closely bind,
Instead of brother's hand—
Father, mother, sister, brother,
In one house deceive each other,
And break love's holiest band.
Where is friend true to friend,
Where the faithful heart?
Where truth and love,
Guests from above,
Which man should never part?

Ah! we slumber all and sleep,
The shepherd slumbers with the sheep,
The lamp is here, but where the light?
Drowsy and stupid, scarce we hear
The cry which should appal our ear—
We're sunk in darkest night:
The image of the beast they bear,
Whose heart is overcharged with care—
Earth-born care!
Arise, arise!
Lift up your eyes,
His coming draweth near!

If the householder knew about
The hour at which he must look out,
Think'st thou he'd idly dream?
See how the pious all despair
And wrapped in many a worldly care,
Intoxicated seem:
In the fig-tree
The sap runs free;
See spring appear,
Lift up your eyes,
And realize
By faith the blossom near.

Unfaithful servants! see they beat
Their fellow servants, and entreat
Them spitefully with scornful word;
  Thinkest thou the Judge will find
  True servants left amongst mankind?
    Each one is his own God and Lord—
      'Twill be long before He come;'
      'Perhaps He will not come;'
      'I'm sure He will not come;'—
        So they all say,
        While day by day,
Still nearer draws their awful doom.

Lord, who shall stand in that great day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
  Who then shall meet Thy face!
My best works then shall burn entire;
Unless from the devouring fire
  They're snatched by sovereign grace.
    Saviour, to Thee I fly;
    Hear my imploring cry,
      For Thy Name sake.
    That at the trumpet sound
    I may be ready found,
      Watchful—awake.

HYMN III.

ON THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

The Angel who the chaplet twines,
  To grace our heavenly crown,
He it is treasures up our tears,
  And notes each sorrow down.
What in the darkness we have sown,
  And thought forgotten quite,
Will bloom above a thousand fold,
  And form a crown of Light.

Oh, Truth! thou long hast been condemned,
  'Mid thorns and briars to dwell;
I see, I see thee triumphing
  Against the powers of hell;

Each secret sin, in thy pure light,
Affrighted flees away,
Hiding its guilt in darkest night,
And shrinks in dread dismay.

Deceitful, envious, selfish men,
Where are your shadows, where?
See, Truth and Light are met again,
And Faith and Mercy pair;
Towards friends are pressing friend and friend,
Who struggled here 'gainst sin,
And hoped and laboured to the end,
The Crown of Life to win.

Here mists and darkness parted them,
And time and distance long;
Now in one common brotherhood
They join the angelic throng;
Together will they praise and pray,
Together, hand in hand,
Through the bright fields and pasture stray,
Of the long-promised land.

Elias, Moses, with their *ten*
Bright talents, there will be;
And with their talents *five*, shall I
Both Paul and Luther see.*
Oh, could I lay down by their side
My single talent small;
Then—joyful thought—I could with pride
Them fathers, brothers, call.

And Thou, whose quiet gentle voice
Once drew me ere I knew
How, or of what to make a choice—
And shall I see Thee too!
And may I call Thee Brother, Friend?
And shall I see Thy face
Throughout a long eternity?
Oh, wondrous sovereign grace!

M. B.

* This verse must stand as a curiosity; though how anyone can presume to judge of the number of St. Paul's talents, or how even a Lutheran can place the Reformer on the same level, is a marvel.—Ed.

PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD.

PAUL DUHALDE, born at Paris, the son of a jeweller, was little more than sixteen years old at the time of his father's death. His mother sent him at once into Spain into a house of business. Here, young as he was, he was rash enough to set up on his own account, and failed. Disheartened, he shortly returned to France. His mother, dissatisfied with a journey from which her son had derived neither profit nor experience, was for sending him back into Spain; but on second thoughts, she placed him with a tradesman at Rouen. Duhalde soon tired of this, and after a voyage in the South Seas finds himself in America. No sooner has he arrived there, than his uneasy fancies carry him back to France.

In this expedition he keeps a diary, in which he enters every event of his life up to this date—his travels, all that has happened to him, the places where he has stopped, with full details. This diary records that Duhalde has promised to the poor the sixteenth part of any profit resulting from his voyage into the South Seas. It was an empty promise: the profits were *nil*.

In May, 1717, Duhalde returns to Paris. There he remains seven months, busy in making out an account against his mother, in her double capacity as partner and guardian. He is now in his twenty-seventh year. Shortly afterwards, having entered into partnership with two tradesmen, he starts for Madrid. Unsuccessful again, he returns to Paris in February, 1719.

And now, giving himself up to most desponding reflections, he conceives the strangest idea—the most Christian idea, too, we might add—that ever entered the human mind. His plan is to make a partnership with God. He enters it in his diary under date, Sept. 24th, 1719. Thus it begins:—'I determine to take God into partnership, promising and engaging to carry out the following articles. And I bind my heirs, whosoever they may be, to their strict execution in case I should die without having discharged my obligations.'

This partnership, which is for the purchase and sale of precious stones, is to last for five years—from October 1st, 1719, to October 1st, 1724. He estimates his property at three thousand piastres, Spanish money—that is, in French money, fifteen thousand francs. (£600.) This is his contribution to the capital of the firm—all that remains to him from his father's property and his mother's gifts. He bars himself from entering into any other partnership during the five years, with the single exception of marriage.

Duhalde engages to draw up a balance-sheet immediately on the completion of the five years. He is to be entitled to a prior claim from the business upon, first, the three thousand piastres advanced by him; secondly, the dowry which he may have received with any wife; thirdly,

any legacies which may have fallen to him meanwhile. After which, he adds, 'the balance shall be divided between God and myself.'

The partnership being thus arranged, Duhalde starts anew for Spain. The first results are not hopeful. Before long, he asks the patronage of the Marquis Scotti, by whom he is favourably received. He obtains the title of Jeweller to the King and Queen of Spain. Nevertheless, his connection with the palace, which this title has opened to him, remains long unfruitful.

Some few years after this, the double marriage between France and Spain is set on foot; he takes measures for providing the jewellery likely to be required. But finding himself thwarted and all but supplanted by a Spanish jeweller, he can see no course open but to admit the foreigner to an equal share in the transaction. Duhalde, then, holding their joint funds, goes to Paris and makes his purchases. Success crowns and even surpasses his hopes. Henceforth Paris is to be his home.

In January, 1722, he married Marie-Anne de Hansy, the daughter of a bookseller. She brings him a fortune of thirty thousand francs, of which fifteen thousand are put into the business. The contract contains the clause that the partners are not to be liable for any debts contracted before marriage. Duhalde is now worth more than fifty thousand francs.

In September, 1722, his mother dies. Duhalde's share is thus increased to seventy thousand two hundred and twenty-six francs.

In May, 1725, a son is born to him.

He does not lose sight of the engagement he has made with God. Out of the common funds he takes from time to time different sums for distribution among the poor. These payments are all carefully entered in his books.

The partnership expired the 1st October, 1724. Duhalde winds up the accounts, having carefully entered all the receipts and outgoings. The gifts to the poor amount to thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-four francs; he has since sunk two thousand four hundred francs in an annuity of a hundred and fifty francs on an aged woman. This is duly mentioned in his diary.

In his account of the partnership, Duhalde distinguishes three sorts of precious stones, which go to make up his profit; some are at Amsterdam, others at Madrid, the rest at Paris. He makes up the accounts of the poor; but as their share consists of precious stones, the greater part of which are in foreign countries, and moreover, as prices have somewhat fallen, instead of valuing them he contents himself with making an entry of them, putting such as he has in Paris into small parcels, on which he adds this endorsement—'Half for the poor.' And at the bottom of the account, in which is specified all that falls to the poor, he writes as follows:—'My curse and malediction on my heirs, whoever they may be, who, on any pretext whatever, withhold from the poor the half of all that accrues from the above-mentioned articles of jewellery and stones, if God should dispose of me before I have made acquittance

for myself, even though my property should, by any unforeseen misfortune, be reduced to the exact sum due to the poor; inasmuch as this must be looked upon as a deposit, to be scrupulously returned to its owner.'

However, an ingenious charity provides Duhalde with the means of commencing the payment of his debt to the poor. He draws eight bonds, each of a thousand francs, payable to order, year by year, from 1725 to 1732, the money to be spent in alms. He places these bonds in the hands of the Vicaire of Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois. They bear date, January, 1725.

The 14th of that same month, Duhalde is seized with illness, and makes his will. In it he declares that 'his books contain many entries which concern the poor.' He desires his executor 'to examine these entries with the most careful exactness, and to carry them into effect in their most liberal interpretation.' Two months later he dies, leaving a widow under age, and an infant son.

His books are examined, and an inventory taken. The executor communicates with the administrators of the Hospital-General, (corresponding to some extent with our Charity Commissioners). They are present at the inventory. Among the effects of the deceased are found the packets of precious stones, endorsed, 'Half for the poor.' In his diary is found a list of his debts, that which he owes to the poor being classed among those not demanding immediate payment.

The administrators make their formal demand against the guardian of the mother and child, that he shall make over to the Hospital-General the half of the diamonds belonging to the poor from this partnership, and amounting, according to the valuation, to eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty francs. The guardian demands a moderation of the alms, and will compound for fifteen thousand nine hundred francs. He demands also a judicial order which shall have the force of a legal release. The matter is brought to a hearing, when the guardian changes his tone; he now holds himself bound by his office to treat Duhalde's wishes as an extravagance, and contests the matter in the name of the widow and the orphan. The widow complains that it is a robbery committed upon her interest.

The Counsel for the Directors of the Hospital-General maintains that Duhalde's disposition of his property is incontestable; that its confirmation, as consistent with both law and equity, cannot be resisted, whether this disposition be regarded as a partnership, a vow, or a legacy, or classed among those which the law styles '*Pollicitations*,' that is, engagements to do or to give something—an engagement which a private person may contract with the public by his mere act.

The guardian of the young widow and infant urges, on the other hand, that a partnership contracted with God is a whim, which had never entered any man's head before—an act which justice is bound to prevent from being carried into effect, as prejudicial to a widow under age and to her infant child; and that a simple statement in a will cannot

establish a partnership which is absolutely invalid. He maintains that the disposition of Duhalde, by whatever name it be called, cannot stand by itself; that even were it valid, it was not in his power to make it; and that even if he had had power to make it, it could not be put into execution, owing to the limitations imposed by the law in favour of near relatives.

The judgement pronounced on the motion of the Advocate-General, orders 'that the will of Duhalde, and other acts referred to in the will, be carried into effect according to their form and tenour; therefore condemns the guardian of the widow and her son to make over to the Directors of the Hospital-General the precious stones bequeathed to the poor, or to pay their worth in money according to the valuation already made, or a new valuation to be made by experts, approved by both parties, or nominated by the court; the guardian to have the option of paying to the said Directors the sum of eight thousand francs; his election to be made in a fortnight, or the privilege to be forfeited: costs to be paid out of the estate.

This judgement bears date the 3rd of April, 1726.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

(AS PAINTED BY MULLER.)

THE Three are there, the Sacred Three:
To One the Angel plays;
What are the heavenly words that he
Through his sweet music says?

He kneels before the Holy Child,
Whose infant fingers press
A crimson rose; the Virgin mild
Folds Him in fond caress.

The Infant's raptured eyes upgaze,
Deep joying in the notes;
But two hear not the song of praise
That round them ceaseless floats.

St. Joseph downward looks, and smiles,
In awe-struck love, to see
What heavenly mystery beguiles
The fair Babe's reverie.

The Mother bends to watch, and keeps
  In her pure heart each glance,
Each movement, that divinely steeps
  Her soul in musing trance.

But only *He* the music hears,
  And knows an Angel nigh;
What are the joys, the hopes, the fears,
  The music wafts on high?

That wailing note of pain—*The Cross!*
  That discord—*Death beat down!*
Those tearful harmonies—*Love's gain!*
  That chord—*The Triune Crown!*

The Angel knows, the Child can hear
  The sad sweet story's tune;
But be the others e'er so near,
  For them 'tis told too soon.

Not yet may they such Angel Friends
  Behold, not yet may know
The message that the Father sends
  To His dear Son below.

There comes a shameful day, when they
  The mystic music's song
Hear in their wakened hearts, and pray,
  'How long, O Lord? how long?'

Then, not too soon, a lovelier sound—
  The Resurrection lay—
Shall make their stricken hearts to bound
  With joy for Easter Day.

E'en now the Angel sings of this—
  '*The Cross—the Grave—the Sky!*'
But only *One* can know and kiss
  The rod that draweth nigh.

Come, Holy Child, and teach us all
  That song—not yet grown old;
Come in the Christmas snows, and call
  Thy children to one fold!

B. C. MEDHURST.

December, 1874.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XII.

PASTORAL VISITING.

A finger's breadth at hand may mar
A world of light in heaven afar;
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eye-lid hide the sky.
Keble.

THE dinner was over, and Cecil was favouring the audience with a severely classical piece of music, when, under cover thereof, a low voice said to Julius, 'Now, really and truly, tell me how he is getting on?'

'Really and truly, Jenny?'

'Well, not as you would tell Mamma, for instance; but as you think in your secret soul.'

'I am sorry you think me so duplex.'

'Come, you understand how anxious I am about the boy.'

'Exactly!' And they both laughed.

'Is that all?' said Joanna Bowater.

'*Really and truly* it is! Rose can manage him much better than I can.'

'He is very fond of her; but does he—is he—is his heart in his work?' asked the sister, looking with her honest eyes earnestly at Julius, her contemporary and play-fellow as a child, and afterwards the companion with whom she had worked out many a deep problem, rendering mutual assistance that made each enter in no common degree into the inner thoughts of the other.

Julius smiled. 'I doubt whether he has come to his heart yet.'

'Why should he be so young? Think what you were at twenty-three?'

'I never had Herbert's *physique;* and that makes an immense difference. I had no taste or capacity for what is a great privation to a fine young fellow like him. Don't look startled! He attempts nothing unfitting; he is too good and dutiful, but—'

'Yes, I know what that *but* means.'

'Nothing to be unhappy about. You know how blameless he has always been at Eton and Oxford; and though he may view his work rather in a school-boy aspect, and me as a task-master, as long as he is doing right the growth is going on. Don't be unhappy, Jenny! His great clear young voice is delightful to hear; he is capital at choral practices, and is a hero to all the old women and boys, the more so for the qualities that earnestness cannot give, but rather detracts from.'

'You mean that he is not in earnest?'

'Don't pervert all I say! He is not past the time of life when all appointed work seems a task, and any sort of excuse a valid cause against it; but he is conscientious, and always good-humoured under a scolding, —and Rosamond does not spare him,' he added, laughing.

'Then you don't think there has been a mistake about him?' said Jenny, in a low voice of alarm.

'I have little doubt that when anything developes his inner life, so as to overcome the great strong animal that demands play and exercise, he will be a most useful clergyman.'

'Perhaps he is too young, though I don't see how it could be helped. Papa always intended it, because of the living; and Herbert never wished anything else. I thought he really desired it, but now I don't know whether he did not only take it as a matter of course.'

'Obedience is no unwholesome motive. As things stood, to delay his ordination would have been a stigma he did not deserve; and though he might have spent a year with advantage in a theological college, pupillage might only have prolonged his boyhood. It must be experience, not simply years of study, that deepens him.'

'Ah, those studies!'

'To tell the truth, that's what I am most uneasy about. I take care he should have two hours every forenoon, and three evenings every week free; but when a man is in his own neighbourhood, and so popular, I am afraid he does not get many evenings at home; and I can't hinder Bindon from admonishing him.'

'No,' said the sister; 'nothing will stir him till the examination is imminent; but I will try what I can do with him for the present. Here he comes, the dear old idle fellow!'

'Joanie, here you are at last, in conclave with the Rector. Lady Rose wants me to sing, and you must accompany me. No one is so jolly for picking one up.'

'Picking one up' was apt to be needed by Herbert, who had a good ear and voice, but had always regarded it as 'bosh' to cultivate them, except for the immediately practical purposes that had of late been forced on him. The choral society had improved him; but Jenny was taken aback by being called on to accompany him in 'Mrs. Brown's Luggage;' and his father made his way up to him, saying, 'Eh, Herbert! is that the last clerical fashion?'

''Tis my Rectoress who sets me on, Sir,' was Herbert's merry answer, looking at her. 'Now, Lady Rose, you'll keep me in countenance! My father has never heard you sing 'Coming through the Rye.'

'No, no, Herbert, my singing is only to amuse little boys! Here's the higher order of art!'

For Cecil was leading a young lady to the piano, and looking as if she by no means approved of such folly, though everybody had listened to the 'Poor Old Cockatoo,' laughed and applauded heartily; and the

ensuing performance seemed to be unappreciated by anyone except Raymond and Cecil themselves.

Anne was sitting in a corner of the sofa, with a straight back and weary face, having been driven out into the throng by the old friends who came to sit with Mrs. Poynsett; but she brightened as Miss Bowater took a seat beside her, and accepted her inquiries for Captain Charnock far more graciously than the many which had preceded them. Was not her likeness in his album? And had he not spoken of her as one whom Anne would like?

Soon Joanna had led her to tell not only of Miles's last letter, but of those from Glen Fraser, of which she had spoken to no one, under the impression that nobody cared. She even spoke of the excellent farm and homestead which Mr. Van Dorp wanted to sell before going to the Free State, and which her father thought would exactly suit Miles.

'Does he mean to settle there?'

'Oh yes; he promised me to leave the navy and take me home as soon as this voyage is over,' said Anne eagerly. 'If the Salamanca only puts in for long enough, he might run up to Glen Fraser, and see Bocksfeld Stoop, and settle it all at once. I am sure he would be delighted with it, and it is only two miles from Mr. Pilgrim's.'

'I'm afraid you can never feel this like home?' said Jenny.

'Miles wanted me to know his family, and thought I should be useful to his mother,' said Anne; 'but she does not want anything I could do for her. If she has Raymond, she seems to need nobody else.'

'And have you nothing to do?'

'I have letters to write to Miles and to them all at home; and I am making a whole set of shirts and stockings for Papa and the boys—it will spare Mamma and Jeanie, and I have plenty of time.'

'Too much, I am afraid! But Herbert said you were very useful at the Work Society at Wilsbro'.'

'Not now.'

'Indeed!'

'No,' in the old cold dry tone. But while Jenny was doubting whether to inquire further, innate sympathy conquered, and Anne added, 'I wonder whether I did wrong!'

'As how?' asked Joanna kindly.

'They said'—she lowered her voice—'I must never speak on religious subjects.'

'How do you mean? What had you done?'

'One day I found a woman crying because her husband had gone away to seek work, so I told her my husband was further away, and repeated the texts I like. She was so much comforted, that I printed them on a card for her.'

'Was that all?'

'No; there was another poor dear that was unhappy about her baby; and when I bade her pray for it she did not know how, so I had to tell

her a little. There is one who does know her Saviour, and I did love to have a few words of peace with her.'

'And was that what was objected to?'

'Yes; they said it would change the whole character of the institution.'

'Who did?'

'Cecil—Mrs. Charnock Poynsett. I think Lady Tyrrell and Mrs. Duncombe desired her. I thought it was no place for me where I might not speak one word for Christ, and I said so; but since I have wondered whether the old Adam did not speak in me, and I ought to have gone on.'

'My wonder,' said Jenny indignantly, 'would be what right they had to stop you. This was private interference, not from the Vicar or the committee.'

'But I am not a real visiting lady. I only go to help Cecil.'

'I see; but why didn't you ask Julius what was right? He would have told you.'

'Oh no, I could not.'

'Why not?'

'It would seem like a complaint of Cecil. Besides—'

'Besides?'

'I don't think Julius is a Christian.'

The startling announcement was made in so humble and mournful a voice as almost to disarm Jenny's resentment; and before she had recovered enough for a reply, she was called to take leave of her parents.

Her brother was the professed object of her visit, and she was only at the Hall because there was no accommodation at his lodgings, so that she had no scruple in joining the early breakfast spread for the Rector and his wife, so as to have the morning free for him; but she found Julius alone, saying that his wife was tired after the party; and to Jenny's offer to take her class, he replied, 'Thank you, it will be a great kindness if you will teach; but Rose has no regular class. Teaching is not much in her line; and it is a pity she should have to do it, but we have to make the most of the single hour they allow us for godliness.'

'Don't you utilize Mrs. Charnock? or is she not strong enough for early hours?'

'Poor Anne! The truth is, I am afraid of her. I fancy all her doctrine comes out of the Westminster Catechism.'

'Could Calvinism be put in at seven years old? Would not it be a pouring of stiff glue into a narrow-necked phial?'

'Result—*nil*.'

'A few pure drops might get in—and you could give her books.'

'It had struck me that it might be wholesome work for her; but the children's good must stand first. And timid and reserved as she seems, she insisted on preaching at the work-room, so that Cecil had to put a stop to it.'

'Are you certain about that preaching?'

'Rose heard of it from Cecil herself.'

'Did she ask what it amounted to?'

'I don't know; perhaps I had better find out. I remember it came after that ride to Sirenwood. By-the-bye, Jenny, I wish Cecil could be hindered from throwing herself into that oak of Broceliande!'

'Are not you so suspicious that you see the waving arms and magic circles everywhere?'

'A friendship with anyone here is so unnatural, that I can't but think it a waving of hands boding no good. And there is worse than friendship in that quarter too.'

'Oh, but Lenore is quite different!'

'A Vivienne still!' said Julius bitterly. 'If she costs poor Frank nothing more than his appointment, it will be well.'

'I don't understand!'

'She caught him in her toils two years ago at Rockpier; and now she is playing fast and loose with him—withdrawing, as I believe; and at any rate, keeping the poor foolish boy in such an agitation, that he can't or won't settle to his reading; and Driver thinks he will break down.'

'I can't think it of Lenore.—Oh! good morning, Raymond!'

'Good morning! May I come to breakfast number one? I have to go to Backsworth.'

'Yes,' said Jenny; 'we told Papa it was too bad to put you on the Prison Committee. What does your wife say?'

'My wife has so many occupations, that she is very sufficient for herself,' said Raymond. 'I hope you will get on with her, Jenny. If she could only be got to think you intellectual!'

'Me? O Raymond! you've not been telling her so?' exclaimed Jenny, laughing heartily.

'A very superior coach in divinity, &c.,' said Julius, in a tone half banter, half earnest; but Jenny exclaimed in distress, 'No, no, no, say nothing about that! It would never do for Herbert to have it known. Don't let him guess that you know.'

'Quite right, Jenny; never fear,' said Julius; 'though it is tempting to ask you to take Frank in hand at the same time.'

'Have you seen anything of the Vivians?' asked Raymond.

'Very little. I hoped to see something of Eleonora from hence.'

'I can't understand that young lady,' said Julius. 'She was very friendly when first we met her; but now she seems absolutely repellent.'

'*Tant mieux*,' muttered Raymond.

'They seem inclined to take up all the good works in hand,' said Jenny. 'By-the-bye! what is all this story about Raymond affronting Wilsbro' by stirring up their gutters? Papa has been quite in a state of mind for fear they should take offence and bring in Mr. Moy.'

'Julius only thinks I have not stirred the gutters enough,' said

Raymond. 'And after all, it is not I, but Whitlock. I was in hopes that matters might have been properly looked after if Whitlock had been chosen mayor this year; but, somehow, a cry was got up that he was going to bring down a sanitary commission, and put the town to great expense; and actually, this town-council have been elected *because* they are opposed to drainage.'

'And Truelove, the grocer, is mayor.'

'Yes; one of the most impracticable men I ever encountered. One can't get him so much as to understand anything. Now Briggs does understand, only he goes by £ *s. d.*'

'Posterity has done nothing for me, and I will do nothing for posterity, is his principle,' said Julius. 'Moreover, he is a Baptist.'

'No chance for the Church in his time,' said Jenny.

'There's the less harm in that,' said Raymond, 'that the plan is intolerable. Briggs's nephew took the plan of what he calls a German Rat-house, for the town-hall, made in gilt gingerbread; and then adapted the Church to a beautiful similarity. If that could be staved off by waiting for the bazaar, or by any other means, there might be a chance of something better. So poor Fuller thinks, though he is not man enough to speak out at once.'

'Then the bazaar is really fixed!'

'So far as the resolution goes of the lady population, though Julius is sanguine, and hopes to avert it. After all, I believe the greatest obstructive to improvement is Moy.'

'Old Mr. Proudfoot's son-in-law?' said Jenny. 'I know he has blossomed out in great splendour on our side of the country, and his daughter is the general wonder. Papa is always declaring he will set up in opposition to you.'

'Not much fear of that,' said Raymond. 'But the man provokes me, he has so much apparent seriousness.'

'Even to the persecution of Dr. Easterby,' put in Julius. 'And yet he is the great supporter of that abominable public-house in Water Lane, the Three Pigeons—which, unluckily, escaped the fire. He owns it and all those miserable tenements beyond it, and nothing will move him an inch towards doing any good there!'

'I remember,' said Jenny, 'Papa came home very angry on the licensing day; the police had complained of the Three Pigeons, and the magistrates would have taken away the license, but that Mr. Moy made such a personal matter of it.'

'You don't mean that he is a magistrate!' exclaimed Julius.

'Yes,' said Raymond. 'He got the ear of the Lord Lieutenant.'

'And since old Mr. Proudfoot died, and he has lived at the Lawn, they have all quite set up for county people or anything you please,' said Jenny, a little bitterly. 'Mrs. Moy drives about with the most stylish pair of ponies; and as to Miss Gussie, she is making herself into a proverb! I can't bear them!'

'Well done, Jenny!' exclaimed Julius.

'Perhaps it is wrong,' said Jenny, in a low voice. 'I dare say I am not just. You know I always did think Mr. Moy could have cleared Archie if he would,' she added, with a slightly trembling tone.

'So did I,' said Raymond. 'I gave him the opportunity after George Proudfoot's death; but when the choice lay between two memories, one could hardly wonder if he preferred to shield his brother-in-law.'

'Or himself!' said Jenny, under her breath.

'Come, Jenny,' said Julius, feeling that the moment for interruption had come; 'it is time we should be off. Methinks there are sounds as if the whole canine establishment at Mrs. Hornblower's were prancing up to meet us.'

So it proved; and Jenny had to run the gauntlet through the ecstasies of all the dogs, whose ecclesiastical propriety was quite overthrown, for they danced about her to the very threshold of the church, and had to have the door shut on their very noses. That drop of bitterness, which her sad brief story could not fail to have left in poor Joanna's heart, either passed out of mind in what followed, or was turned into the prayer, 'And to turn their hearts;' and she was her bright self again for her promised assistance at the school.

Then Herbert's address was, 'Come, Joan, I promised to take you to see the Reeves's pheasant at the Outwood Lodge. Such a jolly old woman!'

'The pheasant?'

'No; the keeper's mother. Tail a yard long! I don't see why we shouldn't turn them out at home. If Father won't take it up, I shall write to Phil.'

'Thank you, Herbs. Hadn't you better secure a little reading first? I could wait; I've got to write to Will.'

'The post doesn't go till five.'

'But I want to get it done. The mail goes to-morrow.'

'You'll do it much better after a walk. I can't understand anything after the fumes of the school, unless I do a bit of visiting first; and that pheasant is a real stunner. It really is parish work, Jenny. Look here, this is what I'm reading her.'

'Learn to Die!' said Jenny, laughing heartily. 'Nothing could be more appropriate, only you should have begun before October.'

'You choose to make fun of everything!' answered Herbert gruffly; and Jenny, deciding that she would see a specimen day, made her peace by consenting to share in the pastoral visit, whether to pheasant or peasant. Indeed, a walk with Herbert was one of the prime pleasures of her life—and this was delightful, along broad gravelled drives through the autumnal woods, with tinted beech leaves above, and brackens of all shades of brown, green, and yellow beneath. And it was charming to see Herbert's ways with the old woman—a dainty old dame, such as is grown in the upper ranks of service, whom he treated with a hearty,

bantering, coaxing manner, which she evidently enjoyed extremely. His reading, for he *did* come to more serious matters, was very good—in a voice that without effort reached deaf ears, and with feeling about it that did a great deal to reassure his sister that there was something behind the big bright boy.

But by the time he had done the honours of all the pheasants, and all the dogs, and all the ferrets, and all the stuffed birds, and all the eggs, (for the keeper was a bit of a naturalist,) and had discussed Mr. Frank's last day's shooting, it was so late, that Jenny had only just time to walk back to the Hall at her best pace, to see Mrs. Poynsett for a few minutes before luncheon; and her reception was, 'Is that Herbert's step? Call him in, my dear!—You must make the most of your sister, Herbert. Come in to all meals while she is here.'

He heard with gratitude—his sister with consternation. If forenoon pastoral visits were to be on that scale, and he dined out whenever he was not at school or at church, how would his books fare? and yet she could not grudge his pleasure. She could not help looking half foolish, half sad, when she met the Rector's eye.

Julius thought so much of her advice, as to knock at Cecil's sitting-room door, and begging to ask her a question; and as she liked to be consulted, she welcomed him hospitably into that temple, sacred to culture and to Dunstone—full of drawings, books, and china.

'I was thinking,' he said, 'of offering Anne some parish work. I wanted to know if you saw any objection?'

'Certainly not; I have not been able to make acquaintance yet with all our tenants, but they seem quite to understand the difference in our positions,' said Cecil, with due deliberation.

Julius choked his amusement, and waived that point. 'But did you not feel obliged to decline her services at the Wil'sbro' work-room?'

'That was quite another thing. What was most undesirable in such an institution, would be all very well for your old women.'

'What kind of thing?'

'Talking piously, giving away texts, and so on; just the way to make the women think we intended to impose religious instruction and give a sectarian character, defeating our own object.'

'Was there any flaw in what she said?'

'I can't tell what she said. It was just a little murmur over the work.'

'Not preaching?'

'Not in that sense,' said Cecil, with a little compunction.

'I am glad to hear it; it makes a great difference.'

'You see,' said the lady, 'our institution is merely intended to support these women in the time of want; and if we were to couple our assistance we should just sink into a mothers meeting, and make the women think—'

'Think that you prize the soul more than the body,' said Julius, as she halted in search of a word. 'I understand, Cecil; you would not be in the prevailing fashion. I don't want to argue that point, only to understand about Anne.'

So saying, he went at once to Anne's abode, the old school-room, which like everything else belonging to Mrs. Miles Charnock, had a sad-coloured aspect, although it had been fitted up very prettily. The light was sombre, and all the brighter pictures and ornaments seemed to have been effaced by a whole gallery of amateur photographs, in which the glories of the African bush were represented by brown masses of shade variegated by blotches of white. Even in Miles's own portrait on the table, the gold seemed overwhelmed by the dark blue; and even as Julius entered, she shut it up in its brown case, as too sacred for even his brother's eyes.

However, a flush of pleasure came to her pale face at the invitation to take a class, and to read to a good old woman, whom in his secret soul he thought so nearly a dissenter, that she could not be made more so. She promised her help with some eagerness, for as long as she should remain in England, and accepted the books he gave her without protest. Nay, that same evening, she took Jenny off into her grey abode, to consult her whether, since she must now join the early breakfast, she could go to daily service without becoming formal.

She even recurred to her question, whether Julius was a Christian, without nearly as much negation in her tones as before; and Jenny, taking it as it was meant, vouched for his piety, so as might render it a little more comprehensible to one matured on Scottish Calvinism and English Methodism, diluted in devout undogmatic minds, with no principle more developed than horror of Popery and of worldliness. Turned loose in solitude, reserve, and sadness, on her husband's family, who did nothing but shock her with manifestations of the latter, she could hardly turn even to the clerical portion of it, while Julius, as well as his curates, bore all the tokens by which she had been taught to know a Papist. Daily intercourse was perhaps drawing her a little towards her brother-in-law; but Herbert Bowater united these obnoxious externals to a careless tongue, and joyous easy-going manner, and taste for amusement, which so horrified Anne, that she once condoled with his sister, and proposed to unite in prayer for his conversion; but this was more than Joanna could bear, and she cried, 'I only wish I were as good a Christian as dear Herbert!'

For, indeed, the sister's heart intensely esteemed his sweetness, honesty, and simplicity, even while she found it up-hill work to coax him to steady work. After that first morning he was indeed ashamed to let her see the proportion between his pastoral visits to his theological reading; but the newspapers (he had two or three weekly ones) had a curious facility of expansion, and there was a perilous sound in 'I'll just see where the meet is,'—not that he had the most distant idea of repairing

thither; it was pure filial interest in learning where his father and Edith would be.

Jenny could not tell whether her presence conduced to diligence or to chatter, but he minded her more than anyone else, and always stuck close to her, insisting on her admiring all his protegés. There was one with whom he was certainly doing a work, which, as Julius truly said, no one more clerical could have done so well—namely, the son of his landlady, a youth who held a small clerkship in an office at Willansborough, and who had fallen this year under the attraction of the Backsworth races, so as to get into serious difficulties with his master, and narrowly escape dismissal for the sake of his mother.

The exceeding good nature and muscular Christian side of the lodger's character, was having a most happy effect on the lad. He had set up a regular hero worship, which Herbert encouraged by always calling for him when going to the choral practices, getting him into the choir, lending him books, and inviting him to read in his room in the evening. How much they played with the dogs was not known; but at any rate, Harry Hornblower was out of mischief, and his mother was so grateful to Mr. Bowater, that she even went the length of preferring his sermons to those of both his seniors.

The discovery that most vexed Jenny was that Sirenwood had so much of his time. He seemed to be asked to come to dinner whenever Sir Harry saw him, or a chair was left vacant at a party; and though his Rector was inexorable as to releasing him on casual notice from the parish avocations of three nights in the week, the effect was grumbling as savage as was possible from so good-humoured a being; and now and then a regular absence without leave, and a double growl at the consequent displeasure. It was true that in ten minutes he was as hearty and friendly as ever to his colleagues, but that might be only a proof of his disregard of their reproofs, and their small effect.

Eleonora Vivian was not the attraction. No; Herbert thought her a proud, silent, disagreeable girl, and could see no beauty in her; but he had a boy's passion for the matured splendour of her sister's beauty; and she was so kind to him!

What could Jenny mean by looking glum about it? She was stunningly good, and all that. She had done no end of good with clubs and mothers meetings at her married home; and it was no end of a pity she was not in Compton parish, instead of under poor wretched old Fuller, whom you could not stir—no, not if you tied a fire-brand to his tail.

(To be continued.)

SPEEDWELL.

CHAPTER VI.

AMY.

More than three years had passed since the felling of the great elm at Alston Manor, when one cold day, late in January, Mrs. Lockhart was making her way up from the village, meditating upon the somewhat embarrassing question how to teach Helen to be rather more reticent without making her self-conscious.

Helen had chanced to remark that morning, that she did not think being grown up made much difference in one's life; and Mrs. Lockhart was wondering, firstly, whether after all Helen *were* anything like grown up at seventeen, and secondly, whether it were not her own duty (if only she knew how to set about it) to teach her to let it make a little more difference in her behaviour.

It was a great anxiety to Mrs. Lockhart, to see that whilst Helen was as childishly fond of fun and play as ever, Leonard Calvert, now nearly of age, was her devoted slave and admirer; and that whilst Mrs. Lockhart fancied it was a serious matter with *him*, Helen still carried on the sort of bantering patronage, which her mother had ineffectually tried to check in its first beginnings. She hoped that it was too openly acknowledged and laughed about, to be of serious consequence; but she felt it was a very good thing, that before many months were over, Leonard would no longer be an inhabitant of Alston; and that the sort of daily intercourse which she distrusted, would have ceased, as a matter of course, before Helen need appear to the world as a come-out young lady.

In spite of all her attempts to set her mind at rest, Mrs. Lockhart was anxious; and it was almost a guilty start that she gave, when she heard the Vicar call her name, and paused, whilst he hurried up, quite out of breath. He did not, however, accuse her of ill-using his nephew; he came to entreat that she and Esther would dine at the Vicarage that evening; he had a friend coming down to him on purpose to make their acquaintance. Mrs. Lockhart looked surprised. 'It is only Amy,' he explained, as if, the Christian name once given, there was no possibility of her misunderstanding. Still she was quite in the dark. 'Amy?' she repeated absently, whilst she hastily ran over in her mind all the Amys of her acquaintance, and thought none of them in the least likely to come and stay *tête à tête* with Mr. Graham, on purpose to meet her and Esther.

Mr. Graham seemed half offended. 'Amy Lettridge—Mrs. Hay,' he said; 'surely Osmond told you she was expected in England?'

'Mrs. Hay!' she answered with interest, 'oh yes, I did hear she was coming home before long; I shall like to meet her very much.'

There is generally some awkwardness in the first meeting of two women who have thought a great deal about one another beforehand; and far as Esther was from being self-conscious, she could not have helped feeling anxious that Amy Hay should like her; had it ever occurred to her that Amy had any desire to see *her* individually, and that she was not simply asked as an attendant on her mother? When the evening came, however, there was no stiffness or shyness—no beginning of making acquaintance.

The door of the chilling bachelor drawing-room was hardly opened, before a small fairy-like creature in black velvet had caught both Mrs. Lockhart's hands, and put up its face to be kissed with childish eagerness. The same process was gone through with Esther, and then Amy seated herself between them on the sofa, and began to talk as if she had known them all her life.

'I hope you are not very hungry,' she said, 'for our worthy friend, the Vicar, has just remembered four letters that absolutely must be written before post time; but I dare say you have already learnt how often that happens.'

Mrs. Lockhart laughed, and then turned to take a fuller view of the confiding stranger. There was considerable likeness of feature between Amy and her brother; both had the same soft light hair, and very fair complexion, that make people look much younger than they really are, and the same sharply cut features; but Amy was all in miniature, with beautiful little hands and feet; and the expression of the two faces was totally different.

In spite of Amy's warning, Mr. Graham soon appeared, and they went into the dining-room. It was a very different meal from any that the Lockharts had ever taken there before, for Amy was far more impudent to Mr. Graham than Esther had believed that anyone could be; and he thawed marvellously under the fire of her saucy fun, defending his bachelor housekeeping against her charge of stinginess, and appealing to Mrs. Lockhart whether Leonard (who was well above six foot high) seemed stunted by starvation? Amy was a great and an amusing talker, and possessed also the rarer gift of making others talk as well as herself; and though she did approach to being a rattle, she was so very agreeable and winning, that it was impossible to criticise her severely.

When they left the dining-room, her mood changed. 'There!' she said, putting an arm round each of her companions. 'I have done a cruel thing in disturbing Mr. Graham's time-honoured ways, have I not? but I have told him to go on as if I was not here, and go to his study and his sermon as usual, for I don't want him at all now I have you; only if he likes a cup of tea, he may come for it at nine. I am his god-daughter, you know, and he likes me to teaze him. Oh! you don't know what he has been to us all!' she added, with a sudden change of tone, and tears glittering in her eyes. She at once shook off all depression, however.

'Come,' she said, 'there is so much to say, that I am sure we shall never begin till it is fire-light. Do sit in the arm-chair, dear Mrs. Lockhart; and there is a stool for Esther in the warm corner; I am going to sit on the rug at your feet as soon as ever I have blown out the candles.' And suiting the action to the word, Amy coiled herself up in the fire-light, looking up into her new friend's face. Mrs. Lockhart gazed at her with an expression, half amused, half puzzled. 'You are not vexed? You don't think me very impertinent?' Amy said, with sudden piteousness; 'please don't; I know you are so kind, that I cannot help loving you, and forgetting you do not know all about me.'

Mrs. Lockhart bent down, and tenderly kissed the sweet open face. 'Not at all vexed, dear child,' she said; 'only amused to think that you are a married woman, not a girl.'

'Oh, that is what Charley says,' answered Amy. 'He declares I am a greater baby now than when he married me eight whole years ago. You must see dear old Charley by-and-bye.'

'Where is Captain Hay?' Mrs. Lockhart inquired.

'He is gone down to see his poor old sisters,' said Amy; 'he has come home because of his father's death, and we think he will be a greater comfort without me this first visit, so I came here meantime. He would not let me go to Ashmoor without him, for fear Lady Mary and I should scratch each other's eyes out. Of course I want dreadfully to see Papa; but I can't stand Lady Mary after the way she has treated Osmond. I am not at all like Osmond,' she added, looking up half timidly in Mrs. Lockhart's face. 'I can't help hating people who injure him, or Charley, or me, and he only likes them the better. I am not like him—only just not too bad to love him better than anything else in the world.' She hid her face in Mrs. Lockhart's lap, to hide a few loving tears; and her friend only smiled, as she said, 'Your husband, my dear?'

'Oh, Charley's myself!' Amy said gaily; 'but we are wasting our time shamefully, and you don't know how much I want to hear about the time when you were so kind, and nursed my darling so tenderly; tell it as if I were a child hearing a story for a treat. I want to know every little thing—you will never tell me half enough if you talk till midnight. Am I not very naughty? I am afraid I envied you.'

'No wonder,' Mrs. Lockhart said, smiling; and she began the story, Amy almost devouring her with her eyes the whole time. It was a very long story, for nothing could be uninteresting to Amy, who asked the minutest questions with all the eagerness of one who is trying to realize scenes in which she would fain have taken part. Often the bright eyes glistened with tears at the thought of all her brother had undergone; but she delighted in Mrs. Lockhart's testimony to his patience and consideration, and asked on eagerly, until she had learnt fuller particulars of those anxious days than even Esther had ever known hitherto.

Esther, though silent, was not forgotten. Amy held her hand as she

listened, and squeezed it whenever more deeply interested or pained than usual, as feeling herself sure of sympathy; and so the time passed—only too quickly, until the clock on the mantel-piece struck nine, and Amy felt bound to ring for tea.

'One thing more,' she said, as she knelt up, and brushed away the last dew from her eye-lashes, 'I must fish for *one* compliment: you do like and love and appreciate him, *don't* you? You *do* think there is nobody like him?'

Esther listened for her mother's answer, with as much eagerness as Amy. 'Very few indeed, dear little loving sister,' Mrs. Lockhart said, kissing her fondly; 'you may well be proud of your brother.'

Amy Hay spent a week at the Vicarage, during which time the Lockharts saw her constantly. She used to come in the morning to claim Esther as a walking companion, and generally contrived to retain possession of her great part of the day, the two families spending most of their evenings together.

It was a most unusual way of going on at so orderly and industrious a place as Alston Manor; but strange as it was, Esther enjoyed it thoroughly. It was impossible not to like anyone so child-like as Amy, or not to be touched by her warm gratitude and affection towards themselves; but still Mrs. Lockhart felt she should not have been altogether easy, had Helen, not Esther, been the chosen friend and safety-valve of the fiery little darling. Helen had at least half a dozen great and confidential friends, but Esther had never had one till now; and Mrs. Lockhart often smiled as she wondered what the two had in common to talk about during the hours they spent alone together, and which Esther never seemed to find too long, in spite of her silent nature and love for active work.

Mrs. Lockhart could guess what was Amy's chief topic, and that it was one of which Esther would not tire readily; but she had little idea how completely her daughter's part was that of a listener during those walks. All Amy could tell of Ashmoor and her early life—her home joys and sorrows, her father as he was in those dear old days—was deeply interesting to her companion; and the hero of all her stories was her brother, for whom she always assumed Esther's admiration to be as ardent and unlimited as her own. Perhaps her taking this for granted, was the great charm of her society to Esther; to be thus accepted as a great friend of Osmond's by his own sister, was strangely delightful; and though Esther would not let herself dwell on the question what it meant, she did sometimes catch glimpses of a bright and beautiful future, from which she started back with mingled fear and shame, and yet for which she felt she was not inexcusable. She by no means altogether approved of Amy, though she loved her dearly. She could not but be conscious that her feelings were ungoverned, and that she saw many things—and especially her step-mother—from an entirely one-sided point of view, so that her stories must not be taken as entirely trustworthy; and yet they

were like enough the truth to give Esther a clearer idea than she had ever had before of what Osmond must have had to resist at home, so that she did think it almost as wonderful as Amy did, that he should be on peaceable terms with Lady Mary.

There were no bewildering gaps in Amy's stories such as were apt to occur in his; if her narrative were incomplete without the mention of what was to someone's disadvantage, Amy felt no scruple in completing it; and the fresh light she threw upon facts, over which Esther had hitherto puzzled in silence, made her wonder greatly at his forbearance. Sometimes Esther would gently suggest to her friend that she ought not to chatter on as she did—a suggestion which Amy never resented, but seldom attended to; and the more Esther knew of her early life, the less she wondered at or censured her for the want of self-control in which she had been allowed to grow up. She had been the spoilt child of a doting but irresolute father, who could not bear to restrain the high spirits of his motherless darling, and but seldom influenced by a brother younger than herself, however passionately she might love him.

Helen, meantime, was hard at work at history, music, and languages, in the school-room, and wondered that Esther should care to spend so much of her time with such a giddy little chatterbox as Mrs. Hay. Amy and Helen were too much alike to suit one another. Helen too was a spoilt beauty, little as she guessed it; she was entirely eclipsed in her own line, which she did not like, and consequently saw all Amy's faults clearly. There was none of the special warmth of affection towards herself, to make Helen like the new comer in spite of everything, as her mother and Esther did. Amy had neither heard nor thought much about Helen Lockhart; and though good-natured to her as to everyone else, did not regard her as of more importance than little May. This also was a trial to the spoilt pet, who had always outshone her elder sister, until without being consciously vain, she had come to have an idea that it was impossible Esther could be made as much of as she was accustomed to be.

Mrs. Lockhart saw, blamed herself for not having managed wisely with regard to Helen, but felt that a little insignificance would be good if very unpleasant discipline for her, and rejoiced to see how much brighter and more animated Esther had become since Amy had been at Alston.

It made everyone laugh to see Esther submitting to be lectured on the arrangement of her hair, the colour of her ribbons, or the old-fashioned make of her dress; and Helen, who was *naturally* prone to think too much of such things herself, thought Esther inconsistent when she plaited her hair in seven to satisfy Amy, and bought a bright ribbon to wear with the sombre merino she had worn for two winters without any such enlivenment.

'It is a great pity Mrs. Hay should make Esther think so much of her appearance,' Helen remarked to her mother one day; 'it is quite hard

enough not to think about one's beauty, without having it put in one's head in that way.'

'I don't think it is hard to Esther,' said Mrs. Lockhart; 'different natures have different temptations, and I think Esther has not hitherto realized quite enough the duty of making the beauty God has given her a pleasure to us all. I am grateful to Amy for making her look so nice, my dear; and you must remember vanity does not consist in a woman knowing as a fact that she is pretty.'

Helen was not satisfied, but she did not pursue the subject; and as soon as Amy was gone she was her own bright self again, and thought Esther as perfect as ever, though neither the plait of seven nor the rose-coloured ribbon was discarded.

Easter came. It was a time to which both Vicarage and Manor had greatly looked forward, and it did not prove a disappointment. Both houses were full, and the two parties were constantly together. The Hays were to spend Easter Week with Mr. Graham, as Osmond (who was now in an office in London) could get a few days holiday, and Easter was not the season which either he or Amy would choose to spend at Ashmoor.

It was a week of very bright happiness, upon which many of the party liked to look back in after life; bright sun, April showers, primroses, music, croquet, fun, all seemed to blend into one harmonious whole, and give an almost dream-like delight to every-day life.

The party was so large, that there was field for both Amy and Helen; and they even founded a sort of friendship upon their ardent and untiring rivalry in the matches of croquet, at which they, with Herbert and Leonard, were generally to be found any time between breakfast and ten o'clock at night.

Amy certainly shewed to greater advantage under the shelter of her husband and brother, than she had done alone. She told Esther that Charley had scolded her well for being such a chatterbox, and said she should never be allowed to go visiting by herself again, unless she were steadier; so she was going to be very good, and Esther must promise to check her if she got too wild. Esther, in great shyness, made the required promise, but was much relieved to find she was not called upon to keep it.

The Lockharts liked Captain Hay, but found him rather slow. He was about six-and-thirty, very big, handsome, and sensible, and had a way of controlling the little wife (who looked as if she would go into his waistcoat pocket) by his very quiet manner; but he was a man of very few words, caring neither for books nor music, and seemed to fit on very oddly to the intellectual sociable Lettridges. His chief taste appeared to be for long walks, which he usually took with Frank, the only other gentleman both able and willing to leave the ladies far behind; and very silent walks they must have been, although both declared them very pleasant, since Frank was never a hand at making conversation, unless

he had anything he wanted to say; and there was much truth in Amy's assertion that 'Charley' would never make more than a remark a mile, unless strongly pressed by other people, or a sense of duty.

Leonard had returned from Oxford so full of sentimental regret at the thought of this being his last holiday at Alston, that even rowing in the winning boat at Putney had failed in raising his spirits to their usual pitch, and it was popularly reported among the young ones, that he could not bear to be out of hearing of the beloved cracked bell of the church clock, unless supported by the consoling presence of at least four friends. As Herbert said, 'One would have thought he was going to the antipodes at the very least,' instead of only into Bedfordshire; but be this as it might, he was certainly extremely sorry to think of leaving Alston and all the friends he had made there, and tried very hard to coax Mrs. Lockhart into promising to bring her two daughters to spend the 20th of May at Reston with him. It was very hard, he pleaded, that Esther should have so many friends to celebrate her coming of age with her, at her own home, and that he should be condemned a month later to celebrate his alone with his tenants, neighbours, and above all, his seven terrible maiden aunts.

It was in the forest that this scheme was urged, as the whole party lingered on talking after luncheon was done. The pic-nic was in honour of Esther's birth-day. It had been a most brilliant success; the day was lovely, the lights and shades perfect, and all had gone off well. Yet everybody felt slightly saddened by the knowledge that it was a sort of brilliant conclusion to the Easter holidays, and that the party would break up to-morrow. The tinge of sentimental regret made Mrs. Lockhart find it all the harder to resist Leonard's urgent entreaties and Helen's pleading looks; but she would only promise to think about it, feeling it not only impossible to accept the invitation unless it were urged by the Miss Calverts as well as their nephew, but also very doubtful whether even in that case it would be desirable for Helen. And yet she longed to go, for she could not bear the idea of inflicting a great disappointment upon the young ones if it could be avoided.

The afternoon was passing away, and one by one parties sauntered off, some in search of flowers, some for the mere love of exploring. Captain Hay and Herbert went off to have a cigar; and Frank, (who had appointed himself kitchen-maid to the community,) when, after collecting the fragments, he carried off the plates to wash them in the stream, left only four people in possession of the knoll where they had all dined.

Amy was there, engaged in twisting every fern, flower, or spray, within her own or her brother's reach, into beautiful wild garlands, insisting she must have one for each member of the party (especially 'Charley' and Mr. Graham) to wear on the way home. Esther was sketching the forest glade down which they had come, longing as she worked on silently to fix on her memory with every touch some word or look, some scent or sound, of that delightful day.

And Mrs. Lockhart was there, leaning against the trunk of a tree, as usual with hands employed, and with thoughts still busier, turning over in her mind the *pros* and *cons* of Leonard's invitation, whilst listening to what conversation there was.

There was not much. Amy talked to and of her flowers now and then, changed her position, or slyly tickled her brother with blades of grass; but she was the only one who cared to speak. Mrs. Lockhart was anxious for many reasons; Esther too entirely at rest to wish for words; and Osmond was trying to drink in the peace of the calm woodland sights and sounds, as if to lay up a store of enjoyment that would last on into the whirl and noise and drudgery to which he must return to-morrow.

And so the afternoon passed. Frank fed the fire, re-packed the baskets, was busy, and tried to forget himself and Osmond and Esther, but went bravely through one of those weary times that are great trials both of temper and faith, and have a great deal to do with ripening the character, however much in after life people may smile at themselves for having been so very miserable about a little. But was it a little? That day had come the first certain conviction that another was preferred to him, (no matter whether deservedly or not—any way it was very bitter,) and such moments will be bitter, till time and earthly love shall pass away together.

The party came straggling back, and Amy began tyrannizing over them, forcing them to wear her garlands, whether they would or no, and selecting the larger and more conspicuous ones for any whom she thought likely to prove refractory. Along their quiet country homeward road no one except the Vicar seriously objected, which was a disappointment to Amy, who had hoped for the enlivenment of a few battles after her very quiet afternoon.

There was nothing further to stay for, and yet all was so pleasant, that when it was proposed to call the carriages, there was a universal outcry—'Oh, not yet!'

'We must have some tea and some songs,' Amy said; 'the birds have done their best for us, and have a right to expect a return. Who can sing?' and she began to question her neighbours as to their capabilities. 'And you, Mr. Anstey?' she said at last. Frank was on the point of disclaiming all power; but Helen, who caught the question earlier, answered first.

'It is no use asking Frank,' she said, laughing; 'he does not know "Pop Goes the Weasel" from the National Anthem; he hates music.' Helen had not the smallest idea that she was unkind—she had never guessed that Frank was sorry for his want of ear, since he often laughed at himself for it; and she did not see how sharply he turned round and began to quicken the fire. Mrs. Hay's desire for tea had furnished him with an excuse for so doing, but Mrs. Lockhart saw that it was a movement of pain.

There are times when some of us must feel unspeakably lonely, and when a very slight additional difference between us and our companions presses on us heavily; and as Frank bent over his fire, trying to lose the sounds of the sweet voices in the crackling of the sticks, the trifling fact that Esther was musical, and he was not, seemed to put a great gulf between her and him.

At last, when no more glees could be found that any one could sing, they rose and drove home under the clear evening sky. Even then they did not go at once to their several quarters; those indefatigable croquet players, Amy and Herbert, declared they must have one last match, and Helen and Leonard were as usual nothing loath to accept the challenge; so Frank attended with a light, to shew them which were their balls. It was better to be out-of-doors doing something, than trying to sit still in the drawing-room, and he waited patiently (though so absently as to call forth a sort of affectionate patronizing pity from Helen) until the long battle was over, and Captain Hay, taking his wife under his arm, desired her to come home at once.

Frank collected and put away the balls and mallets, and then came into the drawing-room; where he found Mrs. Lockhart, Fergus half asleep, and Esther at the piano, just preparing to put away her music.

'One more song, Esther,' he entreated, though he knew not why.

'Bother!' muttered Fergus, 'what are you thinking about? Why, it is long past bed-time.'

'Quiet, Fergus,' Esther said decidedly, with a kindness that Frank felt strangely painful, it was so sisterly. 'Frank shall have any song he likes. He has been slaving for other people all day, till he is tired out.—What do you wish for, Frank?'

'Oh, anything, thank you. I don't know one tune from another, as you are aware,' he said, trying to smile, though the effect was rather grim.

'Oh yes, you do. You should not believe Helen's nonsense. You know a great deal more about music than you fancy, as you will find out some day. Here—it is good-night and good-bye, too; go sit down in that arm-chair, and let me send you to sleep with Schubert's evening hymn.'

Frank sat down as he was desired, and listened, soothed, but far from lulled to sleep. Mrs. Lockhart watched him with an aching heart. Had he loved anyone but her own daughter, she might still have taken a mother's place, as she had hitherto done; but here she could give no sympathy. She could only hope that he loved with less depth than is common with men of his character, and that the struggle (rendered doubly painful by having his greatest friend for a rival) might not last long.

Outside in the garden voices were still occasionally heard, and Helen, amongst others, had leant against the window to drink in that farewell strain. She did not come into the drawing-room to wish good-night,

and Herbert reported that she had run straight up-stairs on coming in-doors, declaring she was tired out, and must go to bed at once. She was not in bed, however, when Esther went to her room, but crouching on the floor, sobbing violently.

'What *is* the matter, Helen darling?' Esther exclaimed in alarm.

'Nothing, nothing,' sobbed Helen, 'only this is the last time we shall all be happy together; and it is horrid. It is all very well for *you*, who are going to London; but it will be dreadful here to-morrow evening, when you are all gone! Oh, why will happy times come to an end!'

Esther saw that her sister was utterly over-tired and excited, she was so thoroughly unreasonable, and in spite of Esther's efforts to calm her, she persisted in crying half the night, and saying, 'It is all over!' in a way that was both puzzling and provoking.

Not that Esther was by any means blind to the romance of Helen's life. In some ways she saw it more clearly than her mother did; but Helen was so childish, so young in most respects, that it seemed almost inconceivable to her staid elder sister, that before she was seventeen she could be so far advanced in a serious attachment, that the prospect of a separation had any right to make her so miserable as all this. It seemed almost unmaidenly to Esther, although Leonard's name was never mentioned; and whilst checking Helen's almost hysterical sobs, she prosaically ascribed them to over-fatigue, and instead of being sympathetic and drawing upon herself an outpouring such as she dreaded, she gently warned her little sister against letting herself get so much excited.

(To be continued.)

IN THE MARSH.

CHAPTER VI.

Without tie or fetter. It couldna been better.
But it wad gae witless the wide warld to see.
The Mitherless Lammie.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there—the spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there, you loved when all was young!
Rev. C. Kingsley.

It is but justice to Algy to say that nothing had been further from his thoughts when he parted with Frances, than any intention of going to sea; and it was only when he reached the cottage, and found that Southerden for some unknown reason either could not or would not take the little boat, and was unable to manage the larger one by himself, that

the idea suggested itself, and he offered to go with him. Certainly—ignorant as he was of all sea-faring matters—it would be difficult to say of what use he thought he was likely to be; but use or not, he was extremely disgusted when the old man declined to take him, and went in search of his mate, Dan Whybourne, leaving him to work himself into a perfect fever of impatience at what appeared to him the unnecessary delay.

He was certain that young George's ship would be gone, quite gone, before his father could possibly get there; and being certain already, a quarter of an hour's reflection was not needed to make assurance doubly sure; but by this time the question, why should not he go and fetch him himself, had occurred to him. The more he thought over the idea, the more delightfully feasible it seemed to become. There lay the little boat, in tempting proximity. The tide, though not yet high, was quite high enough to serve all purposes; and he had so often watched both old and little George's manœuvres when in her, to feel sure that he knew enough of the theory of managing her, to be able to carry it into practice without the least difficulty. His father himself must own that he had a good and sufficient cause for going, if (and notwithstanding his faith in the validity of his excuse, Algy felt glad that there was an 'if' in the case) he ever heard of the adventure. Somehow he did not care to dwell much on the thought of Sir Francis, but preferred thinking how 'sold' old George would be when he saw him, as he already saw himself, returning in triumph, bringing young George with him.

It is easy to run down hill; and so in five minutes the boat was launched, with Algy in it, and in another five minutes he 'heartily wished himself safe on the ground.' All his bright visions of selling old George had vanished into thin air; and his only remaining hope was that the boat would stay rocking and tumbling on the incoming waves, horribly disagreeable as it was, and ignominious as it would be, till Southerden came to the rescue. But this was not to be. The boat, after tossing to and fro for a little while, was gradually sucked into the current, and drifted out to sea, so that by the time the two men came back to the cottage it was nowhere to be seen.

I am not sailor enough to know what happened, neither could Algy ever give a very distinct account of what befell him. At first he was not much frightened, for he did not fully realize his danger; and certainly, if ever there was a case where ignorance was bliss this was one; but it did not last long, for as the wind began to rise and night to close in he grew really alarmed, particularly when he found that all his efforts to guide or manage the boat were futile, and that the water kept washing into her—not enough to swamp her, but enough to make him continually drenched through and through. He bore up as long as he could; but when the misery of sea-sickness was added to his other discomforts, he felt too wretched to care what became of him, and crouching down in the bottom of the boat, he resigned himself to his fate. How long a time

passed in this way he had no means of knowing, for it was pitch dark, and when the moon at length rose (late in the night) it only shone fitfully through the driving clouds. 'In time comes he whom God sends,' however; and he was at length roused from a state of almost unconscious stupor by hearing voices close to him, and feeling himself forcibly lugged by the scrough of his neck into a small fishing-smack. The men on board, who came from some few miles further up the coast, recognized him at once, and were as kind to him as possible; but it was not in their power to do much to better his condition beyond wrapping him in a great-coat, (for his own clothes were so wet that they stuck to him like an eel-skin,) and giving him a pile of the most highly odoriferous fishing-nets to lie on, which by comparison might be called dry, since they were only damp, while everything else on deck was dripping wet.

They offered him some spirits, their one panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; but, as one man's meat is another man's poison, the smell alone made him feel so ill, that he could not even attempt to swallow any. As to putting him ashore, that was quite out of the question; for though the night was not rough enough to cause experienced sailors the slightest uneasiness, yet the coast was too dangerous (in spite of the absence of rocks) to make it advisable to land, in the faintest approach to any kind of 'weather,' if it could be avoided. The men were too busy to attend to him; indeed, it never occurred to them that he might require any attention, since it appeared to them that it was only natural and proper, and quite in the right order of things, that a landsman should be ill when he first went to sea; consequently Algy was left to himself, to find that he must bake as he had brewed. His worst enemy (always supposing that he possessed such an article) could not have found it in his heart to wish him in more evil case than he was at present, for he both looked and felt thoroughly wretched. Besides, the sea-sickness, which (now that it was not in some degree kept under by that sure specific, fright) had returned with redoubled vigour, and was enough in itself to make him feel as if he were at death's door; the night's exposure, added to the drenching he had got, had given him a chill; and his chattering teeth, and constant shivering fits, added not a little to his general discomfort. Moreover, his conscience was beginning to make itself unpleasantly audible between the paroxysms, and he was by no means fond of feeling heartily ashamed of himself; while the certainty of a scolding when he got home, and the probability of Sir Francis hearing of his exploit, did not strike him in the same light as they had done some few hours back. Things grew worse and worse; his head became confused, and it was only with a great effort that he could remember what had happened. He longed for morning, but it seemed as if morning would never come. At last day began to break, and with the light came a hope of better things; for old Southerden, who had been out all night, and who had almost begun to despair of ever seeing Algy again, recognized his own boat fastened to

the Hawk, and making up to her, found to his great relief that the boy was on board. There was no time lost in transferring him to the George and Michael, nor, when that was safely accomplished, in making all haste for the land; for old George, who had had some experience in illness, was shocked to see the alteration that a few hours exposure had made in Algy. He hardly appeared to recognize him, nor did he rouse up when he spoke to him. Indeed, he seemed too exhausted either to speak or look; and his head fell back with a worn-out helpless air, that, in conjunction with his pale cheeks and dull half-open eyes, made Dan (who, like most uneducated persons, thought that it was an absolute insult to the invalid to suppose that illness could have any but a fatal termination) say 'that he looked to him as if he were struck for death.' It was clearly impossible to take him to Illium in his present state; indeed, he was unable to walk at all, and too far gone to make any resistance, when Dan picked him up in his arms as if he were a baby, and carried him up to the cottage. Once there, old George did the wisest thing he could, and put him into his own unoccupied bed; while he sent little George, who had spent the greater part of the night watching for them, to carry the news to Illium. In a comparatively short space of time he came back, accompanied by Frances and Mrs. Myra; but not before Southerden had sadly wanted the latter, at any rate, for the brandy which he had administered on his own responsibility, had flown at once to the patient's head, and he was now quite delirious.

If Algy had sought for the best way of placating Mrs. Myra's wrath, he could not have hit upon a more successful method than by being ill; for she was quite in her element as a sick nurse, and as he was ill enough for the next few hours to warrant her feeling anxious, (knowing as she did the tendency to inflammation that he had inherited from his mother,) she was consequently in high good-humour with everyone, except Frances, whom she suspected of a wish to encroach on her domains, and therefore would not let her rest in peace till she had fairly hunted her out of the house.

Frances did not go back to Illium, as Mrs. Myra had more than half hinted would be by far the best thing that she could do, but went and sat on the beach, to watch for old George's return; for he, as soon as he had resigned his charge into competent hands, had started at once for Napinque, in hopes of hearing something of his son. It was quite mid-day before he came back; but though Frances had augured great things from the length of time he had been absent, she saw at once by his face that he had had an unsuccessful journey. 'Well?' she said inquiringly.

He shook his head. 'No, I harn't seen nor heard nothing on him,' he said. 'How does Master Algy find himself now?'

'Myra thinks that he is a little better, thank you. He was asleep when I saw her last. But are you quite positive that you have not even seen anything of your son? You know, he must be altered since you last saw him. Perhaps you did not know him again?'

'No fear of that,' said Southerden, giving such a heavy sigh that it was very nearly akin to a groan. 'I tried everything I could to come across him, but 'twere all to no sort of good. I went aboard all the vessels that were a-lying in harbour; for I thought that as the night had not been anything much to speak of, his ship might chance to be still there, but it warn't. Then I went up to the Chough and Crow, for I minded that he did use to go there some one time when he wer a lad, and I thought, if so be as he had been there, Matthew Perrot would be sure to have known him, but he hadn't so much as heard tell on him; then I went to Mr. Isted, him as is harbour-master, to find out what craft had gone out of port last night, for I thought that if there wer only two-three we might chance to happen upon him that way, but there wer such a mort on 'em, that 'twould be all one with looking for a needle in a load of hay.'

'Would it be any good for you to write to the ships' captains?' suggested Frances, timidly, for she did not know whether she were not making an extremely wild proposition.

'I did think of that myself; but then I thought that that would not be of much service. You see, these young chaps don't use to sign under their own names—and how's a body to tell which is my George, if he's called out of his name, and they did not chance to know him afore?'

'But you might describe him. Say what he's like, you know.'

Old Southerden smiled feebly. 'I doubt I should not make much of a hand at that, seeing that I don't know what he looks like myself. Though, as to that, they all look pretty much of a muchness when they're his age; 'tis only when they're getting into years that they shew the differ. But, any way, there would not be any sort of use my writing, there wouldn't; for Mr. Isted he told me that most of them ere vessels were foreigners, and then I knowed that it was all up with me, for as to them foreigneering skippers, they be such precious fools, that though they can make shift to speak so's you can make a shot at what they're driving at, they would not be able to make head nor tail of what was writ to them—no, not if it were word for word out of the Bible!'

'Don't you think Papa could help you?' said Frances, who had boundless faith in Sir Francis's powers.

'No, thank you kindly. There's nothing that can be done. I seed the last of my lad when I turned him out of house and home, eight years ago come Christmas, and I knowed it too; for if you'll believe me, when I heard that you'd fell in with my George, something seemed to say to me, quite plain—It don't matter who else sees him, but you'll never set eyes upon him again, come what may: no more I shall. But you've no call to put yourself out about it,' he added, seeing that Frances's eyes were full of tears. 'You did all that in you lay, but 'twasn't to be.'

'But,' said Frances, speaking with difficulty, for she felt as if she had a large lump in her throat, 'I am so sorry; for you know, if you—if it

had not been for Algy—you would have been sure to have met him again; and it seems so—'

'No, it wasn't to be, it wasn't to be,' said old George, interrupting her before she could finish her sentence. 'If Master Algy hadn't 'a stopped me, something else would, you may depend upon it. 'Twas a deal too good to be true. When you come to my time o' life, you'll know that 'tis no manner of use to expect a good harvest after an ill sowing.'

There was a silence. Frances could not think of anything comforting or hopeful to say, neither did she feel at all confident that she could command her voice sufficiently to be able to speak steadily if she had, and old Southerden at length roused himself with a deep sigh. 'I shall just go and get a mouthful, and then I'll lie up for a bit, if nobody wants nothing of me, for I feel pretty nigh floored. I aint half the man I was, and that's the fact of the matter. Is Master Algy still yonder?'

'Yes. I am so sorry,' said Frances, recollecting with dismay that her brother was still occupying the old man's bed. 'Myra thought he was not fit to move. What will you do?'

'Oh, it don't mind at all! I'd just as soon make up a bist in the living-room.' And he went off, leaving Frances in a state of great perplexity. She wanted to do something; for she was too young to despair so readily as old George did, or to be satisfied to sit quietly with her hands before her and let things take their course, when the course did not seem to be the right one, and there was still a chance of altering it. But the question was what to do. Should she write to her father, tell him what had happened, and ask him to give his advice and assistance? She felt sure (in spite of old George) that he could be of some material service; but then he would certainly require to know all the ins and outs of the matter. This could not be done without exposing Algy, and she did not at all like that. Any way, as she was not the person chiefly concerned, it was clearly impossible that she could write without first consulting her brother. What would he say? Sir Francis would certainly be extremely displeased with him—there was not the faintest shadow of a doubt about that; and when she thought of his annoyance, her mind misgave her. She was not in the least afraid of her father herself, and indeed she had no cause to be, for he was only too kind and indulgent to her; but he treated the boys after such a very different fashion, that it had become almost an instinct with her to try and shield them from all blame and punishment, whether merited or not. She was not humble enough to think that his judgement must be better than her own; she would not allow herself to own that though he might be stern he was always just, and so her better judgement had become warped, and she shrank from urging Algy to confess—though her conscience told her that this was her obvious duty—for fear of the consequences. How much she wished that Myra would let her see him, if only for a minute, that she might find out what he thought and felt

about the matter. It was quite futile wishing, however; for Algy's maladies threatened to result in an attack of inflammation on the chest, (a complaint to which he had before been subject,) and he had already so much sore throat, difficulty in breathing, and general feverishness, that Myra was too anxious to think about anything else, and declared that she would not have him disturbed for anything—no, not if a hundred Southerdens were lost instead of one! Indeed, she began to reproach Frances, with such acrimony and asperity, for only asking to see him, that she was perforce obliged to relinquish the attempt; and so spent the afternoon wandering disconsolately about, conjuring up a whole host of imaginary terrors, which could only have been realized if Sir Francis had been a feudal baron, with not only power over life and limb, but with the disposition to use it—instead of being, as he was, a peaceably disposed middle-aged gentleman, living in the nineteenth century, and possessed of certain old-fashioned notions with regard to parental discipline.

She had some thoughts of taking counsel's opinion with Miss Philly: but Miss Philly was not in a very come-at-able humour; she was vexed that old George should have missed his son, and angry with Algy for having been the cause; and the two feelings combined to make her so extremely taciturn, not to say cross, that Frances soon saw that it would be to her advantage to give her a wide berth for the present, at any rate.

Algy was better towards evening, and though by no means himself again, was still well enough to be brought back to Illium in Miss Philly's taxed cart, wrapped up in such a miscellaneous collection of coats, shawls, and rug, that Frances was not surprised at his being unable to stagger under them when he attempted to move, though Mrs. Myra was much distressed at what she took to be a proof of excessive weakness; but the latter was in too great a hurry to get him safely into bed again, in order to continue the course of mustard-plasters on which she had embarked, to allow her to have more than a momentary glimpse of him. She thought that he looked white and shaken; but he did not say much, and she could only judge from the expression of his face that he was decidedly ashamed of himself, for he avoided meeting her eye, and seemed in haste to escape up-stairs, out of the way of Miss Philly's somewhat sarcastic congratulations, which, at any other time, he would have found himself not only willing but able to have responded to in kind.

It was some consolation to Frances, when Mrs. Myra told her (when she re-appeared at supper-time) that Algy had insisted on seeing 'Cousin Southerden' before he left the cottage, though she could not tell what he had said to him, as she was not in the room at the time; and with this she had to content herself till morning.

She went to bed, feeling thoroughly worn out and out of spirits; and yet ashamed and vexed with herself for being so, when she had so

much cause for thankfulness. She knew that it was ungrateful to be so much more occupied with the thoughts of future troubles, than in dwelling on the mercies of the day past. She tried to contrast her present fears with the terrors of the previous night; but it was all to no purpose, she could not shake off the feeling of depression, till, as she took up her Thomas à Kempis for her evening reading, her eye fell upon two sentences, which she could not help taking home to herself. 'What else doth anxiety about future contingencies bring thee, but sorrow upon sorrow? sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' 'It is a vain thing, and unprofitable, to be either disturbed or pleased about future things, which perhaps never come to pass.' The words reminded her of some lines she had met with, and copied out, only a few days before leaving home, though she had not then thought of giving them any personal application.

'Does each day upon its wing
Its allotted burden bring?
Load it not besides with sorrow—
That belongeth to the morrow.

Strength is promised—strength is given
To the heart that God hath riven;
But foredate the day of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow.'

Perhaps being over-tired had something to do with Frances's fit of low spirits; for she saw things in a much brighter light the next morning—thought that Sir Francis might possibly allow himself to be propitiated, and was not unduly alarmed when Myra ordained that the patient was to spend the day in bed, as a precaution against taking fresh cold. Algy's throat was still so painful, and he himself so generally ill, or what he called 'seedy,' that he was more ready to submit to this decree than might have been expected, and only stipulated that Frances should come and sit with him; and this, as Myra wanted to go into the kitchen to concoct some invalid messes which were beyond Betsy's and Jane's culinary powers, she was graciously pleased to allow, only contenting herself in her turn by extorting a promise from Frances, that she would not go worritting and ferritting her brother, making him fret himself into fiddle-strings, now he was ill.

Frances did not know to what amount of silence she stood pledged by her promise, so she was relieved when Algy began of his own accord, though his first speech did not sound very penitent, it must be confessed. 'I say, Fan, isn't this a horrid bore?'

'Yes?' she answered interrogatively; for she did not know whether he referred to his own illness, the circumstances that led to it, or the disappearance of young George; but she was soon enlightened.

'I am awfully sorry about it. I'd have given worlds if it hadn't happened; and the worst of it is, that I can't think of anything I can do to help the poor old fellow! Can you?'

'No—unless—' said Frances doubtfully, bethinking herself, but only just in time, of her promise to Myra.

'Unless what?'

'Unless you told Papa, and asked him to help.'

Algy made a face of intense disgust at the idea. 'Asked him to cut my throat, you mean. It would be a case of "They all ran up to the farmer's wife—she cut off their heads with the carving knife—did you ever hear such a thing in your life?" with a vengeance. I must say that you're a first-rate hand at helping a lame dog over a stile.'

Frances laughed. 'What do you think yourself?' she said.

There was no direct reply. Algy lay for a minute or two silent, then said, 'What a wax he'll be in!'

'But don't you think you ought to tell him?'

'Oh yes, I know all that. Still it don't make it a bit the pleasanter. I wish I had not been such a consummate fool!'

There was no assenting to or dissenting from this wish, so Frances wisely held her tongue; and Algy went on—'Do you think that he'll be able to find that sailor fellow?'

'Yes,' said Frances confidently, 'I am quite sure he will.'

Algy's face brightened. 'Well, if he can only get him to come back, I don't so much care if he does pitch into me. Do you know that Southerden does not think that he shall ever see him again?'

'Yes, he told me so; but I don't see why he should not.'

'What an old trump he is! I saw him yesterday, you know, and I told him that I was awfully sorry, and all that kind of thing—and I quite expected that he'd have cut up rough about it; but you never knew anybody so jolly as he was, he never said a word about it's being my fault, or anything of the kind, but he only kept on telling me that I wasn't to put myself out about it. It made me feel horribly small. I'd a great deal rather that he'd have blown me up sky high,' said Algy, speaking in a voice which was rather more husky than was quite warranted by the present convalescent state of his throat.

'Dear Algy!' said Frances sympathizingly.

'Well!' said Algy, recovering himself. 'One thing's certain, there'll be row enough and to spare when Papa hears of it. Bring me some paper, Fan, that's a good girl, and I'll write at once.'

Frances rather demurred to bringing ink and pens into such close proximity to the white sheets and gorgeous counterpane, (the like of which she had never seen before, and which certainly ought to have been kept under a glass-case, as a specimen of what used formerly to be effected by the now almost extinct art of *needling*.) All her objections were, however, completely over-ruled by Algy, who naturally could not be expected fully to appreciate all the beauties of the work, and who further declared that he should not be happy till he had got the letter off his mind. This was easier said than done, however. At the best of times Algy could not be said to shine as a scribe; and as the contents

of this epistle made it a peculiarly difficult one to accomplish, it was only when a dozen false starts, most of them getting no further than 'My dear Father, I am'—or 'You will be,' had brought him to his last sheet of letter-paper, that he succeeded in bringing one to a conclusion. 'There!' he said, giving a sigh of relief, as he finished the scrawling A. H. A. D., which did duty for a signature, and flung it to Frances, to read, fold, and direct.

The letter was not a triumph of art, it must be confessed, for it was a bald, stiff, cut-and-dried little production, so horribly written, that Frances, though she was tolerably well acquainted with all the various degrees of badness of Algy's hand-writing, and had, moreover, some idea of the contents, could hardly make it out. But this mattered the less, since it was not at all calculated to propitiate Sir Francis, for it certainly did not put Algy's conduct in the most favourable light, and contained no profession of sorrow or request for forgiveness, but was simply a bare statement of the facts that had occurred, without note or comment thereupon.

'He must know I'm cut up about it,' said Algy, when Frances pointed out this omission, 'or I shouldn't have written to him; so where would be the good of saying so?'

'I think it would look better! Oh, and you haven't told Papa how ill you've been!'

'No. I thought that would be an awfully sneaking way of doing the business.'

Frances was prudent enough to suggest no further alterations or improvements. She was not altogether satisfied with the letter, it is true; but yet she honoured and respected Algy for having written it, for she felt sure that if she had been in a similar predicament, she could not have told so straightforward a story, but must have tried to tone down and soften some of the facts.

She carried the letter to the post herself that afternoon, and gave it to the post-mistress with so many injunctions that she was to be sure that it went safely, that she defeated her own object; for the good woman became so impressed with its extreme importance, that instead of trusting to the ordinary method, she thought to make assurance doubly sure, by giving it to Mr. Marckwick to post in the Napinque post-office when he went into market next day, which ought to have ensured its arrival at Lurgershall a whole day earlier than if it had travelled in the ordinary fashion. Unfortunately, 'most haste worst speed' proved true in this as in many another case, for Mr. Marckwick's memory being short, and his mind much occupied with his own affairs, he totally forgot the precious document that had been entrusted to him; nor did he think of it again till the next market-day came round, a fortnight later, and in putting on his bettermost clothes to do honour to it, he found the letter calmly reposing in his waistcoat pocket, and posted it when it was just eight days too late to be of any use, beyond reminding Sir Francis of what

Algy wished him to forget. Frances and Algy, knowing nothing about the fate of their letter, grew very anxious as Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, passed, and there was still no answer. Frances was inclined to urge Algy to write again; but he being perfectly convinced that his father was too angry to vouchsafe a reply, did not feel called upon to take such a step as this. At last all doubts were solved, for about twelve o'clock on Friday morning, Sir Francis was seen riding towards the house. It would be difficult to say which of the two hearts beat the most quickly, or who changed colour the oftenest during the five minutes that elapsed before he stopped at the door; and it needed quite an effort to run out and welcome him with any appearance of warmth.

'Well, children, how are you? Quite well? That's right. How came you to let me steal a march upon you in this way? I thought Algy would have spied me long ago.'

Frances and Algy looked at each other in blank astonishment. Sir Francis must be in high good humour to talk like that. 'We did not expect you,' said Frances, bethinking herself that under any circumstances it was hardly advisable, and certainly not good manners, to greet her father in perfect silence, and therefore making the first remark that came into her head. 'How are Redgie and Hetty?'

'They are very flourishing. Redgie seems to me to be alarmingly well. Hetty still looks a little white-faced; but the doctor talks of sending her to Gnaeth on Monday for change of air, and then I hope that she will bring back a pair of cheeks like yours;' and certainly Frances's cheeks were crimson enough at that moment to attract attention.

'And then shall we be able to come home?'

'I can't make any rash promises. I believe Mrs. Bissett intends to turn the house out of windows as soon as the little ones are out of it, and I don't know how long a time she'll take in the process; but I can assure you the sooner you come back the better I shall be pleased, for I miss you woefully; and (turning to Algy) I think the rabbits will be all the better for some of your delicate attentions, for we shall be eaten out of house and home by them before long, if we don't take some active measure with them soon. Lidyard wanted me to let him ferret the buries, but I told him that he must wait for you. That was right, was not it?'

'Yes,' said Algy, hanging down his head.

'Why, what's the matter with you? What are you looking so dismal about? Tired of Illium, eh?' but as there was no answer, he went on, 'Is there anybody about who can take my horse?'

'I don't know,' said Frances. 'I'll go and see if Daniel's come in to dinner, shall I?'

'Do; and I'll ride round to the stable. Come, Algy.' But Algy lingered behind.

Frances was the first to speak. 'O Algy, what shall we do?'

'He does not know anything about it,' said Algy, looking ruefully after his father's retreating figure. 'I suppose I must tell him.'

'Y—yes. Or shall I?' said Frances; 'and then you could get out of the way till the worst was over.'

Algy hesitated not more than a moment, certainly, but long enough to make his sister see that her proposal had been as rash as it was wrong; then said, 'No; I think that would be a shabby trick. I'll go myself. I wish he had not been so awfully jolly about the rabbits, though.'

'Perhaps he won't mind,' said Frances, speaking more as she hoped than as she feared.

Algy shook his head, and turned unwillingly in the direction of the stable.

'What! are you going at once?' exclaimed Frances, feeling that this was a step quite beyond her, for she should have tried every means in her power to have got the evil day deferred as long as possible.

'Yes. There isn't anybody there, so I shall catch him by himself, and get it over. I wish—'

Frances stood watching her brother's slow reluctant steps till he disappeared within the shadow of the door-way. It was too distant for her to see or hear anything of what was going on, though she strained her eyes and ears to the utmost; and she could only wait for Algy's re-appearance. It seemed a long time, though it could not really have been more than ten minutes at the utmost, before he came out again. She could not see his face, for his head was hanging down, and his cap drawn closely over his eyes; and instead of coming towards the house, he turned in the opposite direction, and was out of sight before Sir Francis joined her again. 'Well, my little girl, don't look so scared,' he said, as he laid his hand on her shoulder, making her start violently, for she had been too much occupied with Algy to notice that her father was coming towards her.

'O Papa!' she said, looking at him, trying to gather from his face those particulars that she was not bold enough to ask; but she could not learn much, excepting that he looked graver and more stern than when he had left her a quarter of an hour ago; and the tone of his voice, though he spoke to her as kindly as ever, shewed that he was annoyed and displeased.

'This is not a pleasant welcome, is it? I wish—' and he stopped short; but this 'I wish' was quite as melancholy as the unspoken wish with which Algy had left her; and Frances, for almost the first time in her life, began to realize that Sir Francis disliked the collisions that were so frequently occurring between him and his son, quite as much as the latter did, and was certainly the more to be pitied, since it was the less in his power to prevent them. 'I thought I might, at least, have trusted him to keep his word.'

'O Papa!' began Frances, and then stopped; for even she could not assert that Algy had not broken his promise. 'It was such a temptation.'

'Temptation! I don't know what you call a temptation. It seems, judging from his own account, that he took the boat the first time he got the opportunity.'

'No, indeed—indeed he did not. Do let me tell you how it all happened.' And without waiting for any further encouragement than a nod, out came Frances's version of the story, which was certainly the correct one. She was pleased to see that Sir Francis's face relaxed a little as she went on; and it was with quite a smile that he said, when she ended, 'Well, you are a first-rate little champion. You have made out a better case for Algy than he did for himself. I am certainly glad to find that he had some excuse for going, and that it was not all sheer perversity and foolhardiness.'

'Do you think that you can do anything for Southerden?'

'I don't know. I am afraid that it is rather a hopeless case, from what you tell me. I think I'd better see the man. What do you call him? Southerden—I cannot think what makes the name so familiar to me.'

'You used to know him, I know,' said Frances, 'for he told me so. He married poor Mamma's maid Gambrel.'

'Ah, I remember all about him now. It's a long time since I heard anything of him—I thought he was dead. It's strange that you children should have fallen in with him, for your poor mother used to take a great interest in him and his wife; she made me promise that I would keep an eye upon him, and help him if it was ever in my power to do so, for she fancied that she had not always treated him well—with regard to his wife, I mean. But I went abroad for three years just after her death, and when I came back to England I found that he had been lost sight of altogether.'

Sir Francis so seldom mentioned her mother, that Frances hardly knew how to reply. Indeed, if she had not had some previous knowledge of the circumstances to which he was alluding, she would have been quite at a loss. As it was, she was relieved when he changed the subject by asking what had become of Miss Philly.

'I think she's at the Salt Barn; but she is sure to come home at dinner-time.'

'What o'clock is it now? Half-past twelve. Well, will you come and look at the sea-wall with me? I think I shall just have time for that before she comes in; and I am afraid I sha'n't have much of your company this afternoon, for I've to go down to the sluice, and Merricks is coming to meet me here at two.'

If Frances had been happy about Algy, she would have thoroughly enjoyed the walk; but as it was, her thoughts were distracted; and when she at length perceived her brother lying among the Danes-grass which grew in the hollows of the less exposed sand-banks, he looked, even at that distance, so extremely disconsolate and uncomfortable, that she could not resist pointing him out to her companion.

'Well?' said Sir Francis, as she looked wistfully at him.

'May I— Mayn't I go and tell him that you're not angry with him?'

'No, indeed.' Then seeing how her face fell—'I am sorry for you, Fanny; but if Algernon chooses to behave so badly, he must take the consequences. It's no pleasure to me to punish him; and I promise you that he has not had one whit more than he richly deserved, so you may make your mind easy on that score. If he had had twice as good a thrashing, it would only have served him right.' And Sir Francis looked so indignant, that Frances felt appalled, and perceiving that discretion was the better part of valour, determined to let the subject drop.

Algy did not re-appear at dinner-time; and as Sir Francis (who never ate anything between his eight o'clock breakfast and his late dinner) disappeared while the meal was in progress, Frances half hoped that he might have gone in search of him; but if he did, he did not tell her anything of the interview; and as he was busy with Miss Philly and Merricks, 'the looker,' all the afternoon, and Algy was nowhere to be found, she would have been left 'to writhe on the coals of curiosity,' if the bright idea had not occurred to her of going to the shore cottage to find out whether old George had seen or heard anything of either father or brother. She was as surprised as she was pleased to hear that they had both been there. 'Leastway, they did not come together; for Master Algy he come first, but he had not been there many minutes before Sir Francis come along: but they went away in company.' The old man appeared much gratified at the personal visit, and also (for some inscrutable reason) to find that Sir Francis was much aged, and no way so lusty a man as he were when last he seed him, (which, considering that it was fully ten years, if not more, since they had met, was hardly to be wondered at;) but he did not seem to be very hopeful that Sir Francis would be more successful in his efforts to find his son than he himself had been; neither could Frances gather from him whether Algy and his father had 'made up' again, for he either could not or would not respond to her delicate attempts at fishing, and only told her that 'Master Algy was very whist, and he did not think that he was quite his own man again, for he did just start and colour up when Sir Francis come along'—which did not enlighten her much.

It was late before Sir Francis came back to the house to fetch his horse. This time Frances was looking out for him, and ran to meet him. 'What, all alone, my little woman?' he said, pinching her cheek. 'This has been a dull day for you, I'm afraid; but it's your own fault, for not keeping Algy in better order.'

'I haven't seen him all the afternoon,' said Frances, perceiving from her father's manner that he had forgiven the culprit. 'Do you know what's become of him?'

'He was with me just now. I suppose he's with Miss Philly. How fond she seems to be of him! He seems quite to have found out her

soft side, for she's been singing his praises to me all the afternoon; and her good word's well worth having, I can tell you, Fan.'

'Yes,' said Frances; 'but I wonder at her praising Algy just now. She seemed so vexed with him.'

'Vexed with him! How comes that about? About this boating business. Oh, ah, I understand. Well, I'll let you into a secret, Fanny. I dare say that Miss Philly thinks as I do, that I had some hand in that matter myself; then, as Frances opened her eyes in blank astonishment, he went on: 'I mean, it was perfect madness sending a boy like Algy to such an out-of-the-way place, where he had nothing to do, and no companions, and expecting him to keep out of mischief. My only wonder is, that he did not drown himself *pour passer le temps*. But you must not betray me to him, or else the young rascal will be construing it into my having given him express permission to play the fool, and that would hardly do. However, I suppose it's useless saying anything, for you will be sure to go and tell him directly my back's turned.—Eh, Fanny?'

Frances laughed, but made no promise; and therefore felt warranted, as soon as her father and his chesnut steed, Bob Handy, had disappeared beyond the possibility of return, in repeating the whole conversation *verbatim* to Algy; and was rewarded for this breach of confidence by seeing him brighten up immensely, for, as may easily be imagined, Sir Francis had not thought proper to impart the same interesting intelligence to him.

Sir Francis was as good as his word, in using every means in his power to recover some trace of the missing hero; but, though Mr. Foster, the Napinque solicitor, wrote letters innumerable, and even took some journeys in search of him, it was all to no purpose; and as time passed, and there was still no tidings, Algy and Frances became quite if not more despondent than old George; and even Mrs. Myra failed to find her usual comfort in her oft repeated 'I told you how it would be,' and perhaps, for once in her life, would not have been sorry to have been proved less clear-sighted than she thought herself.

Things were fast falling back into their old train. Algy was a little quieter and a little more subdued than formerly, a little more inclined to hunt Miss Philly from pillar to post, a little less often to be found at the shore cottage; but that was the only visible sign that anything had happened. Miss Philly and he were fast friends once more, for her anger had only been roused at the idea of his escaping scot-free, and it had consequently quickly abated when she found that this was by no means the case.

As to old George, he never *said* anything, and it needed quicker eyes than Algy's to see how much he had aged with the last fortnight. Mrs. Myra—who, like many people, preferred tracing any ailment to physical causes which she could understand and sympathize with, rather than to mental, which she could not—declared that he had a touch of ague

about him, and proceeded to doctor him accordingly; but though he obediently swallowed her medicaments, and no doubt experienced all the effects therefrom, which (for fear of mistakes) she told him beforehand he was to experience, he did not get any better. Frances went to see him every day, but it was rather heart-breaking work to do so, for she always found him sitting in the same place, making a dismal pretence of being occupied mending his nets, but with the shuttle, as often as not, dropping from his nerveless hands, gazing vacantly out through the open door at the sea—looking as if his eyes were with his thoughts, and they were far away. She wanted to comfort him, but she did not know what to do, for he never spoke of his son, and she did not like to begin. At last it occurred to her that she might read to him; and accordingly on her third visit she took heart of grace, and asked if he would let her do so. The Bible fell open naturally at the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, and she began there, wondering whether this was a proof that the old man had been in the habit of reading this chapter to himself, or whether there was, after all, some truth in Myra's theory. It required a great effort to keep her voice steady through the Parable of the Prodigal Son, but she did manage to finish it; and she hoped that her auditor might take some comfort in the last verse—'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found;' but it did not seem to come home to him; all he said was, 'It wasn't so with my lad, he'd never no po'tion of goods given him, he had not.' Nevertheless, he seemed to like being read to, for on her next visit she was grateful to see that the Bible lay ready on the table, and though he did not say anything, his eyes turned to it, as if he hoped that she would repeat the offer.

After that, she read to him every day, as a matter of course. She had started with the intention of doing him good, but she was a little mortified, and very much surprised, to find that he knew a great deal more of the Bible than she did; for if she ever attempted to skip a passage which she did not consider applicable, he was sure to notice it, and seemed so astonished at the bare idea of anything being omitted, that she felt ashamed of having attempted it, and also could not but feel that she should not have found it out herself under similar circumstances in any but the most well-known chapters.

At last came the summons home; and in spite of the cloud that had damped the brightness of the last fortnight, Algy and Frances were both heartily sorry to leave Illium. Nor were they the only people who regretted their departure. Miss Philly openly declared that she should be quite 'lost' without Algy; and little George cried so bitterly at the bare idea, that he was not even pacified by the present of Algy's own knife, which he sacrificed to console him, though it had been the object of his envy ever since the day he had first seen it. The promise that he should come to Lurgershall during the Christmas holidays pleased him much better. There was something to look forward to in that, at any

rate. As to presents, Frances reaped a perfect harvest; beginning with innumerable book-markers, given her by the school-children—all being so much alike, that it was almost impossible to identify them, for they all bore the inscription, 'To one I love,' or the more ambitious 'Though lost to sight to memory dear,' and were all mounted on plaits of penny ribbon, orange, apple-green, and scarlet, being considered the most 'tasty' combination, probably because it was certain to attract attention in some way or other, if only by setting one's teeth on edge—and ending in the two-headed four-legged duck, which *lusus naturæ* always made Frances feel rather sick, but which being Master Barnes's greatest treasure, he offered to give her, and hardly knew whether to be most pleased or affronted when she refused to rob him of it.

Adventures at Lurgershall were not even so numerous as they had been at Illium. Algy went back to school, and Frances to the school-room, and in process of time Redgie and Hetty were voted (by everybody but themselves) to be sufficiently recovered to be able to join them. The Christmas holidays came and went, and little George's visit was also a thing of the past. It had been a complete success; everybody—from Sir Francis, or rather from Brookes, the old butler, whose approval was much harder to win than his master's, to the 'odd boy,' whose labours he had materially lightened—had a good word for him; and everybody (everybody, at least, who was in any way responsible for the boys) declared that he was of such use in keeping the young gentlemen out of mischief, that it was agreed *nem. con.* he must become a regular institution in the holidays; and reckoning on this, he was already beginning to count the days to Easter. Frances also was looking forward to his coming, for she wanted to hear something of Illium and the goings on there. Miss Philly was not a good correspondent, for though she scrupulously answered all Frances's letters by return of post, and invariably replied categorically to the questions therein, yet she furnished her with no extraneous information. A letter which declared that 'This comes hopping' from Master Barnes, in return for a cargo of presents for the school-children, gave her a good deal more news, and it was from that she learnt that nothing fresh had been heard of young George. Myra and old George were supposed to keep up a correspondence; but this was entirely a matter of faith, for Myra was not at all communicative, and indeed was so little altered by her visit to Illium, that Frances, who had indulged in a little match-making on her account, was forced to give it up as a bad job, and take for granted that Myra preferred continuing to dress St. Ursula's hair. After all, she did not know what they should have done without her, so perhaps things were best as they were—if only young George would come back. She still clung to the belief that he would turn up again, though at present it seemed rather hoping against hope. She diligently studied the shipping intelligence whenever she could get a chance, but was not much the wiser therefor. She did once, it is true, see that the 'Mary

Fraser,' one of the vessels that had gone out of port on that memorable Wednesday, had been wrecked on the Goodwin Sands; but as that was nearly three months ago, and only two of the crew had been saved, she hoped that he had not been on board of her.

It was luncheon time at Lurgershall—or rather Frances, Hetty, and Miss Raymond, their governess, had finished luncheon, and were filling the charity-basket with the remaining cutlets, intending to take them to an old bed-ridden man in the village, who usually fell heir to all the relics of the meal—when Sir Francis and Mr. Egerton, the clergyman, came in.

'Caught in the act, Fanny,' said Sir Francis, laughing, as Frances dropped the spoon with rather a guilty face. 'Eat what you like, but don't pocket—that's the rule at school feasts, is not it? I think I'd better have it put up here. It's lucky that we came in time to save the cold beef.'

'O Papa, it's only for poor old Chittenden,' said Hetty.

'Chittenden!' said the Rector. 'Have you not heard that he's gone into the workhouse?'

'No—is he really? Poor old man!'

'By far the best place for him,' said Sir Francis. 'He'll get well looked after there. He ought to have gone in long ago.'

'Yes,' said Miss Raymond. 'It was too much for poor Patience to attend to him properly since he became so helpless. Indeed, it was a wonder to me how she contrived to do all she did for him. She looked quite worn out when I saw her last, and I told her then that he really ought to go into the workhouse; but I did not think that they would have had sense enough to take my advice.'

'I fancy the Guardians stopped the relief,' said Mr. Egerton.

'When did he go?' said Frances. 'I should like to have seen him once more.'

'Well, there is no reason why you should not go and see him now. I dare say he will appreciate a visit. You can take the pony-carriage and go to-day, if you like. If Miss Raymond can spare you, that's to say,' said Sir Francis.

'Yes,' said Miss Raymond; 'I should like to go too. I have always had a great curiosity to go over the Union House.'

'Have you never been inside?' said Mr. Egerton. 'I hope, when you have once found your way there, that you will be tempted to go again; for it's a great kindness to go and see the poor old folks now and then. It cheers them up wonderfully to have a glimpse of the outside world, and at the best of times it must be rather a dull life.'

'Yes,' said Sir Francis. 'If you want to make yourself what old Pettit calls "populous," Fan, you had better stop at Longley's and get some tobacco and snuff for the old folks, and then you'll bring your own welcome. Only be sure you take enough, else you will set everybody by the ears.'

'They would be very glad of a visit, even if you don't bear a gift in your hand,' said Mr. Egerton, as the party separated.

Hetty declined to go to the workhouse; but the others, duly provided, set out for their three miles drive by themselves. There was no difficulty made about their being admitted; and Miss Raymond was as pleased as surprised, to find in the comely brisk matron, not only a fellow countrywoman of her own, but also an old acquaintance—Mrs. Tyson being niece of the miller in her father's parish; so the two found so much to say to each other previous to starting on their tour of inspection, that Frances volunteered to make her own visit unaccompanied.

The hospital was a separate building, at the back of the main body of the house, and there Frances found Master Chittenden established in one of the up-stairs wards, much more comfortable and contented than she had ventured to hope, and actually out of bed and sitting in an arm-chair by the fire—a step which he had not taken for years, and which astonished her greatly, till she found that the arm-chairs were supposed to confer dignity on their occupants, consequently nobody could aspire to be an authority in the ward, who had not taken possession of one of them. Old Chittenden, being of a masterful disposition, had turned his week to good account; he had already made himself monarch of all he surveyed—had started a quarrel with the ex-king, who occupied the only other arm-chair, and having made himself perfectly at home in all other respects, proceeded to do the honours to Frances in a way which amused her extremely; particularly as he took possession of the tobacco which she had brought with her, and proceeded to dispense it to his companions as if it was entirely *his* present to them. There was nothing painful to be seen—the ward was scrupulously clean and airy; and though the walls looked rather bare, with nothing but the regulations for refractory and disorderly paupers at one end, the names of the patients and their medicine, &c., on a little card at each bed's head, and a roll of texts given by the chaplain—they were as white as white-wash could make them. Most of the inmates were up; and those who were in bed were chiefly suffering from different complications of that incurable malady, old age. Indeed, there were only two persons who could by any pretence be called young, and of these one was a perfect idiot, who was so fascinated by the sight of Frances' muff, that in spite of all his companions' injunctions to him to 'Behave, now,' he never rested till she had lent it him, when he carried it into a distant corner to play with it as 'pussy;' the real cat, his legitimate play-fellow, taking advantage of the unexpected holiday to curl herself to sleep on the nearest bed. The other was a young man of about seven or eight and twenty, who was suffering from rheumatic fever, and who was apparently asleep, for which Frances was thankful, for after Master Chittenden had exhausted all her budget of Lurgershall news, and finished the category of all his maladies, both present and prospective, real and imaginary, he began to furnish her with the poor fellow's life and adventures. He had been a sailor, and was a nice whist kind of a chap;

(Master Chittenden being an immense talker himself, appreciated silence in other people.)—had been picked up at sea—his ship had been lost, and he'd been floating about a matter of twenty-four hours lashed on to a hen-coop. He had been two months in the sailor's home at D——, but as there did not seem to be no likelihood of his getting about again, he had been passed home to his union two-three weeks ago. Ne'er a body never comed to see him—but there, 't was out of sight out of mind with people now-a-days. His dâter, Patience, hadn't been nigh him. He'd quite given over expecting on her. That young chap did suffer mortial, to be sure. He had the next bed to him, he had, and he did just cry out and shift about all night. He'd much ado to get a wink of sleep along of him the first night he comed in, he carried on in such a fashion. He got hold of a Bible texty about mocking at his father, or some'at of that nature, and he kept running it over and over again, till at last he lost all patience, and asked him whether he thought the Bible textesses were meant for nothing but to keep honest folks awake at night with. He'd been a bit betterer of late, but he doubted he'd never be his own man again. He thought he'd got something on his mind, too. Any way, he seemed to take on rarely about being in here—for he did fret above a bit—said he wished as how they'd knock him on the head and a done with it, for he hadn't a friend in all the varsal world. An' he's always a-reading at one of those little bits of the Bible book that Parson left with him; and that don't come natural in one of his years.

This last speech reminded Frances that she might stop the flow of old Chittenden's discourse, by offering to read to him; and he, though he evidently greatly preferred hearing himself talk, was graciously pleased to consent. The other old men drew near to listen, and as they were mostly somewhat hard of hearing, she had to raise her voice considerably, so that by the time she had finished reading the Second Morning Lesson for the day, she was not surprised to see that the young sailor had roused up, and was listening attentively to her.

'I hope I have not disturbed you,' she said, as she saw his eyes following her as she rose to go. 'I am afraid you were asleep.'

'No, I wasn't asleep, thank you kindly all the same. 'Tis very little sleep I gets now-a-days. I do ache so with lying—'

'It must be very bad,' said Frances pityingly; 'but I hope you are getting better now.'

'Well, I don't know much about that—I aint anything much to boast of. Sometimes I doubt whether I shall ever get over this bout.—Where was it you was a reading just now? if I may make so bold.'

'It was the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew,' said Frances. 'Would you like me to find it for you in your Bible?'

'No—that would not be of any service to me. I can't hold a Bible book, I can't. I can just make shift to hold this here that the parson left with me, and that's all I can do;' and with a degree of effort that was painful to witness, he moved enough to be able to pull one of the little

S. P. C. K. books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes from under his pillow. 'This was the only one he had by him then. He promised he'd bring me something other, when next he come; but I think 'twill be all one to me. The Bible is dead again such as I be.'

'The Bible is for everybody,' said Frances, rather perplexed.

'It isn't for me, though; why, you read out just now—"He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death," and that's what I've done times and oft; 'sides, it just tallys with what I've got here.'

'I don't understand you,' said Frances.

'Why, I thought you knowed me again,' said the young man. 'I knowed you the minute you come into the room.'

Frances looked at the face on the pillow before her, but the pale hollow cheeks, and great staring eyes set in dark rings, and heavy with pain and sleeplessness, did not convey anything to her.

The poor fellow looked disappointed. 'Belike you have forgotten me,' he said; 'but I haven't forgotten you, nor what you said to me in the churchyard, though I would not heed it then; but many and many's the time your words has come back to me when 'twas too late.'

'What! are you George Southerden? Oh, I am glad. Oh, you can't think how we've searched for you! Does Master Southerden know?'

'No, nor he would not want to know. He didn't come nigh after me when I could ha' kept myself and him too, for the matter of that, as easy as look at it. 'Taint likely he'd come a hunting me up, when I should be as big a burden to him as I be to myself, seeing I am tied hand and foot, and can't so much as do a hand's turn for myself. I wish I'd been drownded dead, I do.'

'You should not say that; your father would be very very sorry indeed if anything had happened to you. You don't know how much he wants to see you. Miss Philly says he has never held up his head since that Wednesday that I saw you, and he did not.'

George shook his head. It was all he could do, poor fellow! 'He never come to look for me, though. I kep' my word. I spent the best part of three hours backwards and forwardsing on the landing-place, but he never come.'

'But it was not his fault. He was going, but my brother had taken his boat, and he was obliged to go after him—he would have been lost—drowned—if he had not; but he went as soon as he possibly could. But then it was too late, and he has grieved so about it. It would have made your heart ache to see him.'

George was silent for a minute as if reflecting, and then said, 'It would be a bitter pill to him, I'm thinking, to know I was here. I never reckoned that I should come to this. Do you mind telling me that I should never come to no good so long's I was at odds with Father?'

'No—did I? I don't remember.'

'But you did. An' your word's come true.'

'It is not too late to make friends with him now,' said Frances.

'Yes, it is. It's all up with me now. I could not have the face to go and live on him now—not if he'd have me. 'Twould have been different if I had gone that day. I had half a mind to, after you left me, for I began turning over what you said to me, and how the old gentleman had put up a memory to me, and all, but I could not quite stomach it; then I thought for sure he'll be on the landing, but he wasn't. I was sorely put out about that, and 'twas only when we'd got well out to sea, that it came across me that something might have let* him; and I said to myself, once this trip's over, I'll see if I can't do some'at for him; for I thought as how blood's thicker than water, when all's said and done; and I hadn't chick nor child belonging to me; and I was doing pretty well—I was captain and part owner of the Morning Star, and I'd got a trifle put by, for I wasn't ever much of a man (though I say it that shouldn't) for randoming away my money, only I was fool enough to have it aboard with me, and so it went, with everything else belonging to me. I thought a deal about the old gentleman that voyage, more than I'd ever done afore; and schemed what I was going to do for him, and all how an' about it; but 'twasn't to be. We had nothing but mishaps one atop of another, all throughout; the luck went dead again us; and the end of it all was, that the Morning Star went to pieces, and everything aboard of her, man and mouse, was lost, except me; an' I only saved just what I stood upright in. So there was a finish and an end of everything; and now, all I've got to look to is to stay here all my life, and the sooner 'tis over, the better I shall like it.' And George laid his head back on the pillow, and shut his eyes, to hide the tears, that he could not move sufficiently to brush away.

Frances stood watching him pityingly. She would like to have said something more; but Master Chittenden, whose curiosity or jealousy had been roused by the length of the conversation, which he was too deaf to hear, was bearing down on them, and she could also hear Miss Raymond approaching. 'Let me tell you a text,' she said. 'I think perhaps you will like it. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Ask the chaplain, when he comes, to read you the whole Parable of the Prodigal Son. I read it to your father once, and he liked it. Good-bye.' And without giving him time to make any further reply, she walked out of the room.

Seldom, if ever, had anyone danced down the worn stone steps of the hospital staircase, with a lighter step, a brighter face, or a blither heart, than Frances. The poor old women in the opposite ward she passed through in search for Miss Raymond, declared that she was a sight for

* Hindered.

sore eyes, for she looked as bright and gay as the sun in the west—though she could not find time for more than a smile and a nod to each of them—and then fell to discussing her age, dress, and family history, topics which lasted them long after she had left the place. Miss Raymond could not understand why she was in such a hurry to go, and was rather perplexed at being forced to cut her leisurely adieus short, owing to Frances's ill-concealed impatience; and even when she had had the whole story poured into her puzzled ears, she failed to find good and sufficient cause for so much excitement, though she did her utmost to sympathize to the best of her ability. One thing she was positive about—Frances must take no step in the matter on her own responsibility, but must wait till Sir Francis had been consulted. If only she had not thought proper to add, 'The man may be an impostor, for all we know to the contrary—at any rate, he must be an undeserving young man, to conduct himself in the way he had done,' Frances would have been much more willing to have been guided by her advice. As it was, she had already seen for herself that her first wild plan of driving at once from the Union to Illium was impracticable; and so she contented herself with bustling Hammer and Tongs—the two little forest ponies—home at an unusually rapid pace, which seriously alarmed Miss Raymond, who had not that confidence that was to be wished in her pupil's powers of coachmanship.

Alas! Sir Francis was not at home; and what was worse, he was not likely to be, for he was going to dine and sleep at Cotmandean, a place some twenty miles distant, and had already started. Frances was ready to cry with vexation, nor was Miss Raymond's well meaning 'My dear, how foolish you are to be so impatient! the young man is not likely to run away, nor the old man either, from what you tell me,' consolatory; and Frances rushed up-stairs to tell Myra. Myra was much more sympathetic—more so than Frances had ventured to hope; she quite saw the necessity for haste; for, as she said, 'if the young man's so ill, who knows but he mayn't go off any moment, before his father can get to him, even,' (which would have been alarming if Frances had not reflected that it was only Myra's 'way,') and finally—wonder of wonders!—actually proposed to go herself.

'Oh, you dear, good, darling, delightful, best of Myras!' said Frances, throwing herself upon her, and giving her a rapturous hug, which elicited from the recipient an anything but grateful, 'Have done, Miss Frances; see how you've tumbled my collar!'

'But how will you get there?' somewhat quieted by the unhappy appearance now presented by the collar.

'Well, I could foot it, if the worst come to the worst. I've often gone further than that when I was a girl,' (prudence caused Frances to refrain from remarking that as Myra was not a girl, the experiment might be hazardous,) 'but I thought I'd take the car and go down to Napinque. If I make haste, I shall be in time to catch the carrier

for Sawkett; he does not start much before five. Then I'll walk across to the cottage, and I dare say Miss Philly will let me have a bed at Illium, and "Cousin Southerden" and I can find our way back next morning.'

I do not know that I need write any further. What use would there be in relating the success of Mrs. Myra's journey, nor the meeting between old and young George? Some things are better imagined than described, and so I will follow the example of the old Greek sculptors, and draw a veil over what I have not wit enough to depict.

Young George grew better by slow degrees, and was soon well enough to be moved from Illium union, first to lodgings in Lurgershall, where he ran the risk of being killed with kindness, and then to Illium. And though his convalescence was slow, it was sure; for in a year's time he was able to go back to sea. He has made several voyages of more or less length since then, but he has experienced no ill effects from his illness, except what can hardly be looked upon as an ill effect, namely, that each time he comes back to the harbour, he feels the increased comfort of having a home to go to. He and little George are sworn allies; so that Myra's last prophecy, that little George would have his nose put out of joint, which had greatly distressed Frances, has proved as incorrect as all her former ones. Young George is already anxious to take him with him to sea, but old George cannot make up his mind to part with him, so his fate is still in the scales. His own wishes would lead him to become a gardener, (at Lurgershall *bien entendu*,) since by so doing his two great tastes—love of flowers, and love of Master Algy—would be gratified. Algy is still very fond of him, and also of young George, who, however, retains his old allegiance to Miss Frances, and brings her such various and remarkable presents after each voyage, that, as Myra says, her room looks more like a cabin than that of a young lady.

Old George was at first much troubled by the tomb-stone which still stood in the Sawkett churchyard, though his son was alive. He tried to obliterate the name by means of white-wash, but as this was washed off whenever it rained, the plan was not found to answer; and he was therefore greatly pleased and gratified to find that the young Darells had clubbed together to have an alteration made; so that the first time he and young George went together to church, they were greeted by the text: 'This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

(*Concluded.*) B. C. C.

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERMINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER VI.

But it was getting dark; afternoon tea had been brought in, and the Miss Vauxes were told that their servant was waiting for them.

The girls drank their tea almost in silence. At last, Adela said, with rather an effort at an easy smile, 'I hope I did not bore you with Frank's letters?'

Cecil was silent; but Helen replied, with some eagerness, 'Not at all. I thought them so very interesting. Is your brother in Australia now?'

'He is on his way home; he may arrive in two or three weeks.'

'We have not seen him for three years,' added Lucy. 'Only think how happy we shall all be!'

'Did he like Australia?' asked Helen.

'Pretty well,' said Lucy. 'But his letters made *me* like it. I think there is nothing in the world I should delight in so much as to emigrate!'

'You had better marry Sir Roland!' laughed Helen, forgetting who Sir Roland probably was.

'Yes, if Sir Roland will marry her,' said Cecil, suddenly breaking silence, and speaking so bitterly, that though the words might have passed as a jest, the manner could not; and Lucy coloured, while Adela looked surprised and displeased.

There was a minute's silence, and then Lucy said, 'I would emigrate with a family, and support myself. That is the *sort* of emigration I should like.'

Adela laughed; but Helen asked seriously, 'How could you support yourself?'

'She is a good cook,' said Adela. 'Mamma had us taught all those kind of things. She makes excellent bread, and she can milk a cow!'

'Did your mamma have you taught milking?' asked Cecil, with something very like a sneer in her voice.

Adela was silent, colouring; and now Lucy spoke. 'No, she didn't; I learned it at my uncle's farm, for fun, when I was a child, and I learned to make butter too!'

'Well,' said Helen, 'you can support yourself then easily; so you may emigrate as soon as you like. Now, if I was not a lady, I know quite well what trade I would have. When I was a child I used to think I would keep a pastry-cook's shop, and eat raspberry-tarts all day long; but now, I should like to have a circulating library, and never do anything but read novels!'

'Cloying the mind instead of the body,' replied Adela. 'You would soon get tired of either, I think.'

'Never!' replied Helen emphatically. 'I never *could* be tired of reading novels!'

'And what would *you* do, Miss Vaux?' asked Lucy.

'I? Oh, I never had the least doubt what I should do if I had to earn my bread; and I have not changed, like Helen. It was what I said when I was little, and I say it still—I should go on the stage!'

'Oh!' cried Lucy, 'would not you be afraid?'

'Afraid—what of? Oh no! I should never think a bit about the audience—only of my own part!'

'You would go on the stage!' said Lucy, speaking as if she couldn't help saying the words; 'and Adela would be an hospital nurse. Well, I do think people's wishes are themselves.' And she looked first at Cecil and then at Adela.

'I can't *think* why anybody should *choose* unpleasant things,' said Helen; 'if they come we *have* to bear them, and can't help ourselves; but to choose them! The only wise thing, surely, would be to choose what would make life delightful. Now, it would be all pleasure to read novels and chat with the nice girls who come to ask for some; but to be a nurse, and a nurse in a hospital, I can't *imagine* anything more dreadful—and to *choose* it!'

'But,' said Adela, 'think of growing old when you do nothing but read novels. To do nothing but read novels might be delightful if we never grew old.'

'Why, what has that to do with it?' cried Helen, opening her blue eyes to their very fullest extent.

'My dear girls,' said Mrs. Lester, who at that moment entered the room, 'I am afraid I must hurry you away; it is getting dark, and your servant says he must not wait any longer, as your uncle will not like it.'

The wraps were brought down and put on, and the girls took leave of each other; Mrs. Lester being kind and warm in her adieux, and expressing hope that they would spend another day with them soon. A hope that Cecil received in silence, while Helen thanked her, and said it would be very nice.

It was a beautiful winter evening; still early, though it would have been dark but for the cold brilliant moon and shimmering stars. The heavens were cloudless, and there was not a breath of air. A few black fir trees stood out against the sky, looking as if they never had moved or grown, and must continue always as motionless as at that moment. There was not so much a feeling of rest and calm over everything as of *pause*. Earth and sky seemed to have stood still, and it was difficult to realize that time was actually going on and on. One could better imagine time without progress than with it, in the wonderful repose of that winter night; that is to say, the mind could for an instant

almost grasp one of the greatest wonders of eternity. Cecil and Helen were too full of the day that had just passed away from them, to be impressed by the glories into which they stepped the moment they left the pleasant drawing-room. How very seldom it is that the present *does* impress us; it is almost always the past or the future—and yet it is out of the present that both past and future are made.

'She is very pretty and kind,' said Helen, almost directly.

'Who?' cried Cecil.

'Why, Mrs. Lester, to be sure!'

'Oh, is she? Yes—pretty well. I don't like those soft purring women myself.'

'O Cecil! she didn't pur.'

'Didn't she? Well now, I think she did.'

'She is not in *the least* like a cat,' said Helen, with sorrowful earnestness.

'I hope we shall never go there again!' cried Cecil suddenly.

Helen was silent.

'You don't mean to say, Helen, that you liked it?'

'I didn't say so.'

'Or them?'

'I didn't say that either.'

'But you *must* think them an intolerable set of people!'

'Do you, Cecil?'

'Do I? Of course I do. They are all three canting and dull, but Adela is abominable.'

'Well, really! I don't think they are canting.'

'My *dear* Helen! Then what *is* canting? *Do* you know what canting is? What do you say to their services and their classes, and their districts, and all that stuff? If that is not canting, what is?'

'Is it canting? I didn't know that was canting. It seemed all so simple and natural—just as simple and natural as the things we do, only different. Do you know, Cecil, nothing puzzles me so much as lives being all the same, and yet *so* different that there is nothing alike in them except that they are all lives. It's just like going from the middle of one book into the middle of another, to go from our lives into theirs!'

'Then it is going from a novel into one of those sermons they are so fond of. What do you think of their being fond of sermons, Helen?'

'Well,' replied Helen candidly, 'that *is* odd.'

'And then to wish to be hospital nurses—so silly and so nasty, so very nasty.'

'Yes,' said Helen, 'certainly that *is* nasty; but that was only Adela.'

'Oh, Adela—Adela—I have no patience with Adela—to hear her talk so of my brother! Helen, I feel as if I should never be cool or able to

keep quiet again—as if I must always go on raging. Just think how I had to restrain myself, and for such a long time.'

'But, Cecil, are you sure it was really Jocelyn?'

'It was his picture. I am sure it was his picture. And then all the things they told were just like him—how he did everything better than anybody else; and then that prig—that intolerable prig, Frank—daring to give him advice, and to say he did something wrong. But Jocelyn cut him! That is the one little bit of comfort in it all, Helen—that Jocelyn cut him! Oh how glad I am that Jocelyn cut him!'

'I liked those bits of his letters, though—and how fond his sisters are of him!'

'No, you didn't—you couldn't, Helen! Say you didn't—they were priggish letters—intolerably priggish letters! Helen, say that he is a prig!'

'Well,' said Helen slowly, 'I suppose he *is* a prig, Cecil.'

'They are prigs, every one of them—male and female prigs—and prigs have no business to be anywhere! They are a sort of nuisance that ought not to be put up with! And then the only thing they could find to say of Mrs. Wyndham was that she had given some jelly to a poor person! Fancy knowing such a creature as *that*—so full of everything that is loveable and admirable; and finding nothing to say about her except that she gave some jelly to a poor person. If *that* isn't cant, and cant of the first water too—the cant of prigs!'

'They *meant* it as praise!'

'Oh yes, they meant it as praise! and *that* was all they could find to praise in her! It was so condescending—so kind of them to notice it, in a poor well-meaning woman like Mrs. Wyndham, about whom there was nothing else to be said! Oh, Helen! don't let us talk about them any more; let us talk of *her*—of Juliet. What a morning we had! Was she not charming? and did not she look beautiful?'

'Yes, indeed! I never admired anyone so much in my life; and she is so excessively kind!'

'Yes; I never saw kindness equal to hers. How she wishes me to go to this ball! How sweetly she throws herself into my desires and hopes! What true goodness she shewed!'

'I think she is very fond of you, Cecil!'

Cecil blushed brightly beneath the light of the moon. 'I do think she likes me, Helen.'

'And here we are at home,' said Helen; 'and how sorry I am! this evening walk was charming.'

'Yes,' said Cecil; 'after all one had had to put up with *in* the house, it was delightful to get out of it. And there are all the dear old stars looking down at us—just as they always do—as friendly as ever. I like stars better than *most* men and women. Don't you, Helen? I am sure I know them better.'

'They are always the same, and never change to each other,'

answered Helen, willingly falling into the conceit. 'Look at Cassiopeia, and the Great Bear, and then Lyra—brighter and more beautiful than any of the rest!'

'Yes, Helen,' said Cecil, in a low voice. 'I never see Lyra without thinking of Jocelyn.'

Then the two cousins went into the drawing-room, which, though a larger and handsomer apartment, and with very expensive things in it, struck them as being not nearly so pleasant and happy looking a room as the one they had left behind them at the Lodge. They each asked themselves why this was; but neither of them was able to answer the question.

Aunt Flora sat in her easy-chair by the fire; Mr. Vaux in his at the table; and Dr. Hughes, the medical man from Byfield, was the occupant of a seat near him.

'You are late!' was Mr. Vaux's greeting, while his eyes went from the girls to the clock on the mantel-piece. 'Calculating exactly the time that David would take to reach the Lodge,'—here his eyes returned to them—'and that you would take to prepare to accompany him,'—here his eyes went back to the clock again—'and the time which would after that be occupied by your walk home,'—and now his eyes fixed finally on the girls with a severe stare—'I have no hesitation in saying, that you are exactly—yes, exactly—twenty-five minutes later than you should be!'

'We came away as soon as Mrs. Lester told us, Papa,' replied Helen submissively. 'We were drinking tea when David was announced.'

'But,' said Mr. Vaux, '*when* David was announced, you—'

'Will you allow me to say,' said Dr. Hughes, 'that a cup of hot tea was an excellent preparation for the walk in the cold, and that if Mrs. Lester objected to her young guests leaving her without it, she did quite right.'

'On those grounds,' replied Mr. Vaux, with a little wave of his hand, 'I will say no more.'

'Well, young ladies,' said the Doctor cheerfully, 'you have been spending the day with some of my very good friends.'

Dr. Hughes had attended Cecil and Helen through all their childish illnesses. He had a great regard for them, and they for him; and they were on as comfortable terms together as an intercourse carried on under their uncle's auspices would allow of.

'Not, I hope, in consequence of any delicacy in the family?' inquired Mr. Vaux benignly.

'Well, well—nothing particular. Miss Lucy is not very strong; and I have had Mrs. Lester in my hands too; but I know and value them independent of that sort of thing, Mr. Vaux. A set of more unpretendingly useful people I never did meet in my life; and so clever and accomplished too. I tell Mrs. Hughes if our girls could ever turn out like *those* young ladies, we shall have lived for something;' and the cheerful man laughed good-humouredly, and looked delighted.

'I quite agree with you,' replied his host very solemnly; 'I have seldom seen a better regulated household, or a more admirable family. In their different positions, one and all of that family perform the duties of those positions in a manner that leaves nothing to be wished for. I have no hesitation in saying that it leaves nothing to be wished for; and if it were not invidious to single out one for praise, while all are most deserving of merit, I should say that Miss Adela Lester might aptly be called a model for young ladies.'

Helen listened to all that was said with an air of patient resignation, while Cecil fidgetted her feet about restlessly on the carpet, shrugged her shoulders, curled her lip, and very busily took off her gloves, rolled them up and buttoned the outer one.

'Your sweet patient, Mademoiselle de Lys, entirely agrees with me in my estimate of that family, and of the great advantage we hope it will be to her pupils to associate with them occasionally. We congratulated each other on the invitations so kindly sent to-day—we did indeed. And we anticipate the happiest results from an intercourse so beneficial—that *ought* to be—that I trust *will* be so beneficial to these young ladies.' And again Mr. Vaux waved his hand, this time in the direction of his suffering daughter and niece.

'Uncommonly nice little woman, that Mademoiselle de Lys,' answered the cheerful doctor, ignoring the last part of Mr. Vaux's speech.

'Is she ill, Papa?' asked Helen.

'*She*—who, my dear?'

'Mademoiselle de Lys.'

'Abbreviating again, Helen,' replied her father, with a deep sigh. 'Well, I hope Mademoiselle de Lys is not what may be called *ill*, but she is far from well. I regret to say that she is very far from well. After her kindness in taking you a walk before leaving you at the Lodge—and *I* think, and *she* agrees with me, that in a laudable desire to give you healthy exercise, she may have overtaxed her own powers—she came home, and when we proposed her joining our little party here later in the day, while I read something aloud suitable to her refined and intellectual taste, she confessed that she had got a chill—was suffering from two of the most distressing ailments to which the human frame can be subjected—I refer to sore-throat and head-ache—and feared it would be imprudent for her to leave her own apartment.'

'I am very sorry, Papa.'

'Yes, my dear, I have no doubt you are very sorry—so was I; and on talking the matter over with your Aunt Flora, we agreed it might be better to have medical assistance at once; a certain responsibility rests on the shoulders of the master of a household, especially of a household of which a young and interesting foreigner is a member; and head-aches and sore-throats are *not* things to be trifled with.'

'I always *do* like to have a doctor when anything is wrong with me,' remarked Aunt Flora placidly; 'it is so much more comfortable.'

'Mademoiselle seemed quite surprised when she found I had been sent for,' chimed in the Doctor, 'and said you were a great deal too good and too anxious; and in fact, I must say I found very little amiss with her. She laughed it off, and made light of it, but I suppose she *had* got a chill, and she said her head-ache had been very severe; lying a few hours later in bed in the morning, she declared, was always a cure for any of her ailments; so I prescribed some very simple remedies, advised her to put her feet in hot water to-night, and to take her breakfast before she gets up to-morrow; and when she *does* get up, I expect you will find her as well as usual.'

'I am most thankful to hear you say so, and extremely glad that we have taken time by the forelock,' said Mr. Vaux, with an air of the most extreme satisfaction.

'Well, I must be taking my leave,' said Dr. Hughes, 'as I promised Colonel Wyndham I would give another look at his wife before night.'

Cecil, who had been listening in a languid absent manner to the conversation, felt as if she had received a sudden blow. 'Mrs. Wyndham —is she ill?' she cried, with excitement.

'Ah, you did not hear of it, then?' said the Doctor. 'I was telling your uncle—yes, yes, she was thrown from her horse, and—'

'Thrown from her horse! Oh, not really!' cried Cecil, rising from her chair in distress.

'No bones broken—no great harm done, only a shake,' cried the Doctor cheerfully. 'We'll have her on her feet again in no time; but one never can *quite* tell what mischief there may be after a fall like *that*. She was going at a terrible pace, to be sure, and taken up quite insensible; but they had got her comfortably to bed, and she was conscious, and making game of us all, before I left—she was indeed.'

'Oh, poor Mrs. Wyndham! Oh, how sorry I am!' cried Cecil, feeling as if she could hardly bear it, and did not know what to say or do.

'Really, Cecil,' said her uncle, 'this display of feeling is equally unbecoming and uncalled-for; you scarcely know the lady.'

'I can't measure out my feelings exactly by the date of my acquaintance,' she answered, with a vehemence she could not restrain, though Helen put her hand on hers and pressed it warningly.

'Cecil!' said her uncle, and then became silent, as if his own feelings were of too overpowering a nature for speech.

'Oh, I can't help it!' cried Cecil, who was still standing; 'I am frightened, I am sorry; must I never say what I feel? must I always be repressed? I can't go on hearing it. Oh, poor Juliet!' Then she turned to Dr. Hughes, and said imploringly, '*Don't* let her die!'

'But we are not talking or thinking of dying,' replied he, with the most cheerful and encouraging manner possible. 'Your friend will do as well as possible, and be sitting up at dinner with you, and as well as ever, in three days.'

'She is *not* her friend,' explained Mr. Vaux, with elaborate calmness;

'she will *not* sit up at dinner with her; such things, such ideas, are quite unheard of in this house—*quite*. And pray, Cecil,' he added, turning towards his niece, and raising his voice a little, 'and pray—*who* is Juliet?'

But Cecil was beginning to recover herself; naturally she had considerable power of self-command, which was now exerting itself and coming to her assistance. 'I was startled,' she said, in a suppressed voice, 'and hardly knew what I was saying.'

'Young ladies should always know what they are saying,' replied her uncle, much in the same manner as a dozen years before he might have informed her that little girls should be seen and not heard; 'young ladies should always know what they are saying; and if—though I sincerely hope not—*if* Mrs. Wyndham's name is Juliet, let me solemnly warn you, Helen, from falling into the vulgar habit of speaking of people, whom you hardly know, by their Christian names; it is one of the most pernicious vulgarities—yes, I have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most pernicious vulgarities of which our fallen nature is capable.'

Mr. Vaux spoke with firmness and solemnity. Helen felt impressed; Dr. Hughes hid his face behind a newspaper, which he hastily took up for the express purpose of hiding his face behind; Cecil bit her lip and held her tongue; and Aunt Flora remarked, with an air of gentle retrospection and mild self-approval, 'I never *did* call my partners, Jack Beverley.'

'And now, Dr. Hughes, pray remember,' said Mr. Vaux, with some agitation of manner, 'that there is *no* acquaintance—no acquaintance to speak of, between my niece and Colonel Wyndham's wife—nothing to justify Miss Vaux's conduct; they have met once, I believe, at the house of a mutual friend, and I shall be exceedingly grieved to have any report of this—this—this *extraordinary* behaviour carried beyond the four walls, which have most unfortunately—I have no hesitation in saying—*most* unfortunately been its witness.' And Mr. Vaux waved his hand at the walls of the room as he uttered the last words, and was himself again.

'My dear Sir,' said the Doctor, 'Miss Cecil was startled and overcome at hearing of a sudden accident to a lady she knows a little. Don't tell me; I have seen the same sort of thing five hundred times, but I should never think of repeating anything I see from one house to another—I shouldn't indeed.'

'Well, Dr. Hughes,' replied Mr. Vaux solemnly, 'I don't believe you would. You know the world, and so do I. We both of us know the world—yes, I have no hesitation in saying that we know the world, and the world knows us.' With which climax he shook hands in a friendly manner with the Doctor, and wished him 'Good-night!'

But Cecil was too much alarmed and excited about her friend, to be cowed into silence by her uncle's displeasure. 'She is really not much hurt, then?' she asked, as Dr. Hughes shook hands with her also.

'Well, I would not take upon myself to speak quite decidedly,' he answered; 'but I don't *think* she is. I shall know more about it to-morrow, when I expect to find her a great deal better. I don't believe she is much hurt, I assure you I don't.'

When Dr. Hughes had taken his leave, Mr. Vaux addressed his niece very seriously. 'I am greatly displeased with you, Cecil,' he said, 'greatly displeased with you, and greatly surprised at you; the exhibition to which you treated us was most unbecoming, most unbecoming—your manner altogether very unladylike—and if I am displeased and surprised, I am also disappointed—more disappointed than I can perhaps conveniently find words to express; for how differently might I not have hoped you would have conducted yourself, after a day spent in the society, in which, through *my* means, you have spent this day? you produce in my mind a most unpleasant state of feeling. I have no hesitation in saying that you produce a most unpleasant state of feeling in my mind. I am tempted to ask, What is the use of *any*thing?' and Mr. Vaux waved his hands with a gesture of superior despair.

'Have you nothing to say, Cecil?' he added, after a moment's silence, in a mild mournful voice.

Cecil gave a weary start. 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' she said. 'I was not quite attending, I believe; did you ask me anything?'

Mr. Vaux rose from his chair. He stood bolt upright, and waved his hands about incoherently. Then he got quite pale with anger, and almost gasped for breath.

'James, dear! don't mind about it. Do sit down,' said Aunt Flora soothingly.

'It is easy to say "sit down," Flora,' he replied, which certainly was true. 'It is even easy to say "don't mind about it," but you compel me to ask you, whether it is easy to *do* either under such circumstances—yes—I have no hesitation in saying, such *circumstances* as the present?'

'Try, James dear!' replied his sister. 'I am sure you could sit down.'

'Cecil,' said her uncle, in a deep voice that shook with emotion, 'will you beg my pardon?'

'Beg your pardon, Uncle James? Why on earth should I? What have I done?'

'I ask you once—only once more. Will you beg my pardon?'

'I'm sure I don't much mind if I do,' replied Cecil, in a weary way.

'Oh do, Cecil—do!' cried Helen, who, with the utmost difficulty, was suppressing her tears.

'Do *what*, Helen?' demanded her father in a reproachful voice, that had 'abbreviate' in every tone of it.

'Oh, beg your pardon, Papa,' said Helen, tearfully.

'Very well, Helen; very well.—You hear, Cecil! Will you do it?'

'But I can't *think* why I should?' replied Cecil.

'Never mind, my dear; do it if your uncle wishes it, and then we may be quiet,' said Aunt Flora, a little fretfully.

'I don't like doing it when I don't know why,' urged Cecil; 'it is so very uncomfortable.'

'But isn't this more uncomfortable, my dear?' said Aunt Flora, glancing at her uncle. 'If you don't mind it *very* much, couldn't you just do it, and have done with it?'

'I do mind it very much indeed, though,' said Cecil.

'O Cecil!' said Helen reproachfully; 'and you said just now that you didn't.'

Then Cecil turned to Mr. Vaux, and addressed him in a straightforward way.

He was standing with folded arms, looking like a martyr, and waiting patiently to know whether he was or was not to have his pardon begged.

'Will you tell me, Uncle James, why I am to beg your pardon?' she said frankly.

'Yes, Cecil, I will certainly tell you,' he began glibly; 'you are to beg my pardon because—' but when he had got thus far, he found he had forgotten, in his indignation at not having his pardon begged, *what* it was that it was to be begged for, and so he came to a rather undignified halt. He impulsively turned to his sister and daughter, with inquiring looks; but Aunt Flora only shook her head slightly, and Helen's lips formed the words, 'I'm not sure.'

There was a dead silence. But at that moment the bell rang for prayers, and the servants filed in, and Uncle James found himself relieved from what was becoming a distressing dilemma. The family devotions over, he did not renew the subject—wisely enough, considering that he did not quite know what the subject was; but in a rather stiffer and more formal manner than usual took leave of the two girls, bidding them good-night, and desiring them to go to bed at once, and not talk in each other's rooms. Whether this last injunction arose from any sort of dislike to the idea of their discussing, when alone together, the conversation that had just taken place, no one knew—or was ever likely to know—but himself; for Mr. Vaux was not at all an unreserved or communicative man.

Helen was too conscientious to follow Cecil as usual into her bed-room for a little of the chat that made one of the most agreeable parts of their life; so they took an affectionate good-night of each other at the door, Cecil merely saying, 'What was it all about?' and Helen replying, 'I haven't an idea; but you might just as well have begged his pardon, if he wished it.'

'It would have been so horridly insincere,' replied Cecil.

'Well, I don't see that,' said Helen; 'it may be insincere to say you're sorry when you're not—though I'm sure I've done it to Papa over and over again; but it *can't* be insincere to beg pardon.'

'What *is* begging pardon?' said Cecil abruptly.

'I don't quite know,' replied Helen, looking bewildered.

And so they parted.

Cecil found herself alone in her bed-chamber, with very wild and excited feelings in her heart. In the calm monotonous life led by the inmates of Fernley, this day had been altogether a most unusual one. It had been a day full of conflicting emotions and of startling events. First there had been that most delightful interview at the dress-maker's, that had given her more pleasure than she had perhaps ever experienced in her life before, opening to her new ideas and new possibilities—the possibility of intercourse and friendship with such a vision of sweetness, goodness, and beauty, as Juliet Wyndham. That hour had made a greater change in her life—nay, in her very self, than any other hour she could remember ever to have spent. To find that she had been noticed and approved, when first seen, by one whom in herself she esteemed as much above her as the moon was above the earth—that she had been noticed and approved, and then, days afterwards, followed into a house on purpose that her acquaintance might be made; so that what she deemed a blissful chance was a premeditated act—these facts came to her as the most delicious flattery that she had ever received. Girl-like, she would have been content to worship at a distance, taking gladly and gratefully into her life such gleams of brightness as distant looks and words could give; but lo! the worshipped had descended from her pedestal, and placed herself with eager grace on equal terms with the worshipper! For the rest of her life she was to know Juliet Wyndham, to be intimate with her, to be her friend; how different this portion of her life must be from that which had gone before!

Then, after this charming commencement of a day that had done so much for her, came the trying afternoon with the Lesters, when her brother's history had been suddenly opened before her—when she had found in a stranger's book a picture of him that she had never seen, and heard a stranger's lips read from a stranger's letter anecdotes from his life, and opinions on his character and conduct. It had been trying—it had been painful—it had been terrible; and she felt in her inmost heart that she had never disliked anyone half so much as she did that pattern young lady, Adela Lester, except perhaps that pattern young lady's conceited canting intolerable brother, Frank. In all that had passed that afternoon—in all the revelations that had been made to her, and the comments and remarks she had eagerly though unwillingly listened to, she had but one drop of comfort, and that drop of comfort was that Jocelyn had cut Frank. She had dwelt on this with satisfaction, to Helen; and now, alone in her own room, she found herself recurring to it with greater satisfaction still. But interesting as all this was to her, her thoughts could not dwell on it long. They returned to, and finally fixed themselves on, a subject of nearer and more engrossing interest and anxiety, which, coming suddenly on all the rest, had roused and excited

her, till, with brain and heart equally full, she felt as if she never could be at rest and peace again. This of course was Mrs. Wyndham's accident. She shuddered when she thought of it, and yet she could think of nothing else. She shut her eyes, and saw the slight form falling from the horse. She opened them, and the room seemed full of dismay—the dismay felt by all concerned at the danger of one so lovely and beloved. Was she not more hurt than Dr. Hughes thought? Might not her hurts be dangerous? would she be long ill? would she recover? would she *die?* The last thought was terrible—shocking—wicked; where did it come from? and why did it come? and why did it keep returning unbidden every minute, while every minute she put it violently away?

At last, worn out by this tumult and chaos of thoughts and imaginations, Cecil went to bed, with the despairing hope that a change of posture and of light into darkness might bring a change into her mind. She tossed about for two or three hours, tormented and miserable. Alas! her prayers had been the mere mechanical form that she had been trained to use in infancy, and nothing more. She would as soon have thought of going to bed without brushing her hair, as without kneeling down by the side of that bed, and repeating a certain number of words, though she had not one real thought of Whom she was addressing, or what those words were. Poor child! she did not know it was a mockery, of which she had been guilty night and morning for so many years. She did not know it, and who was there to teach her?

At last—a weary at last—she slept; but her sleep was as painful as her waking had been, for she dreamt—she dreamt a horrible dream. She was in bed in her room, and Mrs. Wyndham was rushing about in it, the blood streaming from her temples, and calling wildly on Cecil to help her—calling on her for help, and at the same time accusing her of having caused her misery, while Cecil lay spell-bound—cold—numb, struck with horror, and unable to speak or move. Then she gave a loud sudden scream, and woke. She leapt from her bed, unable to endure the distress and fear that had seized hold of her, and groped about in the darkness till she found the matches, and striking a light, examined her watch. It was five o'clock. Five o'clock: in June it would have been brilliant morning—in January it was the middle of the night; but why should she be bound by such conventionalities as *that?* It *was* morning; she could consider it as morning; she could use it as morning; she could dress herself, go out by the light of the moon, and ascertain for herself how Mrs. Wyndham really was.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN ART.

XIII.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

THERE are men who seem, as they stand out in history, to belong to all time, rather than to an age, a race, or a country; whose names, as we take them on our lips, are sufficient to recall to our minds the greatness of an entire era. Such, to Art, are Phidias of the dim unknown past, and Dante of the central age of Christendom; such is Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Yet Michael Angelo was essentially a Florentine in the mould of his mind and character; formed by and thoroughly imbued with the literature of his race, and developed by its singularly perfect culture. That culture, developing through two centuries of gradually increasing perfection, the genius and character of the grand old Etruscan race, had so elevated also its physical character, as to have endowed body as well as mind, with a dignity and elegance, which made the conditions of ordinary life in Florence a 'School of Art,' such as the world has seldom seen. Beauty of climate and of scenery, of form and colour, glory of dome and bell-tower and spire, faultlessness of human face and form, combined to make Florence of the fifteenth century a fair vision of beauty, such as we love to dream of in the dimmed loveliness and amidst the mouldering treasures of Florence of to-day, which is to us a precious link between mediæval and modern history.

Michael Angelo was born but ten years after the death of the great architect of the dome of Florence, who, it is said, first inspired Cosmo de Medici to collect those statues of antiquity, which formed so chief a characteristic of the celebrated Medici Gardens, and who himself discovered and repaired many.

The Buonarrotti cherished the proud belief that imperial blood ran in their veins through the Countess Beatrice, sister of Henry II. They were, at any rate, descended from the Counts of Canossa; and though poor at the period of which we are writing, were among the aristocratic families of Florence. In 1474, Ludovico Buonarrotti, having been made Governor of Chiusi, near Arezzo, made a rapid journey thither with his young wife; and there, immediately on their arrival, was born their first child, christened Michael Agnolo. When they returned to Florence, in 1476, they entrusted the child to the care of his nurse, a stone-mason's wife, at Settignano, a village close to Florence, whence in after years Michael Angelo used to say that it was no wonder he loved his chisel so well, since he had imbibed his passion for sculpture with his nurse's milk. He was intended by his father to be a scholar, and was therefore sent to school; but, like the young Cimabue, he spent all his time in drawing, or in slipping away to the artists' ateliers. Persuasion and harshness were in vain tried by turns, to break the boy's purpose to be an artist; and at last, weary of the useless contention, Ludovico apprenticed him to Dominico

Ghirlandajo, in the spring of 1488. Michael Angelo appeared in his studio at a happy moment, for he had just received the commission to re-paint a wall of Sta. Maria Novella, which had been occupied by a work of Orcagna's, at that time so faded and injured by the leaking of the roof, as to be past restoration. There Ghirlandajo's painting still stands, his finest work; and there, beyond the many interests which circle round his painting of the poets and philosophers and beauties of that famous age, not the least one centres in the parts which tradition points out as the first efforts of the young apprentice. 'He understands more of drawing than I do myself,' said the astonished master, on seeing a sketch made by the boy one day, of the scaffolding and workmen in the church. One is sorry to have to record that Ghirlandajo's jealousy of his young pupil overcame his better feelings, and it became necessary to dissolve the contract before its full conclusion.

While in Ghirlandajo's atelier, Michael Angelo had, however, gained two important things; the friendship of the young Granacci, his fellow pupil, who lent him drawings, and gave him all the sympathy and help in his power; and the admittance to the Medici Gardens. A new world was opened on the boy, as he here beheld, for the first time, the magnificence of Greek art; and a new vista of possibilities dawned upon him as the inspiration flashed on him to be a sculptor. One of the first things which strike one in studying Michael Angelo's life, is the suddenness with which his powers seemed to leap into maturity. We see not, can hardly imagine, his boyhood and dawning manhood; nor can we trace, as in Raffaelle and others, the gradual processes of his intellect with regard to the great problems of Art in that transitionary age. He seems to have stood face to face with the great Greek school, and, once for all, to have accepted its matchless technical perfection as the chief aim of Art, without hesitation or reserve.

Wonderful stories are told by Vasari of Michael Angelo's copies of the early masters at this time, so perfect as to be often undistinguishable from the originals; but it was the sculpture which absorbed his chief interest. He made friends with the masons, watched them at their work, and at last procured from them a piece of marble, in which he copied an antique Faun so well, that Lorenzo, ever on the watch to encourage genius, noticed him, and perceiving the boy's singular promise, sent for his father. Very loth to go on an errand of which he knew the result, was the proud old Ludovico; and he at first declined to obey the summons. But Lorenzo was not to be refused, and it was at last agreed that the young Michael Angelo should be taken into Lorenzo's palace, and provided with a room, a place at his table, and an allowance of money. In the Buonarrotti Palace is still a bas-relief representing Hercules fighting with the Centaurs, which was executed at the suggestion of Politian, and which Michael Angelo kept in loving memory of these happy early days. In those few pleasant years (Lorenzo died in 1492) he devoted himself, unembarrassed by cares of any

kind, to the study of classical sculpture, of the frescoes—still the school of young painters—of Masaccio in the Carmine Church, and to literature, some knowledge of which was essential to those who mixed day by day in the polished circle of Lorenzo's court. To the young artist, the death of Lorenzo must have been a first real sorrow, for, tyrant and profligate though he might be, he was a kind friend and generous patron. Michael Angelo seems to have left the palace immediately after Lorenzo's death, and lived for the next two years at home, quietly pursuing his work. Of the influences which gathered round his life and matured his character in those two momentous years of his dawning manhood, we know nothing. We may well believe that his serious and melancholy temperament was profoundly impressed by the terrible warnings and prophecies by which Savonarola, then at the height of his power, was striking awe into the hearts of the citizens of Florence. The weak and infatuated Piero de Medici was hastening the ruin of the city by every means in his power; he and his court feasting, hunting, and merry-making, careless of danger, and incredulous of invasion; while day by day Savonarola thundered forth his unheeded denunciations, and men's minds were wrought up to expectation of some terrible Heaven-sent calamity. One day, there came to Michael Angelo, Piero's lute-player, saying that the dead Lorenzo had appeared to him in tattered garments, and bade him tell his son that he would be soon driven away from Florence, never more to return. Michael Angelo bade the man tell his master, but he feared to do so. Again the vision came—this time with a menacing aspect; and again Michael Angelo urged the terrified man to warn his master. He did so, and was treated with the contempt and ridicule of the court. Then Michael Angelo believed that the end was come, and the decree of Heaven gone forth against the godless court, and, dismayed and terror-struck, fled secretly from the city, finding a temporary resting-place in the hospitable house of Aldovrino, a patrician of Bologna. There in a few days he was followed by Piero de Medici; the prophecy fulfilled, and he an exile from Florence, fleeing from before the army of the King of France. At this time was done Michael Angelo's well-known and beautiful work of the figures for St. Dominic's tomb,* of which the angel holding the candelabra is perhaps the one of all his works which we contemplate with the most unmixed pleasure, as of real spiritual beauty. In Bologna he might have stayed longer, away from the turmoil and wretched strife of distracted Florence, pursuing his peaceful studies by day, and delighting his host in the evenings with his recitations of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio,† but for the jealousy of the Bolognese artists, which forced him to leave the city at the close of his work there. He returned to Florence to find many changes. The beautiful palace and gardens, where he had lived and studied—the pride of Florence—were laid waste, the art-treasures sold and scattered, and

* Niccolo Pisano's work.

† Roscoe's Leo X., Vol. II., chap. xxii., p. 397.

many of them probably destroyed by Savonarola's party, who now held the reins of government. Two of the brightest ornaments of the Medicean court, Politian and Pico della Mirandola, had gone to their rest, desiring to be buried in the dress of Savonarola's order. All through that Lent of 1496—the Lent of the 'great bonfire'—Savonarola thundered forth his appeals for repentance and reform; and we know that Michael Angelo was among his adherents at that critical time. One would be glad to gain some idea of the effect which the great reformer produced on his life and mind, and with what thoughts he regarded this period of Savonarola's career, and the almost fanatic destruction which he enjoined, of those treasures of classical art which had been Michael Angelo's school. It is probable that he kept himself out of the immediate strife, calming and balancing his mind by practical work and study. We may well believe, however, that it was Savonarola who planted the germ of that deep personal religion which was so marked a feature in his character, gradually prevailing over the Platonism of his earlier years, and shining out clearer and calmer as old age and death approached. We know, at any rate, that Savonarola's writings were among his chosen studies, that he cherished his memory ever with affection, and used to speak often of that thrilling voice, whose sweetness and strength had rung so mightily through Florence.

In the June of 1496, Michael Angelo made his first visit to Rome. A Cupid had been executed by him in that year, and sent to Rome to be sold, having been previously buried in the ground to give it the appearance of an antique. It seems doubtful whether Michael Angelo was a party to this trick,* which Lorenzo de Medici, cousin to the banished Piero, appears to have originated. Michael Angelo was the soul of honour, and is most unlikely to have done such a thing for mere gain; but he might have wanted to test his work and the acuteness of the Roman critics. However it may be, the purchaser, Cardinal San Giorgio, was completely deceived, and paid two hundred ducats for it, only thirty of which the negotiator sent to Michael Angelo. The Cardinal, discovering at last the fraud, sent an ambassador to Florence to inquire into it, and to find the sculptor who was capable of such workmanship. When Michael Angelo, with all the other sculptors, visited the ambassador, he brought no drawings with him, but like Giotto, took a pen, and drew with it a human hand. Thus it was, attracted by the promises of the nobleman, and in hopes of getting some of his money from the seller of his Cupid, that Michael Angelo set out on his first journey to Rome, and began his career there at the age of twenty-one.

Thrown thus early into the centre of the most licentious city in Europe, infidelity and vice reigning triumphant on the throne of the chief Bishop of the Christian Church, religious art made subservient to the luxury or pride of prelates, what was the effect of Rome on Michael

* Mr. Harford says he was not. See Life of Michael Angelo.

Angelo? That he was not contaminated, as Raffaelle, by the worldliness, and dazzled by the superficial cultivation there, we know; that his lofty soul formed and kept a standard of faith and morals, which all the corruptions of those professing to be God's representatives on earth were insufficient to shake, we know also. But that the overwhelming greatness of the social evils which made Rome what it was in that age, did warp his mind and embitter his soul; that the contemplation of these things did fill his work with feverish restlessness, and negative his power for good by causing him to dwell morbidly on the unfathomable mystery of evil—there can be no doubt. His first work in Rome, and the one which secured his reputation as a sculptor, was the well-known 'Pietà,'* now in a side-chapel of St. Peter's, but originally intended for the Abbey of St. Denis. The traditions of mediæval Art still lingered in his mind as he carved the delicate features on which death has set the seal of perfect repose, and restrained reverently his power of realism in the dignified grief of the Virgin Mother. All Rome came to criticise and admire the new and unrivalled effort at sculpture; but the only fault that could be suggested was that 'the Virgin was too young.' 'Do you not know,' answered the young sculptor, 'that pure women remain fresher than those who are not so? How much more then, a Virgin who has never been led astray by the least sinful desire? But yet more; . . . . . we must believe that the Divine Power came also to her aid, so that the imperishable purity of the Mother of God might appear to all the world.' It throws an additional interest over this noble work, to remember that it was done in the year of Savonarola's trial and death, and that its pathos may have been deepened by the thoughts which saddened his soul, as he mourned, with all true Florentines, the fate of the martyr-leader. When family affairs took Michael Angelo to Florence, shortly after the completion of this work, the voice of the great reformer was silent in death, and his enemies ruled in the city, their supremacy typified by the chasing of a horse, in mockery, through Arnolfo's beautiful cathedral. After working in Florence for some months, he received the commission for the celebrated statue of David from the trustees of the cathedral. Many years before, an immense block of marble, eighteen feet in height, had been brought from Carrara, for the purpose of making a statue for the dome; but all the sculptors had refused the difficult task, and the marble had stood unused. At the time of Michael Angelo's visit to Florence, a sculptor had offered to attempt the work, and a competition had arisen, when it was found that Michael Angelo was the only man who would undertake to use the entire block as it stood, without either adding to or taking from it; and the commission was accordingly given to him, with an allowance of six gold florins a month. The little wax model, which was his only guide, is still to be seen in the Uffizzi Gallery. About this time is supposed to have been painted the only easel-picture known to be by his hand. It is a Holy

* Executed in 1499.

Family, and is now in the Uffizzi Gallery. A story is told of it, shewing Michael Angelo's uncompromising character. He desired the messenger who took the picture to its owner, to wait for the money. Half the required sum came back, and Michael Angelo at once demanded double the original price, or the picture. It seems necessary to make some mention here of that celebrated picture of the Fates, the print of which has made it so familiar in England, and concerning which so much discussion has taken place. It is, almost unquestionably, Michael Angelo's design; but whether painted by him, is a matter of great doubt. Harford and Kügler both attribute it to Rosso Fiorentino, an almost unknown painter, and we believe that Mr. Ruskin is very doubtful of its authenticity; but Mr. Tyrwhitt contends that it is entirely Michael Angelo's. We should like to quote the latter's striking description* of this wonderful translation of the terrible symbol of heathen mythology into a Christian thought; but want of space compels us to refer our readers to his book. For two years, Michael Angelo worked almost incessantly at his great statue of David, often even sleeping with his clothes on, in order that he might rise early; and in the April of 1504 it was finished. The uncovering of a great work of art was still, as in old times, an event in which the whole city had share and interest; and in this instance, a full and curious record remains of the discussion which took place concerning its destination, giving us a vivid glimpse of Florentine life at that period. There were the Gonfaloniere, the council, the officials and magistrates of the city, and all the leading artists, many whose names are familiar to us, Perugino, Sandro Botticelli, Granacci, Lorenzo di Credi, Filippino Lippi, Leonardo da Vinci, Cronaca, who devised the machinery which moved it, and many others. After much discussion, it was agreed that the artist himself should choose its resting-place; and Michael Angelo decided that it should stand at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio. The progress of the gigantic statue occupied some days; but on May 18th, at early dawn, it was safely deposited in its place in the Piazza. In this same year, Michael Angelo obtained the commission for the cartoon which was to occupy the wall of the great Council-chamber, opposite to that on which Leonardo da Vinci had painted his great picture. The subject Michael Angelo chose was that of the surprise of the Florentine army by the Pisans while bathing; and it is generally called the 'Cartoon of the Bathers.' It was never finished, and the work was destroyed during his life-time. These two, now perished works, became at once and thenceforth, to the Florentine artists, all that the frescoes of Masaccio had hitherto been, so that Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor, called them the 'School of the World;' and it was the desire to see and study these great works which brought Raffaelle to Florence in that same year, and their influence which made the first fatal change in his style. The consummation and the fall of painting lay in that cartoon of Michael Angelo's. Henceforth, anatomy

* Christian Art and Symbolism, Lect. IV., p. 137.

became the highest aim, and the posturing of the human form the ultimate ambition of artists. Those who copied him saw only the scientific knowledge, in which they vainly thought his greatness lay, and imitated the fatal mannerisms, thinking that it was only the skill which was needed to make them too Michael Angelos.

While still at this work in the council-chamber, Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome by Julius II. He went there in the beginning of the year 1505, and received the order for the colossal monument of Julius, the completion of which spread over his whole life, and of which Condivi, his biographer, writes as the Tragedy of the Sepulchre, because of the trouble and distress its completion caused him. The proud soldier Pope, whose chief object was the aggrandisement of the power of the Roman See in his own person, determined that his monument should be in the most conspicuous place of the tribune of St. Peter's; and Michael Angelo was commissioned, assisted by San Gallo the architect, to continue the new building, the foundations of which had been laid by Nicholas V., for its reception. As the building progressed, the idea of rebuilding the entire Basilica gradually matured, and Bramante was ordered to prepare designs, which were accepted, and which, though more or less departed from by his successors, formed the main plan of St. Peter's as we see it at this day. It is a strong proof that Michael Angelo was above the jealousy of other artists so often attributed to him, that, cordially as he disliked and despised the mean-spirited and selfish Bramante, and deeply as he was injured by his intrigues, he refused to permit any material alteration of Bramante's plan when his own turn came to be architect of St. Peter's, saying that 'Whoever departed from Bramante's plan, deviated from the truth.' Had this plan been adhered to, and the cathedral built in the form of an equilateral instead of a Latin cross, the magnificent dome would not have been dwarfed as it now is by the length of the nave.

In the spring, Michael Angelo set out for Carrara, where he spent eight months, superintending the cutting of the marble, rough-hewing figures to be transported to Rome, and anxiously preparing for the safety of his blocks. In 1506 he was again in Rome, awaiting their arrival, and preparing his studio outside St. Peter's. It would seem, however, that he had returned before the end of 1505, since it is recorded by San Gallo's son that he was present at the discovery of the celebrated Laocoon;* but he returned to Carrara in May, where he had much trouble and anxiety about his marble. Meanwhile Bramante had succeeded both in undermining Michael Angelo's influence with the Pope, and in persuading him to abandon the idea of the monument—working on the old man's fear of death, by telling him that it was an ill omen to build his own monument. So, when Michael Angelo returned in the summer, he could get neither money nor orders from the Pope, who even refused to see him, and left him with the unpaid workmen

* Quarterly Review, April, 1858. Article on Michael Angelo.

and marbles on his hands. But Michael Angelo would brook insult from no man, and wrote a brief note to the Pope, telling him that if he wanted him, he must seek him elsewhere than in Rome; and, mounting his horse, rode off to Florence—the Pope's emissaries close after him, commanding his return. Michael Angelo was immoveable, however; he would not return, 'now nor ever,' he said, 'since the Pope no longer wanted his services;' and he went on quietly with his cartoon in the Council-chamber. Three successive letters the Pope wrote to the Gonfaloniere of Florence, demanding that Michael Angelo should be sent back, he threatening to leave Italy altogether if force were put on him. The Gonfaloniere protected him by every means in his power, procuring for him a safe-conduct, and investing him with the honorary dignity of ambassador; and at last, representing to him that the fiery Pope would probably make war on Florence if he could not have his way, persuaded Michael Angelo to repair to Bologna, whither the Pope had just made a military expedition. Fortunately for him, perhaps, when he presented himself somewhat proudly before the Pope, a well-intentioned Bishop made excuse for his manners, saying that artists were ignorant men, and knew little beyond their profession. 'Do you dare to say things of this man, which I would not have said of him myself!' exclaimed Julius, and received him back into his favour at once.

The monument, however, was consigned to oblivion for the present; and Julius, by way of finding occupation for Michael Angelo, ordered him to make a bronze statue of himself, to be erected in the porch of San Petronius at Bologna. Amongst the correspondence in the British Museum, is a letter written home at this time, in which we incidentally see how entirely he had become the mainstay of his family both for advice and pecuniary needs. He lived most sparingly himself, giving much away, and sending all he could save to Florence, for the benefit of his family. They must pray God, is the request repeated in many letters, that all his work may have good success. He had much disappointment and trouble over the cast for Julius's statue, not being experienced in such work. 'It gave him no rest, night or day,' he says in one of his letters; and at last he was obliged to procure the assistance of the inspector of the iron-works at Florence, with whose help he at last completed a successful cast, and after a year's hard work it was finished. Julius was asked what he would have placed in his left hand. 'Give me a sword,' said the soldier-pope; 'I am no scholar. And what does the raised right hand denote?' added Julius. 'You are advising the people of Bologna to be wise,' answered Michael Angelo, with one of those covert sarcasms so characteristic of him. The statue was unveiled in the February of 1508, with great festivities and apparent rejoicings. No sword was in the Pope's hand, but the keys of St. Peter; a reproof which Julius might have done well to take to heart. Three years afterwards, this statue of the detested invader of their liberties was

thrown down by the Bolognese, and the precious work of a year of the great master's prime destroyed by an infuriated mob.

It was in the period of Michael Angelo's short visit to Florence, after the completion of this statue, that his final quarrel with Perugino took place, which is said to have been the cause of the latter's leaving Florence. Accounts differ as to the degree of blame attached to Michael Angelo; but it seems probable that Perugino spoke depreciatingly of the former's work, and got for his answer, that he was an ignorant person. Perugino foolishly tried to get legal satisfaction; but the case was dismissed, and he only brought discredit on himself. The profound reality and seriousness of Michael Angelo's character made him incapable of brooking patiently the petty jealousies and narrow conceits of other and smaller men; and when they troubled him he answered them in the bitterness of his soul—hurting, no doubt, often, more than he intended. He was, however, intensely gentle and tender, peculiarly sensitive to kindness or unkindness, and always ready to help others with advice or sympathy, feeling, when his temper was not roused, the distress which only such a nature can feel, when obliged to hurt others' feelings. His character is written on his face, known well to most of us—the grand outline of head and features as portrayed in the picture which has come down to us, never to be forgotten, despite the marring of its beauty by the disfigurement which may have added to his morbidness, and but for which, the face would have been as handsome as it is striking.* Through the cloud of profound melancholy which rests on it, and beneath the deep lines of power and of passion which seam it, there gleams an expression of infinite tenderness, such as his life does not belie. Spirits at once so tender and so strong fare ill in this rough world, and are only known when they have passed beyond its praise or blame, and their hearts are stilled to its tumult.

It may be well that we should pause here to consider briefly the leading features of that great revolution in Art, which we call the Renaissance, and the moral and spiritual relations of which to the age, we have already glanced at.

When Art had produced such a perfect balance of knowledge, executive power, and imaginative thought, as was attained by John Bellini, Ghiberti, Perugino, and Ghirlandajo, in painting and sculpture, and as was exemplified in architecture in the matchless Gothic of Venice and of Florence, it had reached its highest perfection. With the new learning and paganized religion, other requirements and far different

* While studying in the Medici Gardens, he had a quarrel with a fellow student called Torrigiano, who gave him a blow which broke his nose, and nearly killed him. This same Torrigiano, who was obliged to flee from Florence in consequence, eventually found his way to England, where he may almost be said to have introduced the Renaissance. He was the architect who built Henry VII.'s monument at Westminster, and probably that also of Margaret of Richmond, Henry's mother.—*Lübke's Hist. of Sculpture, Miss Bunnett's Trans.* Vol. II., p. 334.

sympathies arose; and henceforth, scientific knowledge which should rival the ancient schools became the passion, and technical accuracy, possible only in its perfection to petrified thought, the end of Art. The intellectual power of the age was on the side of the movement, reactionary as it was against the false principle of the Roman supremacy; and thus it became animated with a temporary life, and great minds, such as Michael Angelo, became the leaders in a reaction which brought swift destruction to the arts of Italy.

The results of the Renaissance in painting, we have already seen exemplified in Raffaelle. Anatomy, perspective, chiaro-scuro, scientific excellence of all kinds, became the standard of criticism. Science was to be almost synonymous with Art, and the one was thought useless and contemptible unless perfected by the other. Raffaelle, the representative painter of the Renaissance age, who gave himself up unresistingly to its spirit, painted bones, flesh, and muscles, as they never had been painted before; made external nature the sole aim of his painting, and delivered up his whole mind to the attaining of perfection in its representation. He gave in exchange for the dexterity he won, the power to see the spirit which burns through the veil of our mortality, the gift to sympathise with weakness, and the love to discern the purity which is better than strength, and the self-restrained repose which is nobler than passionate effort. Art and grammar must alike be faultless now. Cardinal Bembo will banish the Bible from his library, for fear its language should corrupt his taste; and Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Ghirlandajo shall have their works obliterated, and themselves consigned to oblivion, to make way for the new lights of the world.

Architecture fared yet worse by the revolution. In rejecting the noble forms of Gothic, the Renaissance architects fell back, of necessity, upon the style of classic Rome, retaining only the magnificent mediæval feature of the dome and vaulted roof, but substituting for the arch, which formed so grand a feature of the old Romanesque, the square door-way with horizontal plinth. Grand, colossal, and cold, rose up the new style—fit for the luxury of princes and the pride of Popes. No human thought on its blank walls for men to ponder on as they passed to and fro; no quaint conceits to move their sympathies; no carven niche for sweet saintly face to look down from and touch their hearts. The science of the Renaissance builders remains their monument to this day. How much do we thank them for it? Had they left us the record of their thoughts, however confused; of their feelings, however passionate; we should approach their work reverently, as we do that of the wild Lombard conquerors of Val d'Arno. Not by what we know, but by what out of our measure of knowledge we have woven in thought and experience, do men value us. Other generations will know more than we do, stand in relation to us as we do to those before us; but the pure thoughts and noble experience, which each true soul standing in its place sends flowing on to the great fountain of mutual help and sympathy, can

never cease to live or fail to help. '"Indeed," men will say, "they felt that in their day, saw that? Would God we may be like them, before we go to the home where sight and thought are not."' This, the Renaissance, with its corrupted morality and hollow religion, failed to do for its generation. This, Michael Angelo, uniting the faith and spirit of the mighty artists of old to the science of his age, strove with all his soul, sorrowfully, and in doubt and dimness, to do; and became, with all his faults and mistakes, one of their great immortal brotherhood.

(*To be continued.*) A. C. OWEN.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.)

CHAPTER III.

'My father's health now really required rest; and we were all happy to leave Oporto, which for some months past had been a scene of constant bustle, for the Caldar de Gerez. My father travelled on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Tavira, and Senhor Bernardino, a little quiet man, who acted as his secretary. The weather was lovely, and we were all in good humour when we started; but it could not last on such a rough road, and with such miserable accommodation as we met on this journey. At Villa Nova de Tamelicao we literally dined among the pigs, on the contents of our own bag of provisions. We had neither table-cloth nor plates; our windows were unglazed, and the floors unwashed.

'The Minho province is indeed the loveliest part of Portugal, but the richest and most picturesque parts of it had fallen under the grasp of the monastic clergy. The numerous convents, which are scattered through the country, may perhaps spend a portion of their revenues in relieving the poor peasants; but I believe their method of almsgiving is far more adapted to encourage idleness and indigence than to excite a spirit of industry.

'On entering Braga I was struck with its most gloomy appearance. The streets, narrow and unpaved, were chiefly thronged with priests and friars, who form at least one-tenth of the population. We were received by Senhor de Canha at the door of his house, and conducted with much ceremony to the drawing-room, where his wife and daughter, a conceited little girl about my own age, were waiting to receive us. A large party was assembled at dinner, which proved to be both noisy and disagreeable. My father's health was drunk while the ladies were at table, to his great annoyance, with "three times three," and afterwards mine. I shall never forget my horror when my father made me rise,

and curtsey to the company. I thought it was paying very dearly for the honour.

'The next day our dinner and our company were a ditto repeated of yesterday's party. My father called on the old Archbishop of Braga, who had lost his memory, and asked him whether he had heard lately from General Trant.

'We slept at Igreja Nova, a miserable village, where we should have been obliged to sleep in our litters if the Priest had not kindly given us his only bed-room. My father and Tom slept on the floor in his parlour, and the good-natured old man reserved only the kitchen for himself. We found our beds very uncomfortable, and our breakfast very uneatable; but we did not feel the less grateful for the good Padre's hospitality. He confirmed the report we had already heard of the extreme difficulty of procuring even the common necessaries of life at Gerez, which, at the present season, was totally deserted, adding that he feared we should soon grow tired of its dreariness and solitude.

'In truth, nothing could be much more dismal than our next day's journey across the mountains, which ended in our arrival at the Caldas, a collection of uninhabited hovels situated in a little ravine, and enclosed on all sides by "cloud-capt mountains." A rapid torrent, called the Cavado, roared beneath our little wooden balcony; waterfalls, rocks, and pine forests, surrounded us on every side. Our habitation was formed entirely of wood, and could actually boast of two glazed windows. The single street was overgrown with long grass, and the roofs of the different houses were covered with lichen and moss, and afforded shelter to a variety of owls and bats, *en défaut d'autres habitants.*

'With the exception of our own family and an old man from Villa de Vega, who kept a kind of grocer's shop, on speculation for our convenience, there was not another human being in the whole village, and we were told by the peasants that during the wintry nights it was left entirely to the wolves, who came down from the mountains in search of prey.

'Our house was built of wood, with very little aid of brick and mortar, and consisted of one story, divided into twelve small rooms which opened upon a long wooden verandah. This verandah was our favourite place of meeting: it was suspended over an impetuous torrent, the Cavado, and commanded a most lovely view of mountain scenery on the grandest scale. Our stock of furniture was very limited, and consisted only of our hard pallet beds, a deal table, and some kitchen chairs. At night we were awoke by the rain which poured from the roof, and on feeling my bed-clothes I found they were perfectly wet!

'We arose every morning soon after day-break, and went to bed at sun-set. Nothing could be more primitive and patriarchal than our mode of living, but it was certainly more romantic than pleasant. The only description of Gerez that I ever read, was that given by the German naturalist, Tynck. He says that its mountains afford inex-

haustible treasures to the mineralogist and botanist; and as we were at that time infected with a botanical mania, I can bear testimony to the truth of this most inspiring remark.

'The cattle at Gerez are wild and savage, and the cowherds are obliged to have recourse to the Swiss method, and to employ a horn for the purpose of collecting them. One of the most picturesque scenes I ever witnessed was a stag-hunt, which was given by the Capitaô-mor of Villa de Vega, in compliment to my father. About thirty soldiers and peasants were despatched in different directions, so as to form a circuit of some miles; others were sent to the summit of the cliff, from whence they were desired to roll fragments of rocks and large stones into the ravine beneath, for the purpose of rousing the wild boars, wild goats, and ounces, from their coverts, and driving them towards the spot which had been selected as the rendezvous. We scrambled up the mountain path on our sure-footed mules, seated upon pack-saddles covered with green-baize, and without any support, except a peak in the back of the saddle, and a cord which served in lieu of a bridle.

'When we arrived at the *rendezvous de chasse*, we found that a temporary arbour of oak boughs had been erected by our civil friend the Capitaô-mor, for our accommodation; here we seated ourselves on the mossy bank in silent expectation. It was a glorious day; but the tops of the mountains were covered with clouds, which rather intercepted the extensive view we should otherwise have enjoyed. The noise caused by the fall of the huge fragments of rock, which were precipitated into the valley, was echoed by the neighbouring mountains, the shrill wild notes of the bugle, and the rushing sound of many waters as they poured in cascades from the rocks or glided in little streams over the stony pathway—all were in character, and added to the interest of a most lovely scene. After passing many hours on the look out, the Capitaô-mor gave up all hopes of success, and strongly advised us to do the same. We followed his wise counsel, and comforted ourselves *à la* Sancho Panza, by opening our wallet of provisions. The Capitaô-mor was commissioned to send my father the first wild goat that should be caught alive, but this is a piece of good fortune which rarely occurs. My father offered twenty moidores for a pair if they could be procured before he left Oporto; but, alas! we only received a dead one. Even that was so beautiful and so rare a specimen, that my father had it stuffed and sent to Sir Everard Home. The flesh was of a delicious flavour, and as the animal feeds chiefly on aromatics, it was thought by connoisseurs even superior to venison. The skin was quite unlike that of the common goat, being covered with fur of a light brown colour, sleek and glossy.

'Our curiosity had often been excited by observing, on the declivity of one of the steepest mountains opposite our cottage, a small enclosure, which still retained the marks of having once been cultivated; near it were heaps of stones and fragments of timber; but as the path which led to it was almost inaccessible, we could hardly believe that it had

ever been tenanted by man. One day we asked Padre Domingo, the old priest of Igreja Nova, who sometimes paid us a visit, whether he could tell us anything about it; and the old man immediately began, with the solemn look and sepulchral tones of a professed story-teller, to relate the following particulars—which almost reads like a Portuguese version of Matthew Arnold's Forsaken Merman.

'"Between forty and fifty years before, two strangers arrived at the Caldas de Gerez—a young man of prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful Spanish girl who had eloped from her convent to share his fortunes. They were married, and had two children during their residence at the mountain hut; but the poor perjured nun was never happy: she knew that she was safe from persecution when once she had crossed the frontier, but her conscience was always at variance with her feelings as a wife and mother. One winter's night she disappeared, and strange as it may seem, she was never more heard of. It was believed that she once more renewed her vows, and became a nun in some neighbouring convent. The Spaniard continued for some time to reside on the mountain with his children; but in his old age he retired to the village, when Padre Domingo attended his death-bed, and heard the story from his own lips."

'During the month we spent at Gerez, the wife of one of our muleteers was accused of having murdered her niece, a young girl about fourteen years of age; it was also said that she had taken refuge at the Caldas of Gerez with her husband. Shortly after, she was apprehended in a small village near Braga, and sent to the Chancellor of Oporto, who, without hearing her defence, caused her to be confined in a dungeon of the Relaças, or jail of Oporto, where she was allowed no food but bread and water, and not permitted to hold any correspondence with her friends. She would probably have been left to languish for the rest of her days in prison, had it not been for my father's exertions. A young lad of Guimaraem, who was acquainted with the story, and had known both the woman and her niece at Oporto, met the latter accidentally in the streets of his native town; he was aware that my father had been taking steps for examining into the truth of the supposed murder, and, under the influence of the reward which my father had promised, he induced the girl to accompany him to our house, when she made a full confession of her folly. When my father questioned her as to the motives of her ungrateful conduct, she said it was to revenge herself on her aunt for having given her a severe beating. After giving her a hearty scolding, my father had her conveyed to Oporto, and it is needless to say that the poor woman was released. Her gratitude was unbounded; and my father was so pleased with Ignacio's intelligence and clearness, that he instantly took him into our service.

'In the end of May we left Gerez for the baths of Visella; it was such a pleasure to exchange our dismal hermitage for the sunny valleys of the Minho. On our journey thence to Oporto, we were overtaken by

a messenger from Donna Antonia Brandaõ, to request that we would dine and sleep at her Quinta at Carneiro. Remembering our wretched night of the preceding year, we had little inclination to accept the offer of supper and beds; but in Portugal every feeling of personal independence must be sacrificed to ceremony; a deadly feud is the only alternative, and not choosing to offend Donna Antonia, we accepted the offer. We were rewarded by finding the Quinta in a state of order and cleanliness which would not have disgraced, I will not say an English country house, but a French one. An old Abbé was in waiting *pour faire les honneurs.*

'Our lovely Cedofrita never appeared to greater advantage than it did after our wanderings in the wild parts of the Minho. The house was clean, and full of English comforts: the gardens in perfect beauty, and all was going on most happily, when my dear father was obliged to go to England upon business, and we were left under the care of Miss S—— for two long dreary months.'

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

VI.—THE ANCIENT AND THE JESUIT THEORIES.

THERE is a matter of yet graver moment to be considered than even the outward organization of a Sisterhood, before it is possible to start it with a prospect of success. That is, What theory of the inner religious life is to be adopted?

Now, setting aside crotchets, and experiments which have failed, and also experiments which have not as yet been fairly tried, there remain two historical models for our study: the ancient theory, as set forward in the oldest Orders as they once were—Benedictines, Carthusians, Cistercians, Beguines, Dominicans, Augustinians, and so forth; and the more recent or Jesuit theory, which, originally confined to the Company itself, has gradually supplanted the earlier one, not merely in most of the later Orders and congregations, but even in most of the longest established societies—the very Dominicans, who held out longest, having been forced to succumb during the Pontificate of Pius IX.

But, as the terminology and the external aspect of these two systems are nearly alike, and as the process of converting one into the other has been a very gradual one, there is not any highly conspicuous contrast to attract the notice of any but a very careful observer; nor is there any single act of revolution to point to as marking the time and manner of the change—such, for example, as the rise of the Mendicant Orders in the thirteenth century is in the history of the Common Life.

Hence, nothing is more frequent than to find Sisterhoods set on foot without their founders being in the least aware that many of the rules adopted, the precepts inculcated, and the books employed, are simply destructive of the Religious Life as it was understood from the fall of the Roman Empire in the West till the Counter-Reformation.

The whole subject is so intricate and thorny, and so much pains have been employed by skilful hands to make it more so, that it is far from a simple task to make the essential distinction between the two methods very clear. Yet, if it be not made clear, a hurtful, if not an actually fatal error is likely to be committed by new founders.

The broad difference, then, between the ancient method, as taught by St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Basil, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Maur, St. Bernard, St. Francis, and a host of other illustrious masters of the Common Life, and that method which St. Ignatius Loyola introduced into Latin Christendom, is that the former regarded an Order, and each convent of that order, as a *family*, in which, though deference and obedience were due to the head, as to a father or mother, yet the rights of individual members were secured, and the harmony and efficiency of the family was sought in the development of each one's powers, in the combination of varying faculties and temperaments into one posy of sweet flowers, not in rigid uniformity of type.

The Jesuit theory, on the other hand, devised at a time of extreme need and peril in the Latin Church, is that an Order is a *regiment*, and any single House of an Order a company of that regiment, to be conformed exactly to a single model, and to be ruled by martial law. The fierce and combative type which Spanish Christianity has always assumed, and the military training of the celebrated founder of Jesuitism, united to impress this form on the company he established, which he designed to be a small army ready to go anywhere and do everything for the interests of the See of Rome. Hence the aim steadily pursued was to establish a more than military discipline in the ranks, and by sternly repressing every impulse of the will or the affections which might lead to independence in action, or even in wish, to convert the whole body into a homogeneous machine for executing superior orders. The relaxed, indolent, and self-indulgent attitude of the clergy, both regular and secular, at the date of the Reformation, had as much to do with the rapid spread of that movement, as unredressed abuses and scandals had to do with its origin; and the immediate need of the Roman Church was a body of resolute men, any one of whom could be substituted for any other in an emergency, and all of whom had been trained into such complete detachment from every tie or association, that neither delay nor reluctance would interfere with the instant departure of any one for an entirely new sphere of labour, no matter how unaccustomed, how difficult, or how perilous, the task enjoined might be.

Such an army as this was provided by Loyola; but his prætorians, like those of old Rome, ended by making themselves masters where they

had first been admitted as the most obsequious of servants. The brilliant success of their earlier efforts, as missionaries in China and Japan, as civilizers in Paraguay, as school-masters and professors in Germany, as erudite historians and antiquaries in the Low Countries, as polished and yet devout men of the world in France, as sagacious politicians in Italy, as eager martyrs to their belief in England, and everywhere as men whose private and personal characters (whatever judgment might be passed on their public aims or their moral theology) always were and are unimpeachable on the score of those charges of misconduct too often brought with truth against other clerical bodies, gave them an overwhelming weight and influence in directing not only the measures of the Vatican, but the business of the whole Latin Church, even where, as in France and Portugal, they had to encounter steady resistance from their co-religionists.

And what is even more important, this success, all attained within a very brief period from the origin of the Company, gave it unhesitating faith in its own theory and methods, as being good for the Church and for society at all times. Nothing, however, can be further from fact. The scheme, admirable in itself for a special end, and to meet a temporary emergency, has proved the worst conceivable for the normal working of the Church. A crucial instance is the radical difference in the mode of educating the clergy which prevailed before and after the Counter-Reformation. Formerly, allowing for the unlikeness of Continental and English ways, and for the continued existence of monastic schools abroad, the Roman Catholic clergy got their training very much as the Anglican clergy do theirs now; that is to say, they attended the same school and University classes as their lay coevals, and mixed freely as children and lads with those whom they were to teach in later life as men, after undergoing a supplementary training for their special calling. But the Pagan influence of the Renaissance and the relaxed tone of the clergy, made the public schools and the Universities seem thoroughly unsafe places to which lads intended for Holy Orders should resort; and to ensure freedom from contagion in belief and morals, together with a more entire professional devotion, the Seminary system was introduced. Boys were taken when very young, and put into Little Seminaries—schools under strictly clerical supervision, and rarely, if ever, open to students intended for lay occupations. Thence they were transferred to Great Seminaries, where the same method was applied on a wider and higher scale; and thence the young ecclesiastic, once ordained, went out into a world, of whose inhabitants, ways, thoughts, and passions, he knew nothing whatever, except such particulars as it had suited his teachers to communicate. The immediate gain, in the remarkable elevation of the moral level of the clergy so trained over their more secular compeers, was unquestionable and weighty; the ultimate loss, in the permanent alienation of the lay and clerical mind, the parting of all Latin Christendom into two irreconcilable camps, was unspeakably greater.

I can compare the nature of the evil which was wrought, only to that which would take place if a temporary demand for a strong military organization in a country harassed at once by civil and foreign war, were to issue in the permanent subjection of civil liberty and all the arts of peace, and the substitution of an iron code of martial law for a free constitution. The total loss of national life and spontaneity, of all ease and frankness, of confidence and cheerfulness, that would result from such a system, would utterly outweigh the increased security to life and property obtained by converting the whole country into an entrenched camp. Hence, the Jesuit method has always and everywhere failed in the long run, and brought ultimate ruin on every cause with which it has been identified. But it is so clear and lucid, so simple and homogeneous, that its adoption makes organization and government much easier wherever it is introduced, and consequently it has fatally undermined the old liberties of the Religious Life.

The form which this has taken may be easily ascertained by a brief survey of the Company's own records. Nearly all its great achievements were the work of its first founders and the generation which succeeded them; but the moment the iron despotism of the rule had entirely new material to work on, and began the education of its neophytes from the first, instead of merely finishing training begun under other auspices, the spirit of Commonplace took possession of the Company. No popular delusion is more groundless than that which attributes to the average Jesuit almost superhuman ability and boundless knowledge. The strength of the Company lies in the perfection of its organization and discipline, which makes it often able to surmount formidable present difficulties; its weakness is found in its either repelling men of remarkable ability from its ranks, because they do not choose to submit to its remorseless drill, or in crushing out the individuality of the very few brilliant persons who do enter on the noviciate, till they became merely slightly superior machines of the same pattern as a hundred others. The Order, exceptionally rich in names of respectable mediocrity, has exceedingly few of really high mark, as a study of Alegambe's and De Backer's Dictionaries, with other works of the kind, will shew. Its one name of the very first rank is Francis Xavier, whom it did not train; its most illustrious since have been Bellarmine, Petavius, Sirmond, Hardouin, Boscovich, Segneri, Vieyra, Kircher, Bourdaloue, A Lapide, Mariana, Du Halde, and Tiraboschi—none of them, save perhaps the two first, to be numbered amongst the giants. What gives additional point to this fact is the greater eminence achieved by several pupils of the Jesuits, who revolted in various directions from their teaching, of whom it will be enough to cite Descartes, Bossuet, Montesquieu, Molière, Raynal, and Voltaire. I have not space nor time to consider here the cause of Jesuit failures in their widest aspect, but must content myself with briefly pointing out the mistake which lies at the root of their method, and makes it always fail in the long run. It is that they

have unconsciously drawn very close to the Lutheran tenet of the total depravity of man, and that notwithstanding the Pelagianism with which they were more than once charged during the Jansenist controversy. In the early days of Christianity, the Manichees taught that all matter was evil in itself, and created by an evil power; and this heresy, though rejected and refuted by the Church, took hold of men so far as to make extreme maceration of the body and severe corporal penance a test of sanctity even amongst Catholics. Yet the freedom and purity of the regenerated soul were taught at the same time, and therefore we find side by side down to the Reformation great variety and liberty of Christian thought coupled with very strict bodily asceticism. But the Jesuits, never friends to very austere corporal mortification, (though invariably strict and temperate in their own lives,) transferred the sphere of stern repression to the soul. Originality is with them original sin; independence is rebellion; the use of God-given faculties, otherwise than in an artificial and formal method, is infidelity. They can no more trust God to mould characters with His infinite diversity, than a seventeenth century gardener could let a tree grow without trying to clip it with his shears into some shape that no tree ever took of itself. The one steady aim, therefore, of Jesuit religious teaching is the substitution of a machine of man's making for a man or woman of God's making, the replacing of individual personality with impersonal conformity, because of their firm belief that the soul *must* go wrong if it have the slightest freedom of action or thought, exactly as a French school teacher would never dream of letting boys or girls for a moment out of *surveillance*. Hence, the system as applied to the Religious Life robs it of spontaneity, healthiness, and elasticity, and puts *information*, the putting-in of something by man's art, in the stead of *education*, the drawing-out of certain faculties implanted by God. And so, in every particular, save the one of correct fulfilment of assigned duties, whether of philanthropy or formal devotion, the convent of the nineteenth century is a poorer, feebler, more mechanical thing than the convent of the fourteenth.

Now, it unfortunately happens that, as the Jesuits have been the chief directors of convents for women for nearly a century and a half past, the great majority of books now current on the Religious Life are from the pens of members of the Order, and are employed, for lack of other matter, or for their obvious merits, by persons amongst ourselves who are not keen-sighted enough to see that, whatever their piety may be, their philosophy consists in direct opposition to the appointed order of God's creation. The chief book used by Jesuit directors everywhere, is Rodriguez on Spiritual Perfection, a work teeming with devout and admirable sayings, but in its totality an iron fetter set with gems. Another very popular Jesuit author on the Religious Life is Guilloré, some of whose writings have lately been translated and adapted for Anglican use, and to whom the same criticism applies. What is more, the revival of the Priestly Life amongst us has worked in the very same

direction. Devout clergymen, anxious to govern themselves by some higher rule of action than that which had prevailed habitually for some centuries past, have looked about them for works to assist them in their inner life and outward demeanour, and have been driven, for lack of useful English books, to French or Italian ones, again for the most part of Jesuit authorship. For one Arvisinet, Scupoli, Avrillon, Duguet, non-Jesuit writers, there are twenty Scaramelli, De Ponte, Saint-Jure, and similar teachers, in constant use, and the clergymen who read them without careful discrimination imbibe the false method already described, and are thus unprepared with antidotes when it happens that they have to deal with Sisterhoods where other books of this same sort are employed. And there is, therefore, a really serious peril of our Sisterhoods being made places of spiritual repression, rather than of development, where the 'sacrifice of the intellect' instead of its sanctification is preached, where an attempt to make each inmate the counterpart of every other one in thought, demeanour, and action, will be steadily pursued. And as this not only makes government easier, by permitting only one will to be expressed or exerted, but chimes in with the hostility to independence and originality that all communities, from a great nation like America, France, or England, down to the smallest day-school, are apt to feel, and which is particularly strong amongst women, it is actually popular with the Societies themselves, instead of being met with vigorous resistance. Nevertheless, it is a deadly error, and utterly unlike and hostile to the ancient method of the Religious Life.

I will give one broad *practical* reason why the plan breaks down invariably. If all persons in a particular society be forced to conform to a fixed standard, that standard must needs be low, not high; because the great majority of people in all places are of inferior capacity, and it is impossible to pull them up to a high level, but extremely easy to depress the highest to a lower one. If the height required for the army were six feet, there would be very few soldiers. Consequently a very much shorter man is admissible. But it is out of the original and independent minds that the leaders in any time of need have to be selected, because the very putting of such a case supposes an emergency which cannot be met by routine, a new set of circumstances not provided for by the rule. And as 'nothing happens but the unforeseen,' the result of refusing or crushing individuality and force of character is that the community contains no person fit to act in a crisis; wherefore the Jesuits have invariably broken down whenever a real strain came, which might have been met by clear foresight, bold thought, and untrammelled action—a lesson taught here in 1688, as it was in France in 1830. Let all Jesuit books and maxims, therefore, be cast aside, and the intelligent, harmonious development of character, the freedom of a family, not the martinet discipline of a regiment, be the aim resolutely pursued by the founders of Sisterhoods.

(To be continued.) R. F. L.

WOMANKIND.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XII.—CHARITY.

Nobody can be really trying to live a religious life who does not 'remember the poor.' Almsgiving is, without a doubt, closely connected with godliness throughout the Holy Scriptures.

The mode of doing so is the question; and there is nothing upon which ways and means so vary—from the clergyman's daughter whose daily occupation is necessarily among the villagers, to the London girl who is denied all access to them. This entire seclusion from all means of reaching the poor, except perhaps an importunate flower-girl at a carriage window, is, however, far less frequent than it used to be, and is seldom found in the uppermost classes. Even where it is thought unadvisable for their daughters to have anything to do with the London poor, the country life of the summer and autumn brings them in contact with the cottagers, and they generally have a warm interest in their own parish. Those who have least opportunity are the daughters of wealthy, and sometimes of professional, persons, whose out-of-town life is spent either abroad or at watering-places, where they feel no local interest nor duty. Their parents, not having been accustomed to poor people, distrust and dread them, and prohibit all such work as the London clergy could put into their daughters' hands; and there are no opportunities in their way, as it seems, of doing good.

Many girls, full of the fresh impressions of their Confirmation classes, and whose books teach them that charity is a duty, are rendered very unhappy by being thus withheld, and are puzzled as to where the duty lies.

It seems to be clear that almsgiving, up to the tithe of the means, is a duty. A tithe of the allowance is God's part. This may be given through the Offertory. A part will of course so be given; and if there be no opportunity of direct bestowal on the poor, another portion can be spent in the purchase of materials to be made up at home for Missions—home or to the heathen—Orphanages, Crêches, or the like. Such gifts to the struggling Missions in large towns are invaluable to the over-worked toilers in parishes consisting wholly of the poor, with no admixture of the rich. To spend a daily hour in making up children's clothes, for such a purpose, would be a most wholesome exercise for the young lady who longs to find means of usefulness; and it is not difficult to discover opportunities of bestowing them on institutions where they will be distributed properly.

To be thus isolated from direct contact with the poor, is not, however, the usual lot of young ladies. Those who have homes, either in country

towns or the country itself, usually are allowed, and for the most part encouraged, to be useful to their poorer neighbours, so long as they do not obtrude their doings, or upset the family by them. Indeed, it often happens in these days, that the mother who in her youth had to fight a battle to be allowed to minister to the poor, finds that her daughters view 'pottering about the cottages' as Mamma's dull notion of occupation, and talk the modern jargon about Sunday-schools being an infliction.

It is quite true that district-visiting is much better in the hands of the middle-aged than of the very young. The regulation of it is necessarily in the hands of the Incumbent; and he would never by preference assign a district to a young girl alone, though where it is the choice of such a one or nothing, he may be forced to do so. The best way would be to assign a girl as a helper to each elder visitor, who would make her helpful, let her supply gaps, and use her bright youthfulness to cheer the old, while letting her serve an apprenticeship, and keeping her from places where she can only do herself and the people harm.

Unluckily, girls do not like apprenticeship. The younger and more inexperienced they are, the more they want to act for themselves; and clergymen's daughters are apt to imagine that their fathers' position confers an authority by which a chit of eighteen, who perhaps has not been three months in the parish, may assume dominion over a lady, who for twice her life-time has been doing real and earnest work among the poor.

It should ever be remembered, that charity is not charity unless on all points it follows St. Paul's pattern in 1 Corinthians, xiii. The clergyman must of course fix the system and the rules, but his daughter ought to be specially cautious against the temptations to domineering and self-importance given by this reflected dignity.

In country parishes where there are several families of gentry, the system of allotment of districts by the clergyman is requisite, to prevent some families from being over-helped, and to hinder a habit of begging, which is one of the most ruinous that the poor can fall into.

Where the gentry frequently change, and there is no regular system, it is certain that there will be some lazy and plausible women who will besiege the new comers with tales of distress. It may nearly be taken as a rule that those who so come are the least deserving, and that the only way not to do harm, is to promise to consult the clergyman, and to give no aid previously.

Indeed, it is a fatality, observed by all old inhabitants, that new settlers are sure to fall in with the forward and smooth-tongued parishioners, and be taken in by them. It is well if the disgust that ensues does not extend to the struggling and independent poor.

Cottage visiting should be regulated with a due regard to the circumstances. Mere visits, where there is no special cause, are not always

desirable from lay callers, especially the very young. A call with a purpose is one thing, a mere dropping in is another. Where there is that sort of ill-health that requires dainties, or can be cheered with reading aloud; where there are collections to be made for clubs or missionary societies; where children's absence from school has to be inquired into, or their promotions explained—all these are good reasons for a visit: but one rule cannot be too strongly impressed. Cut short the conversation, and go away, the moment there is any tendency to talk of the neighbours. Very few peasant women have any notion of governing the tongue, or of accuracy; and if they once are allowed to run on and discuss the gossip of their hamlet, there is no saying what scandals they may pour forth.

Old women are the worst in this respect. They have grown up in coarser and more uneducated days, and have seen generation after generation grow up and fall into error; and they are very willing on the smallest encouragement to regale their visitors with scandal. Of course there are many who have natural and religious refinement, and have learnt reserve and prudence by experience; but these will never trench on the dangerous ground, so that it is a safe rule to silence all such conversation.

Daughters of old-established squires are safer from these mistakes, because the antecedents of everyone in the parish are known in the family; but the new comers—clergymen's daughters just imported, and still more those who have just arrived at some house to be let, and are new to a country life—are always likely to take the old woman on the credit of her present tidy appearance, and never suspect that she has been anything but satisfactory in earlier life.

Therefore, girls who cannot trust themselves, or be trusted, to keep a conversation above chatter, had better only read to the old women they are not quite sure of, with only enough preliminary and concluding civility to satisfy the demands of good manners, and to hurt no one's feelings.

School is a place where more good can be safely done; but this must have a chapter to itself, and need not be more than mentioned here; but there are a few other acts of charity that are very beneficial, and in the power of those who may not have the ability to teach a class. One is to read with a servant preparing for Confirmation or for Communion—a thing much needed, for even when a girl has been at a good school, there have often been several years almost a blank as to religious instruction or impression after she has gone out to service.

Or special instruction may be given to pupil-teachers, who require contact with really superior and educated minds, to bring them up to present requirements; and to whom lessons on any one or two subjects—such as music, history, or those religious points given out by the diocesan inspectors—are peculiarly useful.

Again, there are children taken early from school, or unable to attend on Sundays, who will generally be most thankful to become private

pupils; and this is really the work that perhaps tells the most of all on their affections and character; and it can be carried out by the most shy and diffident person who is really in earnest.

Presiding over mothers meetings had better not be attempted by anybody under five-and-twenty, except as an extremely temporary substitute for the real president.

The principle of the thing must be that the care of the poor, either by our means or by our personal exertions, or both, is our bounden duty. The mode must depend on circumstances and our personal fitness; but always the work must be under the rule of the Church and of lawful authority.

Where there are large numbers of workers, and an organized system, each may be fitted to the work she can best perform; but where, as in many country parishes, the workers are scanty, there is nothing for it but to be freely ready to do whatever comes to hand to do, and which circumstances shew it to be right to undertake, without ever giving way to the consideration whether one likes it or not.

Of course there are born nurses, and these can and will do work for the poor that no one else can; but the more ordinary works—visiting, teaching, reading, night-school or day-school, boys or girls, senior class or junior class, attending to clubs or libraries, &c., &c.—all must be regulated by the necessities of the case. Only mind, nothing must be left undone simply because we '*do not like*' the doing of it. Obedience, other duties, absolute incapacity, are real reasons to the contrary; not distaste, and especially not the frequent excuse—'I can't do it regularly, so I had better not do it at all;' 'I shall be here such a short time, it is not worth while.' Many and many a time this casual aid has chanced upon—or rather been providentially directed to—some persons whose soul somehow was unattainable by the residents, or the short period of intercourse with some invalid has left precious memories with both parties for ever. Do what you can, and attend your best to what is thrown in your way, for Christ's sake; and thus best may you hope to be doing the 'good works He hath prepared for us to walk in.'

(To be continued.)

WHAT TO READ IN ROME.

My dear E——,

I hasten to reply to your letter, in which you tell me that you hope to start with your brother for Rome next month. It is indeed a pleasure to feel that what one has ardently desired for some time is really coming to pass; and I can fully sympathize in your joy at the prospect of spending four months in the 'Eternal City.' I will endeavour, as far as

I can, to answer your question as to what books you should read while staying there; although I wish you had applied to one more fitted than myself to assist you in your studies of Rome and its wonderful history. Still, after two winters spent there, I may be able to give you a little help, and that little is heartily at your service.

To begin with guide-books. Murray you already possess; but Bædecker's Central Italy, which includes Rome, is much to be recommended. It is to be had both in English and German, and from its small size is very portable. The maps in it, too, are remarkably good; and the tariff for carriages, fees, &c., is generally correct. Hare's 'Walks in Rome,' which has just been given you, is a delightful companion, and one of which you will never tire. It is rather a good plan to take Murray with you the first time you visit some church or gallery, as the descriptions are interesting as well as accurate, and enter into more minute detail than Hare does; and then on the second visit to make the latter your guide, as in his pages you will often find some curious old bits particularly pointed out, which you might otherwise overlook; also quotations from authors of note, whose works you would hardly have time to peruse yourself.

So much for guide-books. For histories, I know none so well fitted to be read in Rome as Ampère's 'Histoire Romaine à Rome,' which can be had at Piale's Circulating Library, in the Piazza di Spagna. Should you find difficulty in making time to read it through attentively, I should advise your skimming the early part, and only regularly studying it from the commencement of the Commonwealth: Ampère is an interesting writer, but his chief charm consists in relating all the historical events connected with the principal ruins and monuments, and in not attempting to chronicle those which took place out of Italy; indeed, he seldom takes his readers beyond the city walls. I do not recollect whether Piale also has Dean Merivale's History; but if you can occasionally read one of his descriptive chapters, it will greatly assist your imagination in peopling the Via Sacra and the Forum with the stately wearers of the toga. If in your library you have a volume of Shakespeare which has both Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar in it, take it by all means, and read the latter before you go to the Spada Palace to see Pompey's statue. Lectures on the Archæology of Rome are generally given once a week, during the winter season; you will find notices of them, and the terms of subscription, at Piale's. The society of which Mr. Parker is president gives evening lectures, which are fairly well attended.

From the tone of your letters, I gather that your chief desire is to acquaint yourself as much as you can with the history of Christian Rome; for this, I know no book which will better answer your purpose than 'L' Esquisse de Rome Chrétienne,' by Monsignore Ph. Gerbet, late Bishop of Perpignan. It is not to be had at Piale's, but you can buy it at Spithœver's, in the Piazza di Spagna, and it is a purchase you will never regret. The fact that the author is the Abbé Gerbet of 'Le

Récit d' une Sœur,' lends an additional interest to his book, which to a lover of Rome becomes as dear as Alexandrine's touching Life does to the lover of biography. 'Rome Chrétienne,' in Piale's library, by a writer whose name I forget, has some interesting chapters, but it is no substitute for the other. The small edition of 'The Roman Catacombs,' by Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote, will instruct and delight you. If you wish to go more thoroughly into the subject, I fancy 'Roma Sottorana,' by De Rossi, would be the best work to study, but of that I have only seen the outside. Both Hare and Bishop Gerbet give short histories of the ancient basilicas; but the fullest explanation of their architecture, and its meaning, is found in 'St. Clement, and his Basilica in Rome,' by the Prior of the church, Father Mullooly, who himself discovered, and excavated, the subterranean church; although inferior in size to some of the basilicas, it yields in interest to none.

For lighter and more amusing works, Story's 'Roba di Roma,' and Mrs. Elliott's 'Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy,' are pleasant reading, though here and there marred by flippancy on serious subjects, and the absence of all Church feeling. 'Corinne,' 'Rienzi,' 'Transformation,' and 'Mademoiselle Mori,' are, I know, old friends of yours; but you will enjoy their vivid descriptions more when you are able to compare them with the reality. Murray especially recommends the perusal of Cardinal Wiseman's 'Fabiola,' and so do I; read it, if possible, before you make a pilgrimage to the Catacombs, or to the Church of St. Agnes beyond the walls, and you will find your interest in those sacred spots redoubled. The 'Diario Romano,' which may be bought for one lira at any book-seller's, is the Church Almanack for Rome; it gives a list of the principal functions, and also of the special services which take place daily at one church or another throughout the year. 'L' Année Liturgique à Rome,' is on rather a larger scale; but it explains the meaning of many ceremonies, and also gives the form of petition to the Pope, which has to be taken to one of the Cardinals, (Murray tells you which) by any ladies desirous of seeing that most interesting part of St. Peter's—the crypt. As you will probably attend some of the services with your brother, you may be glad to know of the best books for enabling you to follow them intelligently. 'The Garden of the Soul' is one of the most comprehensive, so is the 'Paroissien Romain,' and 'The Parochial Vesper-book,' which contains the Psalms, Antiphons, and Collects, for all Sundays and Festivals. The two latter are sold by Piale.

The Offices for the Consecration of Bishops, Ordering of Priests, &c., are, I believe, only to be found in the Pontifical. This is generally published in a large folio size, but is not dear, unbound; I bought one for less than ten lire at the bookseller's in the Via S. Ignazio, opposite the Piè di Marmo. It is impossible to follow the Ordination Service without it; and as you may be in Rome for two Ordinations—one on the 28th of February, and one on Easter Eve, you may think it worth

while to buy it. The Ordinations are held in St. John Lateran; for the exact hour, you had better inquire of one of the *custodi* of the church some days before. This year, none was held in February; but never shall I forget that service there in 1873. It was held in the choir-chapel, at 7 a.m., and Miss J—— and I were the only ladies present. Altogether, there could not have been more than twelve persons in the church, besides the candidates. The behaviour of all was most devout; but perhaps what touched us most, was being told that some of the students of the Propaganda were in a few days to return to those distant lands, to minister among their own people of dusky hue, who had sent them away in their childhood to be educated in Rome. Solemn as an Ordination must always be, an additional awe surely fell on the hearts of those, who felt in all probability they should never meet their college companions again, until that Day when all will be required to shew how they have kept their vows.

You will often be shocked by the conduct of many travellers, who treat Church Services as sights and nothing else. I have seen English people standing erect, talking and laughing, while every knee has been bent around them. Much of this arises from ignorance, and no direct wish to insult any form of religious faith; but that does not make it less painful to witness. Before you have been a month in Rome, you will yourself have heard sufficient remarks made, to enable you to believe that the lady was no myth, who asked when the Coliseum was to be finished. But not all the mistakes of others—absurd as they frequently are, especially when made with the assumption of knowledge—serve to lessen the sense daily experienced of one's own ignorance. I know no place where self-conceit is so speedily shattered as it is in Rome; where the first discovery we make is, how little we really know.

You will appreciate the picture-galleries more than you would with only an ordinary guide-book, if you take Eastlake's edition of 'Kügler's Handbook of Painting' with you. It will be equally useful if you stop in Florence, Perugia, or Assisi—those homes of mediæval art treasures. Rio's 'Christian Art' is delightful to study in conjunction with Kügler; so is Cartier's 'Life of Beato Angelico,' written in French, and translated into English. Even after gazing with mute admiration at Raphael's masterpieces in the picture-gallery and Stanze of the Vatican, the small frescoes of the saintly Dominican stand out as gems in the tiny Chapel of S. Lorenzo, especially one which represents St. Stephen preaching to the widows.

There is a particularly good lending library attached to the English Church; where, besides theological books, and Sunday stories in abundance, you will find Mrs. Hamilton Gray's 'Etruria,' and other works of the same kind.

Having answered your question to the best of my ability, I trust you will forgive an old friend if she adds a few words on the more prosaic

subject of health! Pray bear in mind, that an extra wrap carried on your arm is a necessity in Rome; the absence of it is the cause of many a chill being taken; and a chill often leads to a feverish cold, and confinement to the house for several days, if not to worse consequences. Not only when driving in the Campagna and visiting the churches, but even by going from a sunny into a shady street, an immense change of temperature may be experienced. Thick boots too are quite as necessary as warm cloaks; the floors of the galleries are all marble: one might as well cross the Channel wearing a tarlatan dress and a muff as spend hours in the Sculpture Museum of the Vatican in a seal-skin jacket and paper soles!

But I will weary you no more with advice, either mental or physical; and in concluding this long letter, only quote from memory a few sentences from an English sermon that I heard preached last spring. 'Many come here,' said Monsignore C——, 'appearing entirely to forget that there are other interests and memorials besides those of pagan times. Each classical site is carefully sought out; but little or no time is spent in tracing the footsteps of the Saints. Do not forget, in prosecuting those researches, that the ground which you tread was once watered by the blood of martyrs. . . . . It is no small gift to be in Rome; strive to use it aright.'

Adieu, dear E——.

Ever yours affectionately,

Torquay, September, 1874. M. L. H.

ST. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY, HAGGERSTON.

In 1871, an appeal in behalf of the Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory appeared in the columns of the Monthly Packet, and was most liberally responded to by many kind friends. Now, circumstances have induced another appeal to be made; and the reasons which have led to this necessity may be briefly stated here, and perhaps will not be uninteresting to those who know what it is to work for Christ's sake amongst the poor and suffering.

Seven years ago, four of the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinsted, were sent to Haggerston, to labour in the parish, under the Rev. G. Hervey, Vicar of St. Augustine's. It was hard unbroken ground upon which they had to tread; difficulties of every description assailed them; and through evil report and good report they fought their way, sometimes not knowing how they should obtain their next meal; with no food in the house, and no money wherewith to buy any. Somehow or other, help generally came; and faith and prayer met with their own reward. Then on all sides they were looked upon with doubt and suspicion—

hooted in the streets, mobbed, and followed by small gangs of uproarious children, who hung on to their cloaks, and called them all sorts of names—names, poor ignorant things, the meaning of which they did not themselves understand. But the Sisters were not to be intimidated; they went on with their work bravely, teaching in the schools, visiting the sick and poor wherever they could find admittance; their courage never flagging through all they had to endure.

In the August of the year 1866 cholera broke out, and then when such dire misery and distress reigned in almost every home in that poor parish, the doors which had been closed against the Sisters were opened to receive them, and entreaties for their help, and cries for them to come to the bed-side of the sick and dying, rang upon their ears as they walked through the streets of Haggerston, bent upon errands of mercy and of love. Truly in this case, 'man's extremity was God's opportunity;' the barriers which had existed between the poor, and the Sisters, were swept away in that time of trouble; and since then, they have been welcome visitors in almost every house.

The good work done in Haggerston has spread to the neighbouring parishes of St. Chad's, and St. Columba's, (Haggerston,) and St. Saviour's, (Hoxton,) where the Sisters are now labouring, morning, noon, and night, amongst the densely crowded population. Their numbers of course have increased, and so have their expenses; and in the distant out-of-the-way part of London in which St. Saviour's Priory is situated, little is known of the Sisters' work, except by those to whom they are indeed as ministering angels in times of sickness and of sorrow. For the Priory is no ideal convent, with its gabled walls and its shady cloisters; it consists of four dingy looking houses, situated in Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Haggerston and Shoreditch stations. Behind these small houses, some workshops which previously existed have been converted into a chapel and two class-rooms; and in this limited space, the labours of the Sisters are carried on; twenty-two of them are housed, and classes of all kinds (Bible, singing, and Confirmation) are held, and short hearty services are conducted. It is a pleasant sight of an evening to see the people flocking to these classes, men and women and children all equally pleased, equally anxious to learn, and joining heart and soul in singing the bright hymns which the Sisters have taught them. There are babies there too, for of course the mothers cannot leave their little ones at home, so they are allowed to bring them with them to the Priory.

Every morning from ten till eleven o'clock, the door is thrown open, and crowds assail the Sister who is sitting there, and pour into her sympathizing ear the tale of their wants and sorrows. 'Please, Sister, Tommy's bad, and Mother says will you come and see what's the matter with him?' 'Mrs. T——'s baby's dying, and he aint been Christened; will you please ask the Minister to come to him?' 'Father's had a letter from Dick, my brother as listed—would you please come and read

it to him?' 'Sally's worse, and the doctor says she must have nice things to eat, and we aint got nothing in the house, and no money.' Requests of this kind—of every kind, are made every day; everything is noted down in a book, and at eleven o'clock the door is closed, and Sisters and district-visitors repair to their labours in the parish, to read Dick's letter, and take some nourishment to Sally, and discover Tommy's ailments; and last, but not least, to ask the clergyman to baptize the dying child. Such is their daily work, spending themselves for others, never thinking of their own weakness and fatigue; (and we know they must often be very weary and tired;) only bearing in mind the promise of their Master: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto *Me*.'

It would be impossible in a limited space to take all the good works done by the Sisters in regular order: there are Guilds for boys and girls, keeping them together after they have left school, and gone to work; temptations are rife in the crowded streets of Haggerston and Hoxton; and many and many a sin has been avoided, many and many a fall prevented, under God's blessing, by the loving words and gentle counsels of the good Sisters.

Last Christmas, the singing-class gave a grand concert, to the delight of their fathers and mothers, and of many a poor old man and woman in the district; and next Christmas, all well, they hope to give their friends a similar treat. Then one evening in the week, there is a sale of the clothing which is sent by ladies for the benefit of the poor girls belonging to the Guild, who by paying a few pence for the articles, value them much more than if they were given to them indiscriminately. Another evening a large party of young children come to what is called a 'Heathen Tea,' preparatory to going over to church *en masse* to be baptized. Then when the poor little things *are Christianized*, they are not lost sight of; they are trained by the Sisters to be good, and true, and honest; and many a story could be told of the change that has come over them after that day when the Sisters took them to church.

The Priory is indeed a second home to those who have gone there, sometimes bowed down by the weight of sorrow and of sin, and have there heard of hope and comfort. Fresh in all our minds are the heroic efforts made by the Sisters during the comparatively recent small-pox epidemic. Such scenes as they had to witness then! such heart-rending loathsome spectacles as they had to look upon! And they did it all cheerfully, soothing the poor sufferers with their gentle presence, nursing them lovingly and tenderly, as though they had been their own brothers and sisters.

And those who have done so much—who are doing so much at this present time—are so poor, that a heavy fear is upon them lest they should have to give up at least some of their work for want of means wherewith to continue it. The increased price of provisions has told upon them, as it has done upon all; and unless help is forthcoming,

the Sisters do not know how they will be able to face the demands that must inevitably be made upon them during the approaching winter. Their position is in many respects different to that of the other London Sisterhoods, especially those at the West End: there is, as has already been stated, nothing attractive to strangers about the Priory; few visitors find their way thither, for it is a long journey, and there really is not much to see when you get there. It is into the crowded courts and lanes of those four densely populated parishes that you must go if you want to know how the Sisters' lives are spent; it is into squalid homes which few would care to enter, that you must find your way if you care to see the work they do for Jesus' sake: there is only one small room in the Priory which is beautiful with a simple beauty; it is the little Chapel, where the Sisters kneel in God's own presence, and ask for strength, and help, and guidance, in their hard and difficult life; you would understand how it is that their labours are so blessed, if you saw that tiny Chapel. And now they want to build another and a larger Sanctuary, for they cannot find room for the numbers, who would fain seek for help where the good Sisters find it.

Besides the dinners for sick children, and the necessary food for the invalids, and aged, and infirm—there is another good work which the Sisters have recently undertaken, which seems to call for special sympathy from the wealthy. We all know how after illness and consequent weakness we pine for a sight of the bright sea, for one whiff of the freshening Channel breeze; if this is the case with us, what must it not be with those who are recovering from sickness, lying in a miserable back room into which God's sun never seems to shine, into which one gleam of brightness never seems to come? Well, the Sisters felt that if they could but get a cottage by the sea-side to which they could send some of their poor convalescents, it would be conferring upon them a priceless boon; so they found a cheap little domicile at Folkestone, and there they send pale-faced sickly girls, and poor women with all the health crushed out of them by the weight of family cares. They stay at St. Raphael's three weeks or a month, revelling in the bright air of the place; and the 'Angel of health' brings back the roses to their cheeks, and strength to their limbs; they come home again able to do their work in the battle of life.

It must be remembered, too, that with the Sisters there is no respect of creed—*all* who are in need are cared for; and so surely from *all*, whatever may be their different phases of religious opinion, they have a right to expect some help in their present necessity. They will not speak of their own good works; but those who know their labours and their needs venture to appeal for them.

One word more ere this short account of St. Saviour's Priory and its work is brought to a close. A year ago, a short appeal in the columns of the *Times*, from the pen of Robert Brett, brought in donations amounting to upwards of £200 to the Sisters. He who wrote those few lines out of

his love and his charity, has been taken to the better Land. In memory of all his good deeds, in thankful remembrance of all he did for God and the Church, will the readers of The Monthly Packet help the cause which was so very near his heart, and send their offerings to those who have given their lives to God, in the persons of His sick and His poor.

Contributions will be most thankfully received by the Sister Superior, St. Saviour's Priory; the Rev. G. Hervey, St. Augustine's, Haggerston; J. H. Skilbeck, Esq., Horton Cottage, Clapton; C. A. Jones; Miss Brett, 3, Pyrland Road, Stoke Newington Green.

ASSOCIATE OF ST. MARGARET'S.

THE DOUBLE ENLISTMENT.

['On our return after his Confirmation in Peterborough Cathedral, on All Saints Day, we found our Willy's commission in the 17th Regiment lying on the table at home. His sudden and unexpected appointment is a blow to us all.']

AND might not e'en a brief delay,
A little space, be given,
Ere all the precious ties of home
At duty's call be riven?

Ah, no! and do not ask it now,
When, girt his armour on,
With dew of heaven all glittering fair
Returns thy soldier son.

The solemn Vow so newly made,
The earnest loving prayer,
Had scarce ascended to the Throne,
When, lo! a Voice we hear:

'Not this his rest; while kneeling still
Within the sacred pile,
His Captain's Hand hath marked his post
For war and weary toil.'

A twofold strife! the glory one:
To serve Whose Name he bears;
Who best can soothe the father's heart,
And stay the mother's tears.

And when is glory's crown so bright,
Or joy so pure and true—
As when the heart is meekly bent
God's holy Will to do?

HINTS ON READING.

THE old difficulty of finding French books for *la jeunesse* is rapidly diminishing, thanks in great measure to Swiss writers, whose tone of feeling is congenial to English minds. Among the best of these is an author hardly known in England, Mdlle. Couriand, of Geneva; her *Cousine de Violette*, and *Un Intérieur*, are very good, though not free from those *longeurs* with which foreign critics severely reproach English authors. Madame de Pressensé, in the midst of her busy life, has found time to write several tales deserving notice; and her latest, *Un Petit Monde d' Enfants*, is perhaps her best, though it is sad to find a picture of child life as neglected and lonely in prosperous Switzerland, as in our own large towns.

Amongst French writers for the young, Mdlle. Fleuriot should rank high, though some of her tales have too decidedly Roman Catholic a tinge to suit English readers. *Petite Belle*, and *Réséda*, are however as free from this as can reasonably be expected, and are very interesting, though the description of English life in the latter raises a smile. It is singular that, while the French readily allow that more than one English writer has entered into their life like one 'to the manner born,' no French author seems able to venture on English ground without a slip, unless indeed he or she be in some degree of English race. *Sans Beauté*, another story by Mdlle. Fleuriot, also deserves notice, though we protest against the unnatural step-mother, who is altogether conventional.

Amongst younger readers *Dilloy le Chemineau* finds favour; it is one of the volumes in the *Bibliothèque Rose*, a valuable collection, but in which selection is very necessary; for instance, every child delights in *Les Malheurs du Sophie*, but no mother would put the two following volumes of her history into children's hands—no English mother, at all events.

La Semaine de Marguerite is sure to be popular with little readers; it is intended for those from seven to nine years old, and is written almost entirely in dialogues—always a point in favour of a book with a child, who is apt to say, 'I do not like the *thick pieces*,'—*i.e.* pages without a break.

M. R.

To these French books we would add, as charming reading of travels, Clarence King's *Sierra Nevada*. (Sampson Low.) It is the Californian Sierra Nevada, and the mountain climbing is wondrous and exciting.

Little Lives and a Great Love, by Florence Wilford, (Masters,) is a beautiful little book for intelligent children of any class.

Short Words for Long Evenings, by E. Wordsworth, (Hatchard,) is also excellent. It is intended for working parties and mothers meetings.

The Ancient Nation (Seeley) is a very good book for young people, who may need to be prepared beforehand to meet shallow rationalistic objections to Scripture history. It is very sensible, and moreover entertaining.

My Little Patient (Masters) is a very tenderly felt, and prettily written, child's story.

St. Barnabas' Stories (Mowbray) are also to be commended; but 'Our Teacher's Stories,' with a few exceptions, such as 'How to be a Gentle Boy,' are too exclusively occupied with *one* aspect of Church doctrine; and the teller of 'Stories Told to the Choir' had no business to represent Hursley and its vicar by name after his own fancy.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions and Notices or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

C. is informed that she did not quote *Praed's* enigma quite correctly.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *first* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *next*, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

H. B. will feel much obliged if the Editor or any of the Correspondents would be kind enough to inform her from what, or from whence, the custom of making April Fools on the 1st of April is derived.——The origin of All Fools Day seems very uncertain. Some people have imagined that it originated in the way *H. B.* mentioned. Another idea is, that it was intended by the Christians as a way of ridiculing the Druids—one of the personages in the Feast of Fools being called a Merry Andrew, and the word Andrew signifying a Chief Druid, or divine. Another theory is, that it began still further back, and commemorated the carrying off of the Sabine women by the Romans at the feast to which Romulus had invited them. Others think it arose from the mistake of Noah in sending out the dove from the Ark before the waters had abated; 'and to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper to send anyone who forgot it on some sleeveless errand similar to that on which the bird was sent by the Patriarch.'

Mignon will be very much obliged to anyone who will tell her who was Raphael Aben Ersa?

J. B. S. Ventnor is wishing to purchase a second-hand set of *The Children's Magazine*, also one of *The People's Magazine*, or sets of *The Monthly Packet*.

Nemo.—E. K. M. answers that 'One by One' is to be found in *The Churchman's Companion* for June, 1873, and is said to be by Father Ignatius. It is too long for insertion here.

A. D. T.—Your question has been fully answered in previous numbers.

S.—No.

The Mother Superior of the *Home for Little Ones, Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh*, acknowledges with thanks the sum of £1, from *Cannes*.

F. E. G.—Hymn 350 *A. and M.* is by W. Chatterton Dix, and occurs in his beautiful *Altar Songs*.—E. M. B. S.

Dear Friends,—I am afraid you must think me most ungrateful not to have sent you any thanks for the pictures you have so kindly sent me for *The Sick Little Ones*, having received a few packets of pictures since my first thanks were inserted; I heartily thank you for them in the name of the children.—I am, yours gratefully, H. S. H.—*24, Clifton Road.*

Can the Editor or any reader recommend a book of short and simple daily devotional readings for quite a young child at school.—MATER.

Can any of your Correspondents tell *F. C.* with what sort of pen King John signed Magna Charta—whether it was a quill or a reed pen? Also, Who is the author of *The Afterglow*, so much of which is set to music by Pinsuti? and what the 'Abeles old' is, mentioned in the following verse of *The Afterglow*?—

> I sat beneath the Abeles old,
> The meads were shot with green and gold,
> And underneath my feet there roll'd
> The little silvery Gad.

The Editor can go no nearer than that Locksley shot a goose for King Richard to sign his pardon with!—The Abele tree is the white poplar. The Rev. George Cautly is the author of *The Afterglow*.

Annie.—St. Fridiswid's history is briefly told by Alban Butler on her day, October 19th. We know no modern book with her legend, but it will doubtless come in the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould's in due time.

In answer to *Dora's* question in the May Number, *L. A. M.* begs to say she thinks *Dora* would be gladly received as a member of the Knitting Club to which she herself belongs. The club is managed by its originator, Mrs. C. Browne, Urley, near Dursley: each member subscribes 2*s.* per annum, paid on the 1st of March. As much yarn as required is supplied to each knitter, and her work (socks or stockings) is sent in every quarter. There is no *specified* time or quantity of work required; that is left to the discretion of the knitter. The socks and stockings are for the benefit of the patients in *The Children's Hospital* in Gloucester, and one in London, and are given to them when they are sent out on their recovery. Any further information will gladly be given, if *Dora* will send her address to *Miss Lucy Merriman, Kingsbury Street, Marlborough, Wilts.*; or if she will write direct to Mrs. Browne herself, mentioning her wish to join the Knitting Club, she will no doubt be admitted as a member immediately.

E. G. asks where to find the original hymns of Savonarola; also the lines—

> And shall the world which frowned on Him
> Wear only smiles for me?
>
> There followed a mist and a weeping rain,

is from a song in George Macdonald's *Phantastes.*

Will anyone be so kind as to lend me *The Dove on the Cross*? I will take great care of it, and would pay the postage. My address is—*Miss Baldwin, Woodcroft, Ulverstone.*

Lily.—The Hebrew word for *rays of glory* was erroneously translated by *horns*, as indeed it still is in *Habakkuk*, iii. 4.
Lily also asks what flower is the symbol of charity in illuminations.

A. M. P. would be glad if any reader could tell her the price of Christina Rossetti's Poems, and by whom they are published.

A lady is about to make a Scrap-screen for St. Anne's Convalescent Home, Bridlington Quay. Will anyone kindly give her a few coloured scraps or old children's books, which might be cut out for the purpose? Address by post—*F. E. C. D., Rensham, Steeple Aston, Banbury.*

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF THE REGALIA OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

PISA'S is the best; though it may be doubted whether the crown that hung on a bush could strictly be called 'regalia,' as it was only a circlet on a helmet. STICKLEBACK has too many jewels which were not regalia; H. HEYDON only deals with England; GRAY SQUIRREL also has answered.

SEVERAL parts of the old Regalia of England had special significations attached to them, dating, more or less, from the reign of Edward the Confessor. There was the crown of Alfred or of St. Edward for the king; that of Edith, wife of the Confessor, for the queen. The sceptre with the dove was to recall the peaceful days of Edward after the driving out of the Danes; the gloves were for a lasting reminder of his abolition of the Danegelt—a token that the king's hands should be moderate in taking taxes. The ring with which, as the Doge to the Adriatic, so the king to his people was wedded, was the ring of the pilgrim, the legend of which was as follows. King Edward the Confessor was present at the dedication of the Church of Saint John at Clavering; a beggar asks alms of his sovereign in the name of the patron of the newly-hallowed temple, the Apostle whom Edward reverenced next after his special patron Saint Peter. The King has neither silver nor gold about him; he cannot find his almoner for the press; he gives the poor man the only gift that he can give at the moment, the costly ring on his finger. The beggar returns thanks, and vanishes. That very day, two English pilgrims are benighted in a wilderness of the Holy Land. A band of bright youths appears, attending an old man before whom two tapers are borne as in the service of the Church. He asks the pilgrims from what land they had come, and of what king they are subjects. They are Englishmen, subjects of the good King Edward. For the love of good King Edward he guides them to a city and an hostelry, where they find abundant entertainment. In the morning he reveals himself to them as John the Apostle and Evangelist; he gives them the ring, to bear to the king of the English, with the message that, as the reward of his good and chaste life, he should within six months be with himself in Paradise. The message is miraculously delivered on the self-same day, and the king, acknowledging the ring, made ready for his death. He was buried with the ring on his finger; but on his translation by Henry II. it was withdrawn. Such was the tale of the 'Wedding-ring of England.'

The other insignia were the orb, which may be seen in the Bayeux tapestry—the sceptre with the cross, the sword of mercy, called Curtana, the two swords of spiritual and temporal justice, the bracelets, the spurs of chivalry. They were all kept in the treasury of Westminster Abbey till the time of Henry VIII., and the larger part till the time of the Commonwealth, when, by order of Parliament (in 1642) they were 'totallie broken and defaced.' But the new regalia used at the coronation of Charles II. were still called by the same names; and though now kept in the jewel-office of the Tower of London, are yet, by a shadowy connection with the past, placed in the Jerusalem Chamber before each coronation.

The regalia of Charles II. was the second new set of jewels since 1216. In the end of that year, when King John was at war again with his Barons, he made himself master of Lincoln, and ravaged all the surrounding counties. Marching on from Wisbeach in October, he came to a place called the Cross Keys, on the southern side of the Wash. It is not clear why he took that dangerous way, but he resolved

to cross the Wash by the sands. At low water this estuary is passable, but it is subject to sudden rises of the sand. John and his army had nearly reached the opposite side, called the Forsdike, when the returning tide began to roar. Pressing forward in haste and terror, they escaped; but, on looking back, the King beheld the waggons and sumpter-horses, which bore his treasures—among them the crown jewels—overtaken by the waters; the surge broke furiously over them, and they presently were lost to sight, all being swallowed up in a whirlpool caused by the impetuous rising of the tide, and the descending current of the river Welland. Vexation at this great mishap, coupled with a surfeit of peaches, pears, and ale, threw John into a fever, of which he died the same month at Newark. Ten days after his death, his son Henry was crowned at Gloucester with a plain circle of gold, the crown having been among the lost treasures.

Baxter (Life, p. 2.) tells how Charles I. found 'the left wing of the dove, the mark of the Conqueror's halcyon days, was broken on the sceptre staff, by what casualty God Himself knows. The King sent for Mr. Acton, then his goldsmith, commanding him that the ring-stone should be set in again. The goldsmith replied that it was impossible to be done so fairly but that some mark would remain thereof. The King, in some passion, returned, "If you will not do it, another shall." Thereupon Mr. Acton returned, and got another dove of gold to be artificially set in; whereat his Majesty was well contented, as making no discovery thereof.' This was the first infringement on the old regalia.

Long before this time we have a tale about the crown, the well-known tale of Henry and his father Henry IV. The King often suffered from fits of epilepsy, and during one of his attacks, the Prince of Wales, thinking him to be dead, carried away the crown, which, according to custom, was placed on a pillow near to the royal bed. When the King again became conscious, he sternly asked of his attendants who had dared to take it away. Hearing that it was his son, he directly sent for him. When Henry came, the King said, 'Alas! fair son, what right have you to the crown, when you know your father had none?'—'My liege,' answered the Prince, 'with the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it.'—After a pause, the King replied, 'Well, do as you think best; I leave the issue to God, and may He have mercy on my soul!'

After Henry V.'s death, his widow, Queen Katharine of France, married a Welshman, Owen Tudor by name. It was their grandson, the Earl of Richmond—Henry VII.—who defeated Richard III. at Bosworth. When the King fell, his body was quickly despoiled by the enemy of its splendid ornaments, and a soldier having taken the crown for his share, hid it in a hawthorn bush until he should have an opportunity for carrying it off. He was soon able to bring it to Lord Stanley, who placed it on Henry's head, and the people shouted, 'Long live King Henry!' In memory of this, the House of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a thorn-bush; and the old proverb, 'Cleave to the crown, though it hang on a bush,' is traced to this origin.

Before giving the last adventure of—this time—the whole of the regalia, we must go very far back, to the time of Alfred the Great. We still have a remarkable specimen of the workmanship of the goldsmiths employed by this king. This is 'Alfred's jewel,' which was found in the year 1693, at Newton Park, in the lowlands of Somerset, on the banks of the river Parret, somewhat to the north of the spot where the island and fort of Athelney were once situated. There, no doubt, the King lost this mark of his dignity—for it was probably a portion of his sceptre—during the most unhappy days of his life, and it had remained buried in the swamp until, after the lapse of so many centuries, it was accidentally brought to light again. It is now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It consists of a thick and polished crystal, of an oval form, inlaid with a mosaic enamel, green and yellow,

representing the outline of a human figure, which appears to be seated, and holds in each hand a kind of lily-stalk with flowers. On a fine plate of gold at the back of the crystal, is also a flower, very tastefully and ingeniously let in; on the oval shaped side, which has a setting of gold-filagree work, are engraved the words, 'Ælfred mec heht gewyrcan.' (Alfred caused me to be made.) At the bottom of the jewel, where the crystal and its setting run together, the gold ends in a beautifully fashioned dolphin's head of the same metal, whose empty eye-sockets once, no doubt, contained precious stones, and through whose open mouth there is a little gold peg. This must have served to fasten a stick or handsome wand, at the end of which the jewel was carried, and this wand was probably King Alfred's sceptre.

The new regalia, made after the Restoration, had a very near escape of being stolen in 1671. The public were allowed, after paying a certain fee to the 'Master of the Jewel-house,' to go and see the jewels; and this liberty of access suggested to one Colonel Blood, a disbanded officer of Cromwell's army, the possibility of carrying off the crown and other valuables. He dressed up a woman of decent and quiet appearance to represent his wife, and attired himself as a clergyman, with cloak and cassock, according to the fashion of the time; and then they went to see the regalia. As the deputy keeper, Mr. Edwards, was shewing them, Blood's supposed wife feigning sudden illness, was taken by Mrs. Edwards to her room, and Blood was able to take a careful view of the whole place, and to form his plans for the robbery. After this, he managed to get on quite an intimate footing with the Edwardses, they all the time taking him for a clergyman; and a day—May 9th, 1671—was fixed for his bringing two country friends and his nephew, who were to be introduced to Miss Edwards, to see the jewels. They came, and as Mrs. Edwards and her daughter had not yet come down-stairs, Blood asked Edwards to shew his friends the crown in the meantime. No sooner was his wish fulfilled, than they threw one of their cloaks over his head, and gagged him. They told the old man, for he was eighty years old, that they must have the crown, globe, and sceptre, which if he quietly gave up, they would spare his life; but Edwards struggled to get free and give the alarm, on which the villains struck him many blows on the head, and also stabbed him to stop his cries. Then Blood seized the crown, one accomplice hid the globe about his person, and the other was just going to divide with a file the sceptre into two parts for easier concealment, when their third man gave an alarm below. Edwards's son had, by a most fortunate chance, just come back from Flanders with his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, and was hastening up-stairs to salute his family. The thieves made a rush past him, and leaving the half-cut sceptre, escaped with the crown and globe, pursued by the new-comers. Blood, his three accomplices, and others who were waiting at different places, were, after a hard struggle, captured and brought back prisoners to the Tower. In the scuffle, the crown, which Blood kept under his cloak, was knocked out of his grasp on to the pavement, near the iron gate to St. Katharine's Wharf, and a pearl and large diamond, with some stones of less value, were displaced; but they were nearly all afterwards picked up and restored. The rest of Blood's story concerns himself only.

Seemingly, the first adventure of the Scotch regalia was in 1296, when Edward, after his first conquest of Scotland, carried off from the Abbey of Holyrood—according to the chroniclers of later times—the ancient national crown and sceptre, and other jewels. They were restored to Scotland by his grandson, Edward III. It may here be mentioned, that Edward III., when pressed for money during his foreign wars, pawned his crown and jewels to the Flemish merchants. His father seems to have been somewhat careless of his jewels; for several being found among the property of Piers Gaveston, the royal favourite, after his execution, they were sent back

to the royal hands. But it was not only on the regalia that Edward laid his hands. At the Abbey of Scone, he found something which it was well worth his while to remove and keep, and he either took it with him northwards or left it till his return; this was the Stone of Destiny, (Lia Fail)—the palladium of Scotland—a fragment of rock on which the Kings of Scots were wont to be crowned. Its legendary history was, that it was the veritable pillow of the Patriarch Jacob, on which he rested when he saw the vision of the angels ascending and descending the ladder, and that it was brought over by Scota, that daughter of Pharaoh from whom the Scots line of monarchs was descended. Some Scottish chroniclers say that Gathelus, the Spanish king, sent it with his son when he invaded Ireland. It was prophetically foretold, that wherever it might be placed the Scottish would be supreme—a prophecy no doubt recalled when, in after days, kings of the Stewart race sat on it to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. For thither it was taken by King Edward, and placed under the seat of the coronation chair. He seized also another treasured relic—the Black Rood, or Holy Rood. It was a certified fragment of the true Cross, preserved in a shrine of gold or silver gilt, and brought over by Queen Margaret, who left it as a sacred legacy to her descendants and their kingdom. It was to the honour of this relic, that King David I. raised the house of Canons Regular of the Holy Rood, devoted to the rule of St. Augustine, at Edinburgh.

The Honours of Scotland, as they were called, were saved from the hands of the soldiers of the Commonwealth, when General Monk was reducing Scotland in 1651; but their escape was narrow. They had been taken to Dunnottar, one of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, which stood on a ledge of rock overhanging the sea. As other strongholds had yielded one after another, it seemed likely enough that Dunnottar would not be able to hold out; so a plan was made for concealing the Honours—the crown, the sword, and the sceptre. They were taken secretly from the castle by Mrs. Granger, the wife of the minister of the parish, the wife of the commander of the castle helping her; she rode through the camp of the besieging army with the crown on her lap, hidden in a bundle of lint, and the sword and sceptre in her hand in the guise of a distaff, with the flax which she, like a thrifty Scottish matron, was busily spinning, wound round it. At night, she and her husband buried them under the flags of the church; and they kept their secret so well, that no one knew what had become of them; but they came to light again in 1661.

The crown of St. Stephen, the precious treasure of the Hungarian nation since the year 1000, and which was last used at the coronation of Francis Joseph of Austria as King of Hungary, in 1867, has had many adventures throughout the troubled reigns of its kings. It was presented by Pope Silvester II. to Stephen, the second Duke and first Christian King of Hungary; and with it he was crowned at the city of Pressburg, in whose royal castle it was afterwards carefully guarded, along with the rest of the royal insignia—the sceptre, ball, shoes, and mantle. It was golden, of hemispherical form, crossed by two semicircular bands, and surmounted by a Latin cross; in the front part was an enamel figure of our Lord set in pearls, and the border was richly sown with precious stones and figures of the Apostles. Seventy-six years later, a golden coronet, sent by the Greek Emperor Dukas to King Geysa, was fixed on to the Roman crown; the difference between the two is very plain, as the Roman gold is of a deeper colour and greater value than the Greek which contains a mixture of zinc. These two united crowns formed the sacred Hungarian diadem, without which no coronation of the kings was held to be valid.

In 1305, Venezel, on succeeding his father Wenceslas as King of Bohemia, abdicated the Hungarian throne in favour of his cousin, Otto of Bavaria, to whom he gave the crown and other insignia. The Hungarians were willing to receive as

their king this Otto, who was the grandson of Bela IV., and his possession of St. Stephen's crown was a great point in his favour. So he set out hopefully on the somewhat dangerous journey to his new dominions; but knowing that, both on the Austrian and Hungarian territories, there were enemies lying in wait for him, he disguised himself as a merchant, and so went on his way in anything but regal style, carrying his precious talisman concealed in a cask. His waggon jolted safely on till it reached the frontier, when, to Otto's horror, it was discovered that the cask had slipped out and disappeared. How could he venture to present himself to his new subjects without the crown, the one great passport to their favour? In great consternation, he sent a servant back to hunt for his lost treasure, which was at length happily rescued from the sinking clutches of a bog. The rest of the journey was safely got through, and Otto was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg. When he shortly afterwards had to go into Transylvania, he carried with him the precious crown, for he would never entrust it to the care of anyone but himself, so fearful was he of losing it; and his attachment to it was so great, that it became a matter of joke among his courtiers.

The adventures of this same crown in 1439 are very exciting, as told by Helen the Lady of Rotternier, herself the heroine of the tale. It is, however, too long to give in full, and would lose much of its interest in a shortened account. The story may be found in Freytag's 'Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit,' (2 Band. 349.) or in the 'Book of Golden Deeds,' by the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' Queen Elizabeth of Hungary placed both her little son Ladislas and the crown under the protection of the Emperor, Frederick III. who indulged himself in the ceremony of a mock coronation at Neustadt. The possession of St. Stephen's crown was the great object of all those who so often contested the throne of the hapless kingdom of Hungary, and whenever it was saved out of the hands of its enemies, and brought back safe again, the joy of the whole nation was immense. An instance of this is found in the last century. The Emperor, Joseph II., wantonly ordered the crown, sceptre, &c., which the people cherished with such superstitious reverence, to be forcibly taken away from Pressburg and brought to Vienna. Here it was kept till 1790, when Joseph, seeing the necessity of conciliating his subjects in order to frustrate the designs of Prussia, promised the Hungarians that his coronation—before scorned by him—should speedily take place; and he sent back the crown as a pledge of his faith. It was welcomed with great joy; triumphal arches were set up wherever it passed, every town was a scene of festivity; numbers flocking together from all quarters swelled the cavalcade, and multitudes crowding to the Cathedral of Buda, received the beloved palladium of their national splendour and freedom. At night it was taken into the chapel of the Palace, and guarded by two magistrates with drawn swords. The city was illuminated, and on every side was heard, amid shouts of joy and triumph, the cry of 'Long live the liberties of the Hungarian people!'

The diadem which was the greatest of the Pleiades that shone on the brow of the 'Wonder of the world,' was the double crown of the Roman Empire; double, as 'urbis et orbis,' made of gold and precious stones, and decked with images so large, that it would have covered the wearer's head and face but for some internal contrivance.

For more than seven months in the year 1247 had Frederick II. besieged the city of Parma; the garrison was starving, and the Emperor, making sure of his prey, went off on a hunting excursion. But while he was gone, all the Parmesans sallied forth, joined the Milanese and the Placentines, and took Victoria, the new-built city of their enemy, and in a short time Frederick saw the sky lit up with its flames. All his treasures and relics were taken; the great Imperial crown fell into the hands of a Parmesan, nicknamed Short-step, from his small size. He bore his prize along

in triumph, and sold it to the State for a house and two hundred pounds. The crown was to be seen in the sacristy of the Cathedral for sixty years, until it was given up to Henry of Luxemburg.

The iron crown of Italy or of Lombardy, was taken by almost every Emperor down to Frederick III., but by none after him. They received it sometimes at Pavia, but more usually at Milan or Monza; and in the cathedral of the last-named place it is now treasured up. The outer circlet of the crown is formed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, joined together by hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue gold enamel. Within the circlet is the narrow iron band from which the crown takes its name, and on which not a speck of rust is to be seen. This band is traditionally said to have been made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion of our Lord, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena, the discoverer of the true Cross, to protect him in battle.

Napoleon Buonaparte I. was crowned King of Italy at Milan, on May 23rd, 1805—or rather he crowned himself, exclaiming, '*Dieu me l'a donnée, gare à qui la touche*;' this Sir Walter Scott holds to be the haughty motto attached to the crown by its ancient owners. After his coronation, Napoleon instituted for Italy a new order of knighthood, called 'Of the Iron Crown.'

The Austrians carried off this crown to Vienna in 1859, but it was restored by Francis Joseph in 1867, and may now be seen in its right place at Monza, by anyone who chooses to pay five francs for the sight. PISA.

PROCESS OF MULTIPLYING 4265 BY 3902.

Best explained by MONEY-SPINNER; but PISA is the only one who has 'cast out the nines.' Answers from CASSANDRA, BERYL, EDITH PLANTAGENET, M. J. B., VERY HUMBLE SPIDER, NEMO, SYRPHUS, ANNIE.

'MULTIPLICATION is vexation.' So thought little Clara Kingsdale, when her aunt announced that her sum was wrong; and maybe Auntie was of the same opinion, for it was decidedly vexatious, after all the pains she had taken with Clara, to have the sum brought up as follows:—

```
  4265
  3902
 ------
  8530
 38385
 12795
 ------
1671880
```

'You have not multiplied by 3902, Clara. You must go through it again. First you multiply by—' 'Two.' 'Two what?' 'Two units. So I did.' 'Yes, so far you were right. What next?' 'Nine.' 'Nine what?' 'Nine tens.' 'Clara, you are not attending. Don't look out of window. What stands in the tens' place?' 'Aught.' 'Then how many tens are there?' 'None.' 'And in what place does the nine stand?' 'Hundreds.' 'Then you have to multiply by nine—' 'Hundred.' 'But is that what you have done? Multiply 4265 by 900, and see the answer.'

```
  4265
   900
 ------
3838500
```

'Is that what you brought it to before?' 'No. 38385.' 'Look again. The five is not a unit. What is understood on the right hand?' 'Aught.' 'Now read it again.' '383850.' 'Then what is wrong?' 'An aught too few.' 'And how is

that?' 'I forgot to set it down.' 'Yes, but what difference did it make? You worked the sum as if the nine had been—where?' 'In the tens place.' 'Then, instead of multiplying by nine hundred, you multiplied by—' 'Ninety.' 'That is right. Where should the five have been?' 'Under the nine.' 'And how many aughts are understood on the right hand?' 'Two.' 'Then the five stands for—' '500.' 'And what have you multiplied by?' '900.' 'What next?' 'Three.' 'Three what?' '3000.' 'And how many aughts must be added at the end in multiplying by thousands?' 'Three.' 'Then where should the five have come?' 'Under the three.' 'That is right. Now tell me what is twice 4265.' '8530.' '900 times?' '3838500.' '3000 times?' '12795000.' 'Now what must you do next?' 'Add them all together.' 'What do they come to?' '16642030.' 'Then what have you multiplied by?' '3902.' 'And what had you multiplied by before?' This question required some consideration; but at last the answer came—'392.' 'Then the whole sum was thrown wrong by your forgetting what?' 'The aught.'

Just as this point was reached, one of the uncles looked in at window. 'Hasn't Clara done yet? Here's no end of fun going on in the garden.'

'She has just done her sum, but she ought to read some history.'

'Oh, I'm sure she may be let off that! Aught stands for nothing.'

'Does it? I think Clara has just found out that the want of it threw her whole sum wrong!—What difference does an aught make, Clara?'

'Makes a number worth ten times as much,' said Clara, who had not clearly understood her uncle's argument.

'So your play will be worth ten times as much if you read your history first. Eh?'

'Contrary to your ideas, Tony,' said another aunt in the garden. 'You think "ought" *diminishes* the value of everything ten-fold.'

'So will Clara when she has learnt decimals!—Come, Flo, is the little victim to be let off? I can't stop, for there is a grand excitement down there over a hedgehog Hugh has caught.'

'O Auntie, do let me go! I can read after dinner.'

'You won't like that, Clara. You had better finish your lessons now, and then you will be free in the afternoon.'

'Oh, please, please! The hedgehog will be gone!'

Clara looked very dismal; and Uncle Tony, who was a terrible foe to discipline in the school-room, whatever he might be in his regiment, put on such a pathetic face, that Auntie Flo could not help laughing, and was obliged to yield. Aughts and units were all forgotten while Clara was enjoying herself in the garden; but it was very tiresome work to be obliged to go and read history after dinner, while there was such fun going on under the chestnut tree; and Clara felt, though perhaps she could not have expressed, that in other matters as well as sums the neglect of an 'ought' is apt to throw everything wrong. MONEY-SPINNER.

THE test of accuracy of the above sum is made by *casting out nines—i.e.* dividing the given number by 9—and throwing away the result of that division, except the remainder that there may chance to be. Cast out nines from the multiplier (3902) and multiplicand, (4265,) and write the results (5 and 8) in the spaces right and left of a cross, as given; multiply these results, (40,) cast out nines, (*i.e.* divide 40 by 9: so it goes 4 times, and leaves 4 over,) and place the result (4) in the upper space; lastly, cast out nines from the added-up product that has been found, and write that result (4) in the lower space. If the figures in the upper and lower spaces do not agree, there must be a mistake in the working.

PISA.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

What is the Bore in rivers, and by what different names is it known?

Describe the expedition of the Argonauts.

☞ ARACHNE has received stamps from STICKLEBACK and CASSANDRA.

*** The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions and Notices or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

Since writing the paper on *The Wilberforce Memorial Fund*, in the July Number of this Magazine, *L. P.* has been informed that the South London Fund was not opened by Bishop Wilberforce, but by the Council of Surrey Church Association in 1865.

The Sisters of *St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth*, desire to return their sincere thanks for a box and parcel of clothes sent to them in June, and to assure *Burncoose*, the kind donor, that any description of clothes, of whatever class, can always be made use of, and will be most thankfully received. Five Shilling Stamps, received in April, the Sisters fear have not been acknowledged, and they now beg to thank *I. M. B.* for them.

E. G.—A new edition of Savonarola's Hymns was published not long ago at Florence, if I do not mistake. It can be procured through Williams and Norgate, Nutt, Dulau, or other foreign booksellers.—R. F. L.

If the *Young Churchwoman*, who wishes for information respecting University examinations, will write to *Miss Piper, The Birches, Malvern Link, Worcestershire*, she will give her particulars concerning the Cambridge Examination for Women.

A Constant Subscriber.—Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, Miss Thompson's *History of England*, (Macmillan's Series for Schools,) *New School History of England*. (Parker.)

A. Z. would be glad to know what is the best English Grammar for young persons, not children.——Adams's *English Language*. (Bell and Daldy.)

K. H. will be much obliged if the Editor or any readers can tell her what plant it was, on the bulbous root of which Louis IX. of France cut the word *Espérance*, to send to his wife as an assurance of his safety, when in captivity in the East.——The Editor does not know any authority for the story; but the tradition she has always heard was, that it was the Ranunculus, or Bachelor's Buttons, which is certainly still called *Espérance*. She thought the word was not cut, (as indeed the root would not serve the purpose,) but the name of the plant was already given, and was sufficient.

Will the Editor kindly tell *A. M. G.* of suitable books for reading aloud, and awakening the consciences of school-girls of the middle classes? Neale's *Sermons* are very good, but more suitable to the lower class.—*A. M. G., The Cottage, Bexhill, Hastings.*——Miss Blunt on the Prayer Book would perhaps serve your purpose. Also Dean Goulburn's *Gospel of the Infancy*, and Mrs. Mercier's *Our Mother Church*.

Alice.—Arms of Holyrood Abbey—1. A holy rood (a crucifix); 2. (later) A deer's head caboshed, with a crucifix between its antlers. Arms of Sobieski, (according to Rietstab's *Armorial Général*,) 'de gules, au bouclier de bronze.' Arms of Prince Rupert, (probably those of the Palatinate, which were—Quarterly, 1st and 4th sable, a lion rampant or, armed, tongued, and crowned gules; 2nd, lozengey, argent and azure: or of Bohemia, which were—gules, a lion rampant argent, crowned or.) *Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents*, by John Heneage Jesse, (Bohn's Historical Library,) give a good account of Charles III. and Henry IX. after 1745.

Mignon.—Raphael Aben Ezra is the second hero of Kingsley's *Hypatia.*—R. F. L.

A. M. P.—Macmillan and Co. published Miss Rossetti's Poems in 1862.—R. F. L.

A. Z. begs to say that she considers the *intelligent* study of Grammar—analyzing sentences, as the Editor recommends—indispensable to a good education; but it has so often been made a matter of mere memory, never properly applied, that she does not wonder it has come to be undervalued. Common sense, and the habit of reading, if joined with some natural perception of the relations of language, give a better result than such (miscalled) study of Grammar. It is possible to know Lindley Murray by heart, and yet not speak or write correctly; the very effort to retain pages of dry prose verbally, suspends the action of other mental powers. However, among many no doubt good and efficient governesses, there will always be some who prefer leaving the girl a long lesson to learn in their absence, to assisting her to the proper understanding of it.—It is extraordinary how confused educated people sometimes are as to the use of the Infinitive Mood, which may become a nominative governing another verb. *A. Z.* knows an instance in which the following construction was defended as correct to the last, by people of more than ordinary cultivation. '.... Appointments, to receive which, con*fer* honour.' If 'to receive' is not the nominative, governing the verb in the third person singular, 'confers,' what is it? It may be better to say simply that the *appointments* con*fer* honour, making them the plural nominative; but then 'to receive' should be cancelled.—*A. Z.* also observes the superfluous use of 'and' to be very frequent. Here is a passage from a good magazine: 'A minister for Iceland .... is at the head of the administration; but the highest local authority is vested in the governor residing in Reykavig, *and* for whose acts the minister is responsible.'

In answer to the inquiry made in May by *Dora*, about a Knitting Society, *E. M. Dick* will be happy to give any information about hers, which was first formed by Miss Rice in February 1866, and from which others have sprung. The subscription is 4*s.* 4*d.* a year. Parcels are sent away in February and November, to Plymouth, and different poor districts in London. *Address—Miss Dick, Southfield Mount, Paignton, South Devon.*

'*A Sick-bed Confirmation.*'—The following contributions are thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. S. J. Stone:—H. S., £1; Pilgrim, 2*s.* 6*d.*; C. H. H., 2*s.* 6*d.*; G. C., Brighton, 10*s.*; Anonymous, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Birdie, 2*s.*; B., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Alison, £1; E. D., 2*s.* M. C. P., 1*s.*; Reader, West Malvern, 10*s.* Other Donations have been acknowledged by letter.

Stamps for the *Daisy Chain Cot* from *A. P.*, and a Post-office Order for £2 from *Frida*, acknowledged with thanks.

M. B. D. wishes to know of some History of France, written in French, suitable for a child of nine years old, who is conversant with the language.

'*One by One.*'—The lines with the above title are by a lady of the name of Miller, and are published in a small volume, called 'Ezekiel, and other Poems.'

In answer to *J. B. S.*, I have unbound, in perfect condition, 'People's Magazine' for 1869, (except January and February,) and the whole of 1870. I will part with the lot for 5*s.* without carriage.—*E. W. M. D.*, 8, *Dover Terrace, Southsea.*

If *J. B. S.* will send an address, some letters will be forwarded.

Would anyone like to join a Work Society, the members of which undertake to work four hours a week for the poor? Subscription, 2*s.* a year. For rules, apply to *Alpha*, 15, *William Street, Lowndes Square, London, S. W.*

Catholicus Oxoniensis informs *Mater*, that he should think that *A Daily Text Book for the Christian Year*, in two parts, published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., is as good as any. It contains a text for every day in the year, a verse, and short reading.

Lily.—The Martagen Lily is sometimes used as a symbol of charity; but as it is also used to express courage, and is further dedicated to some saint, (I think St. Peter,) care must be taken not to confuse between the three. A pelican in her piety, is the favonrite emblem for charity; but this also means the Redemption—in fact, most of these emblems have two if not more meanings.—B. C. C.

(*Several Notices must stand over for want of space.*)

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

FAMOUS SPIDERS OF HISTORY AND LEGEND.

The best assortment of 'Spiders' is PISA'S; PORTIA'S is very well written, but has not so many; ALICE is also good. A few more from other hands are added to PISA'S. The other answers are EDITH PLANTAGENET, HAREBELL, A. C. R., M. C. T., PUSSY-CAT, F. M. L., ANNIE, MAY-POLE, MAIMUNA, AGNES.

SPIDERS, like so many other creatures, are more or less unjustly treated; it would be something quite new to come across one person out of ten who would not confess to a shudder—a creepy sort of feeling—and an exclamation of 'The nasty creature!' 'A horrid spider!' &c., if they were to see one making its way with all speed through the folds of their dress, whither some unlucky chance had brought it, or even peacefully spinning its web on some wall along which they passed. We certainly have large black spiders, whose bite—like that of the fierce tarantula—is poisonous, and from the effects of which people may die; but these are not those which we commonly meet with, so we are generally more prejudiced against spiders than we ought to be. Our dislike may be partly founded on the many favourite nursery rhymes that speak so harshly of the cunning spider who lures the unhappy fly into his dangerous network:—

> The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
> For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
> So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
> And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
> . . . . . ; at last
> Up jumped the cruel spider, and fiercely held her fast;
> He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
> Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

This spider, which is only following his natural instincts, is condemned in the moral with which the tale of course winds up, so no one is likely to feel any affection for the owner of the winding stair. Who also has not strongly sympathized with poor little Miss Muffet, who

> sat on a tuffet,
> Eating of curds and whey,
> There came a great spider, and sat down beside her,
> And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Surely we have ourselves often been little Miss Muffets.

Yet though we are angry with the spider that dines upon the fly, we are quite satisfied with the one that plays such an important part in the fable of the lion and the gad-fly. This teazing insect, puffed up with his victory over the lord of the forest, was boasting that he was the greatest hero in the world. 'Let me see,' he said, 'the fool-hardy creature that dares to contend with me!' A spider in her hole heard this gasconading speech with amazement. She would have laughed if nature had given to spiders the faculty of laughing. She thought she saw further into the darkness of future time than the gad-fly. The battle was now finished, and the gad-fly, having sung the song of victory, flew away proudly to tell the story to his mother and his relations. As he flew, he struck full tilt upon the spider's web, and was entangled in the thinnest and flimsiest net in the world; could anything be more mortifying? The spider came out of her hole, seized the triumphant conqueror of the world, and put him to death in a moment.

The spider comes in in Gay's fourteenth Fable, where the moral is founded upon the supposition that children are born with a genius for some particular pursuit, and that that genius should alone be encouraged. A proud owl holds a school, and

> . . . . . the crowded place,
> With pupils swarmed of every race.
> * * * * * *
> The spider, of mechanic kind,
> Aspired to science more refined.

The owl points out to each of his admirers what he shall do.

> The court shall be the spider's sphere:
> Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there.
> * * * * * *
> Each takes the part that he advised,
> And all were equally despised.

Then the dull Athenian bird is reproved by a farmer, who says to him—

> Had you with judgement weighed the case,
> Their genius thus had fixed their place:
> * * * * * *
> The spider in the weaver's trade,
> With credit had a fortune made.

We cannot tell whether or not the owl was well-minded towards the animals that asked counsel of him; but may not the special bird of Pallas-Athênê have been endowed by the goddess with her own special dislike of spiders, and thus have purposely hindered this one from getting on well in the world?

Spiders were particularly odious to Athênê, and that this was the case is shewn forth in the following myth.

Idmon of Colophon, a famous dyer in purple, had a daughter, by name Arachnê, who, through the teachings of the goddess Athênê, became skilled in the arts of weaving and embroidery. Vain of her talents, and regardless of the obligations she owed to her patroness, she challenged her to a trial of skill. At first the goddess, under the form of an old woman, warned her to leave off her boasting, but failing to persuade her, she took again her proper form and accepted the challenge. Arachnê produced a splendid piece of cloth, wherein the love-transformations of the gods were most skilfully woven; the perfection and subject of the work were both so displeasing to the goddess, that she struck Arachnê several times on the forehead with the shuttle, and then tore her work to pieces. The hapless maiden, in despair, hung herself; Athênê, at last relenting, loosened the rope and saved her life; but the rope was changed into a cobweb, and Arachnê herself into a spider, (ἀράχνη.) Of course the name Arachnê gave the origin to this fable, which suggests the idea that man learnt the art of weaving from the spider, and that it was invented in Lydia.

So far in nursery rhymes, fables, myths, the spider has hardly a chance of gaining any very good opinion for itself; but it may gain this through the many—and some of them authenticated—stories that exist, in which it plays an important, though an unconscious part, for the good of men.

Of all famous tales, perhaps that of Robert the Bruce and the spider is the most widely spread, owing its popularity, maybe, to the fact that it is one of the 'Tales of a Grandfather.'

In 1306, Edward the First set off northwards to subdue once more the rebellious Scots and their newly-made king, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, who had come to the throne by his unscrupulous murder of the Red Comyn. But Edward had only partially carried out his vows of vengeance when he died. Still, for many years, Bruce was an outlaw and fugitive, and in constant danger of his life. Despairing of ever wearing his crown in peace again, he left Scotland, and thought of going to the Holy Land, as a penance for his murder of Comyn; but tradition says that fresh courage was stirred up in him by the example of a spider. He was in hiding in the island of Rachrin, off the coast of Ireland. As he lay in bed one morning in the wretched hut whither he had fled, his eye was attracted by a spider, that tried again and again, without success, to throw its web across from beam to beam of the roof above his head. Six times the insect tried, and six times it failed. These attempts and failures of the spider, reminded Bruce that he had fought and been beaten in six battles with the English. Eagerly he watched to see if the spider would try again. 'If it does,' thought he, 'so will I.' Once more the spider made the attempt, and this time it was successful. Bruce was guided by the example of the persevering spider, and from that time forward the tide of fortune seemed turned to him for good.

'Grandfather' says, 'I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider: because it was that insect which had shewn the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their namesake.'

There is one class of spider tales which is very common, and may be found in different countries with different names for its heroes, but otherwise much alike one another. These tales tell of the wondrous deliverance from danger of some more or less well known historical character. The earliest story of this kind is told of the Psalmist David, (*Tabari*, i., p. 429,) when he was forced to flee from place to place for fear of Saul. Knowing all the caves and lurking-places of the country, he was able for a long while to save himself from falling into the hand of Saul. One day, however, Saul came upon David in a narrow valley, and being mounted, he had very nearly taken him, for he was on foot. David fled on as fast as he could, and

managed to reach a cave a few moments before Saul could get there. Then God sent a spider, which spun a web over the mouth of the cave; and Saul saw it, and passed on, saying, 'Certainly David cannot have entered in there, or the web would be torn.'

The same story is told of St. Felix of Nola in Campania, during the Decian persecution.

When the prophet Mahomet and his father-in-law and staunch friend Abú-Bekr fled from Mecca, they sought refuge in a cave of the mountain of Thaur, which Hassân, the poet of Médecia, calls the Glorious Cave. No sooner had the fugitives taken shelter therein, than a spider came and wove her webs one over the other at the mouth of it. The Coreish who were making a hot search after Mahomet, now came close up; but when they had looked, they said one to another, 'Spider's webs are over it from before the birth of Mahomet.' So they turned and left the cave. Another tradition is, that 'God commanded a tree and a spider to cover His prophet, and two wild pigeons to perch at the entrance of the cavern.' The result, of course, is just the same. A crowd of miracles cluster about the cave, but the favourite tradition of the Arabs was that about the spider. The following verses are taken from one of their most popular poems.

How highly honoured was that cave,
Holding the great, the good, the brave!
But blindness, like a wizard's spell,
Upon the vile pursuers fell.

Yes, truth itself, and he who bold
In Islam's cause ne'er falsehood told,
Were there—and yet the wicked cried,
'Away! that cave could no one hide.'

For there they saw a fearless guest—
The timid dove had built her nest;
And there the spider undismay'd
Had wide his wondrous web display'd.

This tale probably arose through the verses in *Sura*, viii. v. 29, about God *plotting* so as to deceive the Meccans, and in *Sura*, ix. v. 42, about God *assisting* the two refugees in the cave.

The first two lines of the above verses would well apply to the hermit, Saint Meinrad, of quite different times and scenes. This holy man had built himself a cell in one of the wildest parts of the Hartz forest in Germany, and there he gave the woodmen of the place the benefit of his prayers and of his good counsel, and they met in prayer in the little wooden chapel which they had raised and dedicated to the patron saint of hunting, Saint Hubert. Meinrad had the gifts of healing, and the fame of his wonders was spread far and wide. His cell was a cave in a steep hill-side, and over its narrow mouth hung a pink may-bush, beside which he had set up a rude stone cross, as if to hallow the hill by its presence. But in this forest there dwelt evil men, who cared naught for the holy hermit and the poor woodmen, whose houses and goods they plundered; and their leader, one Emmeric, angered by a well-deserved reproach of Saint Meinrad, swore, in the hearing of some of the woodmen, to take vengeance for it. They rushed to seek their holy friend, and begged him to fly to some place of refuge from the enemies who sought his life. But their persuasions were all in vain; Saint Meinrad said he put his trust in God who would deliver, and he sent them away to their homes. And when he knew that Emmeric and his men were on his track, he and a disciple of his, whose faith he had encouraged by his holy words and example, went within the cave and awaited their coming. Then directly from the may-bush a spider let itself down to the mouth of the cell, and with marvellous swiftness spun its web across it. When the wicked men came up and saw the web, they said one to another that the priest could not have been there that day nor that week, and they went off with all speed to search the chapel. But they found him not there, nor anywhere else in the forest. Thus did the Almighty send help in the time of need to His holy servant, by means of one of the smallest of His creatures.

Again. During a Protestant massacre at Paris, Du Moulin, the celebrated jurist, crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider instantly wove its web, so that when those who were in pursuit of him examined the premises, they passed by the oven with the remark that no one could have been there for some days.

How many tales might not the large dungeon spiders of different countries relate of their ancestors in connection with the many prisoners, who so often passed their whole life-time in weary captivity! Everyone has heard the story of the renowned Pallisson,

who was thrown into the Bastille at the fall of Fouquet, the superintendent of the finances in the reign of Louis XIV. He beguiled his captivity by taming a spider, until his cruel jailor crushed it with his foot; and was it not a like pet that was spitefully killed by Simon, the heartless tormentor of the little Dauphin—the orphan of the Temple, whose touching history must be familiar to everyone.

Surely the good deeds of these ancient spiders demand that no little sympathy and good will should be shewn by us to their descendants, who would doubtless—if they had the opportunity—play as noble a part in these modern times as was played by their forefathers. PISA.

In the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the spider is pointed out by the Interpreter to Christiana as a symbol of a creature filled with the venom of sin, yet enabled through faith to 'take hold with her hands, and be in kings' palaces.' It is evident, however, that the ugliness and venom of the spider produced more effect on Bunyan's mind than its compensating qualities. PORTIA.

Quatremère D'Isjonval, in his solitary dungeon, once made a spider so tame, that it knew his voice, and always came when he called it. It shortened many weary hours in a place where no friend might come to him; but when the jaoler saw the insect, and the interest it afforded, he cruelly killed it.

Another prisoner, having nothing else to do, paid great attention to a spider, and perceived that it was a weather-prophet. If it spun lazily, it would rain; if swiftly, the sun would shine; if it made long threads, the weather would last; if short ones, it would be changeable. And not only from his experience, but also from that of others, we know that the spider is always right. If these insects make their webs at night, the next morning will be fine; if in the morning, the following day will be bright. By knowing these facts, a French officer in prison in Utrecht foretold a frost a fortnight before it came, thereby saving the French army from utter defeat, and turning it into a glorious victory.

During the commotions which took place in Holland, when the Stadtholder was reinstated by the arms of Prussia, M. Quatremère D'Isjonval, a Frenchman, was arrested and imprisoned at Utrecht, where he spent upwards of seven years. To amuse himself for this long time, he courted the acquaintance of spiders; and after watching them closely for some time, he made the important discovery that they were the most weather-wise of all creatures. On Wednesday, the 16th of January, 1795, the wind changed to the northward; on Thursday it began to freeze, which increased to such a degree, the French were enabled to enter Holland and rescue their countryman; on the 20th of January there was a thaw, and the French generals thought they would have to retreat; but M. D'Isjonval assured them in a day or two the frost would return with greater severity than it had been known for years. This proved true; and Holland, not being enabled to avail itself of its pent-up floods, became an easy conquest. M. D'Isjonval had acquired his knowledge from watching the spiders.

D'Isjonval relates the instance of a spider, which used to place itself on the ceiling of a room over the spot where a lady played the harp, and which followed her if she removed to another spot; he also says that the celebrated violinist, Berthome, when a boy, saw a spider habitually approach him as soon as he began to play, and which eventually became so familiar, it would fix itself on his desk or arm. Bettina notices the same effect with a guitar. This proves spiders are fond of music.

M. Bon, a Frenchman, spent years in trying to domesticate spiders, and sent some stockings and gloves manufactured from their silk, to the Royal Society in 1710, with a full description of his experiments. He seems to have obtained four ounces of silk from thirteen ounces of cocoons. M. Lebon sent a pair of gloves manufactured from spiders' silk to Louis XIV.

In 1811, the Tagus was covered for half a mile with the webs of gossamer spiders, which floated safely on their silvery rafts: this species do not spin the webs for traps.

The French have a popular superstition about the spider; it runs thus:—

Araignée du matin
Grand chagrin
Araignée du midi
Grand plaisir
Araignée du soir
Grand espoir.

In some parts of England, a small species of spider, called the money-spinner, are deemed a sign of good luck to any person on whom they may be found; but to ensure success, the money-spinner must be caught and thrown over the left shoulder.

The Kentish proverb—

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let a spider run alive,

also connects the spider with man's prosperity.

The Hampton Court spider (Tegenaria domestica) is a creature of doleful aspect. These large spiders were formerly believed to be the embodied ghosts of Cardinal Wolsey and his aiders and abetters. It is sometimes called the 'Cardinal spider.'

EDITH PLANTAGENET.

In 'Le Foyer Breton,' by Emile Souvestre, is a very curious legend of a spider. Two brothers, journeying together, met a poor man, too feeble to walk, who begged them to lend him one of their horses. The youngest, Tonyk, being more charitable than his brother, willingly gave his horse, and received in return from the old man an acorn containing a spider. His brother rode on, leaving Tonyk to walk. But before he had gone very far, he was carried away by two eagles belonging to an ogre. Tonyk, seeing his brother disappear, tried to follow him, but the ogre's castle being situated on a very high hill, he was unable to reach it. The spider, however, came to his aid, and weaved so firm a ladder, that Tonyk was thus able to reach the castle, where he killed the ogre, and rescued his brother. A. C. R.

The objection which the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel, had to spiders is perhaps not generally known. The story is related, that on one occasion, during a meeting of the House of Commons, a laughter-loving friend introduced an enormous spider into the House, which marched straight up to where Sir R. Peel was sitting, and stopped in front of him. The occurrence was greeted with roars of laughter, but deponent sayeth not what became of the spider and his victim. MAY-POLE.

The horrible spider who killed Tom Thumb; and the spider who spun a web across the cave where the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus were concealed. AGNES.

DESCRIPTION OF A FEATHER.

The Feather is best described by ALBATROSS; but ARACHNE supplements her with UNCLE GEORGE'S moral. LILY, AGNES, ARROW-HEAD, SYRPHUS, CLARIBEL, deserve commendation; ISABEL'S is pretty, but no description; DUCHESS, extracts from Paley; F. M. L. and P. translate, and F. M. L. gives a verse; MARCH and TITANEA also answer.

A FEATHER is composed of a horny stem, fringed on either side, or sometimes only on one side, with a plume or beard; this consists of barbs, which are furnished with barbules. Feathers vary considerably in form; some have no plume, and resemble the quills of a porcupine. The pinion-feathers of those birds whose flight is the swiftest have stiff firm barbs, and the barbules interlock and cross each other, making the feathers so close and compact, that they resist the air, and prevent it from finding the smallest aperture to pass through, and so hinder the bird's rapid motion; these wings are very powerful, and strike the air with great force, producing a whistling sound; they may be compared to oars—while the tail-feathers, usually twelve in number, also assist in flight, and act as a rudder. In some feathers the barbs are looser, and unconnected; and birds with this kind of plumage—as, for instance, the owl—glide along slowly and noiselessly. The bird's power of endurance upon the wing is very remarkable. The frigate, or man-of-war bird, is seen at an immense distance from the shore; and it is said that it seldom returns to land, except during the breeding season. Their speed is no less wonderful—thirty miles an hour is considered slow flying; a swallow flies ninety miles, and the swift is thought to attain the astonishing speed of one hundred and eighty miles an hour. The lightness of feathers is proverbial; and so insignificant is their weight, that the entire plumage of an owl weighs only an ounce and a half. The quills are sometimes filled with air; this is invariably the case with birds that are swift flyers. The lungs of the bird are placed near the back-bone and ribs; the air enters them from the wind-pipe, and is dispersed throughout the body, passing freely into the bones, even to those small bones which form the toes, and to the tips of the wings. This air-supply usually corresponds with the flight-power of the bird; the ostrich, however, which does not fly, is nevertheless liberally provided with air-cells, which enable it to run with great rapidity. The high temperature of this internal air also promotes buoyancy and lightness. Equally necessary is the warmth of feathers; as the bird rises up

into the cold currents of air, or swims and dives in the water, most needful is the warm down, which by the pressure of air or water keeps close to the skin. To the water-fowl has been given the power to secrete an oily matter, which it spreads over its feathers, and renders them waterproof, protecting them from the injurious effects of damp and moisture. The fulmar petrel has such an abundance of this oil, that it is drawn by skilful pressure from its plumage, and used by the inhabitants of St. Kilda, an island in the Atlantic, west of the Hebrides, of which it has been said, 'No bird is of such use to the inhabitants as this; the fulmar supplies them with oil for their lamps, down for their beds, a delicacy for their table, a balm for their wounds, and a medicine for their distempers.'—Feathers are useful in arts and manufactures: their glossy softness and infinite variety of fine colours render them desirable as articles for personal adornment. To them we are indebted for our softest couches and our warmest coverings; and the quills have been very generally used as pens throughout Europe since the seventh century. ALBATROSS.

THE feather, with its apparently idle life and its light graceful beauty, and yet with its real use and its capacities for mounting high, seems like those little kindly duties which help others on their way, and raise ourselves nearer to God. The feather may be light, but without it the birds would freeze with the cold, burn with the heat, or sink exhausted with the wet; it may seem insignificant and easily swayed by the breeze, but without its steady help the sky-lark could never sing at 'heaven's gate,' or the eagle mount to his lofty eyrie, far above the haunts of men.—Take up then thy feathers, brothers and sisters, instead of letting them blow away like the thistle-down; make wings of your little duties, little trials, little self-denials: look on a feather as a proof that useful things may well be beautiful also—that little duties are not to be overlooked because they are so light no one can feel the weight of them—that little kindnesses are all the more appreciated if done with a ray of sunshine on them; and surely, at the last, the dear Lord will rejoice in that you have not passed by a feather without learning one of the lessons He meant it to teach you. UNCLE GEORGE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

Dissect the following verse of Samuel Rogers, parsing it, deriving the words, and explaining the meaning:—

The very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Give an account of the Rising in the North, shewing what is the foundation of Wordsworth's poem of 'The White Doe of Rylstone.'

☞ ARACHNE has received Stamps from PUSSY-CAT, ALBATROSS, MARCH, and ALICE.

*** The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

NOTE.—With respect to 'proving multiplication by the cross,' PISA's remarks are true, as far as they go: but (1) she seems not to be aware that the simplest way of 'casting out nines' is to take the sum of the digits, (I suppose ladies would generally say 'figures,') and divide that by 9; for the remainder will always be the same as that from dividing the number itself by 9. For instance: in 3902, 9 and 0 don't count; 3 and 2 make 5—set that down. In 4265, 4 and 5 make 9—cast it out; 2 and 6 make eight—set that down.—(2) This method of proving by the cross would not detect CLARA's mistake, nor, in general, any error caused by misplacing figures. If there is a single figure wrong in the product, this method will indicate the error, unless 9 has been put for 0, or the contrary; but several figures may be wrong in various ways, and the error not be found out by this method.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions and Notices or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

Annie.—St. Frideswide's legend is given in the *Memorials of Ancient British Piety, &c.*, by Dr. Challoner, 12mo., London, 1761. There is a picture of her in Cardinal Wolsey's *Evangelisterium Evangelisterium*, (Library, Magdalen College, Oxford,) which represents her as a nun, holding an open book in one hand and a staff in the other, and with an ox, slightly covered with her mantle, lying by her. She was a virgin Abbess and Confessor, (750) being the daughter of Didan, Professor of Oxford. 'She was first reputed a saint on this occasion—that when by a solemn vow she had devoted herself to the service of God and a single life, Earl Algar courted her for a wife, and pursuing her in her flight, was miraculously (as the story goes) struck blind.' (Camden's *Britannica*, p. 258.) Another legend says that she escaped by concealing herself in a pig-stye. 'This lady (as we read in William of Malmesbury) built here (at Oxford) a religious house as a trophy of her preserved virginity; into which monastery, when, in the time of Æthelred, several Danes sentenced to die were fled for refuge, the enraged Saxons burnt them and the house together; but afterwards the penitent king cleansed the sanctuary, restored the old endowment, and added new possessions.' St. Frideswide is considered the patron-saint of Oxford; and the Cathedral, having been the chapel of her nunnery, is sacred to her, as well as the church of Trilsham, in Berkshire. Christ Church, Oxford, built by Cardinal Wolsey, is also on the site of the monastery. The church of Fordingham, Yorkshire, is dedicate to St. Elgin, which is said to be a corruption of Ælfgifu, or Elgiva, 'who taught St. Frideswide to be a saint.' (*Memorials of Ancient British Piety*, p. 146.) Opinions (I believe) differ as to whether St. Elgin was masculine or feminine.—B. C. C.

Mignonette will be very much obliged to anyone who will give any particulars respecting the *St. Anne's Society, for Young Christian Girls.*

E. C. would be glad to know of what poem the following quotation forms a part:—

> Many hours to thee
> Seem strangely full of doubt and fear and pain,
> Against whose dark and grim perplexity
> Faith seems to strive in vain.
> Ye know not why it is
> That thoughts grow bitter in their recklessness;
> That all the work, which was so gladly His,
> Becomes such weariness.

May I be allowed to appeal once more to your readers on behalf of the Home for Orphan Children at Poole. Many children from all parts of England here find a happy home and careful training, who would otherwise grow up neglected and uncared-for. These are the children of respectable parents, whose early or sudden deaths have left them destitute, and who are here trained to fill a respectable position in life. Funds are greatly needed for this work, which is steadily increasing. The Sisters would be very grateful if anyone would send them a perambulator, as they have three babies, and funds are too much needed for necessaries, to purchase one. They would also be very grateful for a gift of some school-books, (both French and English,) and would be glad of a copy of Colenso's *Arithmetic*. Any mother who would spare them from time to time clothes which her little ones had outgrown, would be doing a great kindness: boots would be a very acceptable gift, as they form a very heavy item in the expenses.—All communications and donations should be addressed to *The Superior, St. Katharine's Home, Wimborne Road, Poole.* (Post Office Orders to be made payable to *The Mother Superior.*)—Believe me, yours truly, A VISITOR AT THE HOME.

The Monthly Packet for July, 1861, Part 127, contains an article entitled *Blindness*, in which mention is made of 'Tasche's beautiful and ingenious needle for the blind,' and also of a desk which enabled a person who had become blind 'to write with the greatest ease.' I should be extremely obliged if further information could be given me about these two inventions—whether they are still to be procured, and where, and also their price?—J. H. J. W.

Could any of your Correspondents kindly inform me when Mother Shipton really lived? whether the lines beginning—

Carriages without horses shall go,

and entitled *Mother Shipton's Prophecy*, may be attributed to her or to Friar Bacon? and in what work may anything relating to the lines or their history be found?—M. I. M.

Will Correspondents kindly inform *Ethel* who are the authors of the two following books:—*The Afternoon of an Unmarried Life*, and *My Life, and What shall I do with It?*

R. N. will be much obliged if the Editor or any Correspondents will tell her to whom the proverb of 'Cleanliness is next to *god*liness' is attributed; or, was it originally '*good*liness'? And where she can find a description of the 'Budgerigar,' mentioned in *The Pillars of the House*, Chapter XIV.

'*A Sick-bed Confirmation.*'—The following additional contributions are thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. S. J. Stone:—E. N., 5*s.*; Mrs. Williams, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A West Working Party, a parcel; Reader, 10*s.*; Two Readers, 5*s.*; E. L., 2*s.*; Anon., 4*s.*; A. M. A., 7*s.* 6*d.*; E. A. R., £1; M. L. H., 2*s.* 6*d.*; S., Guernsey, 2*s.*; B. Grant, £1; Anon., 6*d.*; E. S., 5*s.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; E. and F., 5*s.*; Anon., 1*s.*; Subscriber, Hythe, 3*s.*; Anon., a parcel. Other Donations have been acknowledged by letter. Altogether the sums, received in nearly seventy replies to the appeal, have amounted to over £23, besides the value of several parcels of clothes, books, flowers, &c. (*Heb.* vi. 10.)

M. E. T. informs *E. G.* that the quotation asked for in the July Number is from a hymn by Miss Caroline Fry:—

He was a man of sorrows—He
Who loved and saved us thus;
And shall the world that frowned on Him
Wear only smiles for us?

The whole hymn is too long for insertion, but *E. G.* can have it by sending an address.

Two Admiring Readers.—Look at a celestial globe, and find the constellation.

M. E. T. would feel greatly obliged to anyone who would lend her the *Remains of Hurrell Froude*, and would gladly pay postage. Address—*Downton, Shrewsbury.*

In answer to *M. B. D.*, who desires a History of France, in French, for children of nine years of age, I recommend *L'Histoire de France racontés à la Jeunesse*, par M. Lamé Fleury. It is in two small volumes, each about 2*s.*, published by C. Borrani, Libraire-Editeur, 9, Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris. These volumes are part of an admirable series, comprising *Histoire d'Angleterre*, 2 vols.; *L'Histoire Ancienne*, 1 vol.; *L'Histoire Grecque*, 1 vol.; *L'Histoire Romaine*, 2 vols., and many others;—Roma.

Received with hearty thanks, from Miss R. Lindsay, some clothes, and a donation for the Chapel of the Sisters of *St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston.*

I should be much obliged if any of your Correspondents could tell me where I could procure a copy of a novel called *God's Providence House*, which appeared about ten years ago, and is now out of print? If anyone would kindly lend me the book, I would take care of it, and return it safely.

In reply to a question from *Mignon*, in the July Number, the following particulars respecting Rabbi Aben Ezra may be of use:—Abraham Ben Rabbi Meir ben Rabbi Ezra, one of the most distinguished Jewish Scholars of the middle ages, was born at Toledo, about 1093, according to his own words on his death-bed. He is said to have died at Rhodes, but this is very doubtful. Brought up 'at the feet' of the most eminent teachers, and subsequently a great traveller for critical and learned purposes, Aben Ezra enjoyed a very high and well-deserved reputation, and appears to have been everywhere well received. His title of 'the great and wonderful Doctor,' (to borrow the language of the schoolmen,) was justly bestowed. At once a critic and a grammarian, a divine and a philosopher, to these attainments he added considerable mathematical, astronomical, and medical knowledge, (for those times,) and he seems to have possessed also some poetical talent. Aben Ezra is still known by his biblical writings, which were published both at Venice and Basle. Portions of these have appeared in Latin translations. His great fault as a writer is an over anxiety to be brief; but as a commentator on Scripture, he writes sensibly and coherently, and (which is not always the case among his countrymen) he pays generally due attention to the real meaning of words.

Raphael ben Ezra, Kingsley's character in *Hypatia*, is however clearly not meant for the same person, but is entirely imaginary.

A Mother shall be answered in our next.

The Clifton Home for Invalid Ladies, which has been closed for the summer months, will be re-opened on the 1st of October. Applications for admission to be made, till then, to *Miss Anderson, Clifton Parsonage, Bristol*; after that date, to *The Lady Superintendant, 25, Richmond Terrace, Clifton.*

Will the Editor or anyone tell us what is known of Queen Semiramis? What death was she supposed to die?——Diodorus relates that after a reign of forty-two years, Semiramis resigned her throne to her son Ninyas, and disappeared from the earth, taking her flight to Heaven in the form of a dove.—Also, can anyone tell where to find *Lines on the Death of Queen Louisa of Prussia*, supposed to be translated from Körner, beginning—

The corn with golden light
Waves o'er the plain, &c.

The answer may be sent to *The Monthly Packet*, or, if more convenient, to *Mrs. Call, Linton House, Cluny, Aberdeen.*

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

THE BORE IN RIVERS.

The Bore is best answered by MAY-POLE, as to the cause; but POLYANTHUS has some interesting descriptions, which supplement hers. Neither seems to be aware that *Egre*, or *Aigre*, is the name of the bore of the Seine, and that the cry of '*Gare à l'Aigre!*' is to be heard there, like the 'Ware Eager!' of England. Both alike are probably remnants of the Norsemen, for Egir was the malevolent Neptune of Scandinavian mythology.

THE movement of the tides is caused by the influence of the moon, which attracts or draws up the water; and when the moon is full, it has more power, and creates an unusually high or *spring*-tide. This tidal wave moving rapidly along the coast from the south, meets the opposing currents of the rivers flowing out to sea. Where the river has a funnel-shaped mouth, *i. e.* long and narrow, but wide just at the opening, the tide has not space to spread itself out, but rushes up the stream in what is termed a *bore*. The mass of water rises straight up like a wall, and moves with great rapidity, causing often great destruction to property, and even to life, from the suddenness of its advance. It is seen in those rivers whose currents directly meet the great tidal wave which flows north-east from the Equator, and also in bays and estuaries, and in all narrow openings, where the shallowness of the water causes the waves to be heaped up one behind the other—'a tide swelling above another tide.' The phenomenon is much aggravated when the movement of the tide is assisted by the wind blowing in the same direction.

The bores in the Hooghly often cause great injury to the shipping on the river, but they are nothing compared to those in other parts of the world. In the Amazons river, the wave rises at the equinoxes (when the equatorial tide is at its maximum) to a height of twelve or fifteen feet; and the bores succeed each other at each high tide, as many as five advancing sometimes at the same time, one behind the other. The bore of the Chinese river, Tsien-tang, advances up the river like a wall of water, thirty feet in height, and moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It gradually decreases as it gets higher up the river, and finally disappears about eighty miles from the sea. There is a very remarkable bore in the Bay of Fundy; and it is also seen in some of our English rivers, as the Dee and the Severn, whose streams meet the tidal wave from the Equator, which rushes up their narrow mouths with great vehemence.

It is also known as the *eagre* or *eger*, this being the name given to the bore in the Tsien-tang river; the *tide-up*, which is principally used with regard to bays and arms of the sea; and the *river-boar*, in the Severn, from its resemblance to the crested neck of a wild boar. The term *bore* is probably of Indian origin, and the double meaning of the word expresses not inaptly to our English ideas, both the name and character of the phenomenon. It reminds us of the old gentleman, who, on being informed that there was a bore in the Severn, replied; 'Then, Sir, I hope he may stay where he is.' MAY-POLE.

A gigantic bore occurs on the Hooghly, one of the mouths of the Ganges, (where it is called *bora*,) three times during every flood-tide, often causing the water at Calcutta to rise five feet instantaneously. In the channels between the islands at the mouth of the Brahmapootra, the height of the bore exceeds twelve feet, and it renders the river unnavigable at spring tides. We read that the boats of Alexander experienced great inconvenience from the bore on the Indus.

On the Amazon, where it is called the *rollers*, and by the Indians *pororoca*, and on the Garonne, where it is called *mascaret*, the bore occurs twice a day at high tide. At the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, it is called *bar*.

In the Bay of Fundy, a wave (which, however, is considered by some to be the tidal wave itself) is seen thirty miles off, which approaches with terrific noise, rising in the Bay from fifty to a hundred feet, and sometimes overtaking the animals on the shore. The swine who feed there on mussels, are said to sniff the bore, and to rush to the cliffs to escape from the overpowering mass of water.

An account of the bore at Tsien-tang on December 14th, 1848, is given by a spectator. 'The wave advanced at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, like a cataract four or five miles across and thirty feet high, moving bodily onwards.' But little damage, however, seems to have been done; for the ships and boats, accustomed to the danger, turned their prows to confront the bore, and quickly surmounted its mighty head. About eighty miles above the city it ceased to be perceptible.

The bore, or *eagre*, as it is called in the East of England, is observed in the Solway Frith, on the Trent, Humber, Wye, and Severn. On the latter river it rises from four to five feet, and runs sometimes almost up to Gloucester.

..... Lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eagre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eagre's breast,
Flung uppe her weltering walls again;
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew round about,
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So furre, so fast, the eagre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee,
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571. *Jean Ingelow.*

POLYANTHUS.

Answered also by HYDRUS, LILY AGNES, EFFIE, H. HEYDON, EDITH PLANTAGENET, BOREAS, ANNIE, BARTIMEUS.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

There are so many good ones, that a choice is not easy; and ALBATROSS, the one selected, has scarcely done better than M. O. K., only the length happens to be more convenient, as ARACHNE wishes to give SPINNING-JENNY'S moral. E. E. H., XANTHIPPE, THE BEAR, S. A. B., A. E. B. O., also excellent. Commendable—LORISTON, JENNY-WREN, BOREAS, JASON, J. G. V. Fair—MAMY, MARCH, ANNIE, ATALANTA, BERYL, ANNA C. B., PUSSY-CAT, HYDRUS, CLARIBEL, BARTIMEUS, EDITH PLANTAGENET; but LILY AGNES has made Helle a boy. SPINNING-JENNY'S weak point is Medea's wickedness; but the allegory holds, putting that out of sight.

JASON, the celebrated leader of this expedition, was the son of Æson, whose kingdom of Iolcus, in Thessaly, was seized by his half-brother Pelias: in order to save his life, Jason was sent to Cheiron, the Centaur, by whom he was brought up and educated. When he became a man, he went to Iolcus, and as he journeyed thither, he lost one of his sandals in crossing the river Evenus, or Enipus; he boldly confronted Pelias, and demanded him to surrender the kingdom which he had usurped. Mindful of

the oracle which had declared that a man wearing only one sandal should come to Iolcus, and reign over the land himself, Pelias answered warily with fair words, and promised to comply with Jason's request, on condition that he should avenge the death of Phrixus, whom Æetes, King of Colchis, had murdered, and bring back the golden fleece that had been the cause of his death. This was the fleece of the wonderful Ram, that carried Phrixus and Helle, the children of King Athamas, across the Euxine, and saved them from their cruel step-mother Ino, who would have sacrificed them to the gods during a famine, in order that her own children might reign. As they stood beside the altar, and the priest held the knife in his hand, the Golden Ram came out of the clouds and carried them away upon his back; but Helle fell into the narrow sea, that was afterwards called by her name; and Phrixus arrived safely at Colchis, and there he married Chalciope, the daughter of King Æetes, and having offered the Ram as a sacrifice, he nailed the Fleece to a beech or oak tree in the grove of Ares.

Now when Jason heard what Pelias said, he called together all the heroes and illustrious men who were renowned for courage, strength, and wisdom, and consulted with them how he might go in quest of the Golden Fleece, and win back his father's kingdom: then they all declared themselves ready to go with him to conquer or to die. And so they felled the pine trees on Pelion, and taught by Argus, the famous ship-builder, they constructed a galley with fifty oars, one for each man; and when it was finished, they fastened a bough from the holy oak tree, dedicated to Zeus, at Dodona, to their vessel, and rowed away southward across the Sinus Pagaseus to Apheta, where Jason was chosen as their captain; and from Apheta, they quitted the bay, and steered their course in a north-eastward direction, till they came past Samothrace to the Hellespont, and so into the Propontis, where they landed at Cyzicus, and the king of the Doliones, also called Cyzicus, welcomed them. But Jason accidentally killed him at night, and the Argonauts fled away; a tempest drove them back again, and when they asked counsel of the magic bough, which served them as an oracle, it ordered them to appease the soul of Cyzicus; and so they buried him magnificently, and sailed away up the Bosphorus till they came to the city of Phineus, the Bithynian king, whom Zetes and Calais delivered from the persecution of the Harpies. And then they passed safely through the dangerous Cyanean rocks, which the ancients supposed were floating rocky islands, and that they sometimes united to crush vessels that passed between them. And so after many adventures the Argonauts arrived at Colchis, on the Circassian coast, and sailed up the river Phasis to Æa. And when King Æetes heard what they had come for, he said he would give up the Golden Fleece if Jason could tame two brazen-footed oxen breathing flames of fire, and with them plough four acres of land, sowing it with dragons' teeth, and then fight with the armed multitude that would spring up from the earth. And so hard were the conditions, that all Jason's courage had been in vain but for the assistance of Medea, the king's daughter, who loved him, and rendered him by her spells and enchantments impervious to fire and steel, and charmed to sleep the serpent that guarded the Fleece night and day, while Jason seized the treasure from the tree, and carried it away; and Medea went with him, together with Absyrtus, her young brother. And when the Argonauts had started on their homeward voyage, King Æetes manned his fleet and followed them; but Medea killed Absyrtus, and threw his body into the sea, to divert her father from the pursuit, and so they escaped his anger; but the gods sent storms and contrary winds to punish the crime that had been committed in their ship, and they were driven far out of their course, and wandered for a long time before they reached Iolcus again.

The accounts of their return vary greatly: some say they dragged their ship over many a weary mile on land, and over the snowy Alps, and then went far westward to Circe's Island, and that she refused to receive them, and they sailed eastward into the Mediterranean Sea, and came to the rocks where the Sirens sat singing their

charmed song, luring men to destruction: but the singing of Orpheus surpassed theirs, and all escaped in safety, except Butes, who swam to shore; but Aphrodite pitied him, and carried him away in a golden mist; and when the Sirens saw that they were conquered, they leapt into the sea and were changed into rocks. After this, they escaped the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, and at last returned to Iolcus. And Pelias had become an old man; and Medea laid a plot to destroy him. She killed an old ram, and muttered spells over him in a cauldron, until he came out a young lamb; and she persuaded the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, promising to restore his youth; then she refused to tell them all the spells, and so he died, but she restored Æson to youth and strength. When Jason deserted her for Glauce, the daughter of Creon, King of Thebes, she revenged herself by sending her rival a poisoned garment, which burnt her to death: some say that Jason died of grief; and others that he was crushed by the ship Argo.

The date of this expedition has been fixed at 1263 B. C., or seventy-nine years before the taking of Troy, and its origin has been explained variously. Many think that it was merely a commercial enterprise; the idea has also been entertained that it was a corrupt tradition founded on the Deluge, in which the ship Argo is connected with the Ark. Sir Isaac Newton thought it was an embassy from the Greeks to the nations who dwelt on the shores of the Euxine and Mediterranean Seas, to persuade them to throw off the Egyptian yoke, when Amenophis King of Egypt was absent in Ethiopia. The geographical plan of this expedition, as described by the ancient poets, with whom it has been a favourite subject, is almost entirely fictitious, and often impossible. In the Argonautics, Apollonius Rhodius has given a diffuse account of it; and Pindar introduces it in his fourth Pythic ode; also Valerius Flaccus and Onomacritus in the Orphics, or songs of Orpheus, with many others, have written about this famous story.

ALBATROSS.

But well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.
The Golden Year.

'I'm rather tired of this sort of thing.'

Richard Baker looked tired, as he came in from business, and flung himself into a chair.

'Tired of what?' asked his sister Clara; but she was intently following the Argonauts to Colchis, and her voice had an absent tone in it.

'Of this sort of life. Why *is* there a middle class of society, I wonder? We, Bakers of the world, who don't know who our great-grandfather was, and who sit in unkingly state in a counting-house all day long, counting up the sum of somebody else's money, are patronized and pitied by our betters, hectored over by our equals who happen to be richer than ourselves, and are constantly annoyed by the impudence of our inferiors. Now, people of the lowest class are interesting individuals, who live in cottages all covered with the "well-attired woodbine," and are surrounded by rosy olive branches; or who have their dwelling in a back court in a crowded town, and die beautiful deaths of consumption, tended by beneficent members of the Flower Mission. What a noble animal too is the being, who, tracing back his ancestry to the first Englishman who landed in Britain, puts his hand to the plough, or if you like it better, carries a *baker's* basket about the street, and wears a coat with glossy seams. Ah! he is run after as a lion ought to be run after; his day's toil over, he is "high placed in hall, a welcome guest," for there is magic in the name of "working man." Alas for the poor Baker! he scrapes and pinches and saves till he grows rich, buys or builds a villa, fills it with fine furniture, and retires from business, to be a misery to himself and family, and die before he has learned to do nothing.'

There was a sly droll look in Richard's eyes all the time he was speaking; but this his sister did not notice apparently, for she answered with all seriousness, 'A poor man—a man of the lower class, I mean—whether he lives in country or town, is not looked upon as an interesting object, if he tries to push himself out of his own class into the one above him. If a lordling turns butcher, baker, or omnibus driver, for the fun of the thing, and wears threadbare coats in order to look different from his fellows, he is not regarded as a lion, but only as a bizarre menagerie specimen suitable for Mr. Darwin's consideration, because he is pushing himself down into a class to which he does not belong. There is particular work for particular classes; and any kind of lawful and necessary work, conscientiously done, dignifies the worker. It is a very different thing, if a man with more blue blood in his veins than gold coin in his pockets puts his hand to trade for the sake of earning a livelihood, not only for himself, perhaps, but for those belonging to him. In such a case as that, I think such a man ought to be honoured.'

'Exactly,' broke in Richard; 'so do books: such a man is a hero, of course. But I and my compeers are only unprofitable servants; *we* don't *condescend* to our work; we don't toil to get money for some grand charitable purpose; we only do what it is our duty to do, and labour for our daily bread. Working for money! how vulgar it sounds, doesn't it?'

'Now, Rich! you are only poking fun, I see; let me go on with my work.'

'Fun! there is no fun in the matter, unfortunately. Think of the difference between a tradesman working for money to pay his bills, and a poet writing to immortalize a glorious event, such as a Royal marriage, for instance; or an artist painting to exalt and refine the taste and feelings of his countrymen; or a musician embodying in harmonious cadences some lofty aspiration or sublime idea. Ah, Clara, Clara, 'tis very sad; there is glory and romance round all these, and round postmen poets, and shepherd-boys knitting and tending their flocks on heathery hills, and round "neat-handed" maidens coiling some fair Godiva's locks, to say nothing of the halo that encircles the heads of learned professors whose thoughts dwell on Light; statesmen and orators, and officers who fight against malaria, musquitoes, and men; but there is naught for unlearned clerks—in a word, for the Bakers of this world—but the "glory of *going on*."'

'Then it is a mistake to suppose that the Argonauts were heroes,' remarked Clara drily.

'What do you mean?'

'Do we moderns never make Argonautic expeditions? I am not sure that it need be a hateful thing to work for money, nor that a tradesman who has grasped a Golden Fleece—*i. e.* has been successful in what he aimed at—is bound to live in a villa, and spend his money for the benefit of the upholstering trade exclusively. Nor do I think it a matter of course, that every rich retired tradesman's mind is so hopelessly narrow and empty, that, having no longer any interest in the world, he becomes a domestic burthen. I suppose a tradesman's money may lie next a widow's mite, and *may* do good to his church, country, and mankind at large. Does not money buy books and pictures, and carry men here, there, and everywhere, to cultivate their intellects, enlarge their minds, and widen their sympathies, so that they may become wiser and nobler sons of their country? For,' sinking her voice to a whisper, 'are not we commanded to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness"?'

'That burst of eloquence is really grand for a *maiden* speech, Kussie. I think my memory must play me false when it tries to bring before me a lachrymose damsel, sighing over her hard fate, lamenting that she is constrained to dwell amongst the vulgar rich, and the uppish needy trades-folk.'

'Oh dear no,' laughed Clara, though her colour did rise a little, 'your memory is

quite faithful; and the cap fits me beautifully, Rich; but now it is on, *my* memory brings to my ears a heavy-father homily, delivered by the being who has made me lecture him to-night in the heavy-mother style.'

'Seriously, Kussie, what do you mean by comparing us with the Argonauts? I hope you are not going to make merchandise of the Golden Fleece.'

'No, this is what I mean:' and Clara laid before him a sheet or two of paper, headed—

A MODERN ARGONAUTIC EXPEDITION.

Pelias may represent the state which commands a certain class of men to embark on the sea of mercantile enterprise; men who, as it were, demand of him their heritage, their work in the world. Such men may be 'heroes in the strife,' who have made Heavenly Wisdom their friend, and take care that the Holy Rood is at their prow when they set sail. Storms they must expect, for

> . . . not upon a tranquil lake
> Their pleasant task they ply;

and being mortal, it is scarcely possible for them not to commit errors, after which the only thing left them to do is to shew forth their repentance by their deeds. And they may come in contact with people as grievously oppressed in a figurative sense, as ever poor blind King Phineus was by the Harpies. His promise to reward the Argonauts, may be taken as a type of the temptation which so frequently besets 'business men,' of doing righteous deeds from utilitarian motives. The dove sent as a forerunner may symbolize peace and good-will, which, sent forward as a herald, may win a passage where generally it is hard sailing between opposite views and opinions. These only meet to destroy, in a worldly point of view, a common foe—a new voyager on the rough sea of commerce. The speed with which the ship followed the dove, thereby receiving little injury, may be taken not merely as an exemplification of the words, 'Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?' but also as a consistent adherence to principles set forth at the outset of a difficult career. This dangerous strait, which, however, the Argonauts leave less dangerous for other ships that may come after them, like the true pioneers they typify, brings them into the open sea; but when they have crossed that, they find their real work yet to begin; their voyage has but been a preparation for it. The ploughing represents the laborious ignoble toil that has to be gone through first of all; the fire-breathing oxen, the fire of opposition they are sure to meet with from people lacking both principle and tolerance; the adamantine material of the plough, and the brazen hoofs of the bulls, signify the stupidity, ignorance, and inductability of subordinates needed for the work. Of themselves men cannot succeed, like as Jason could not have fulfilled his tasks without Medea's help. But let them thankfully receive the anointment of a 'purer oil' than the wise woman of classic story had to give, poured on them by a fairer Bride than heathen's fancy could paint, and they will resist the fire of scrutiny and persecution, and tame and utilize wilder spirits than Jason tamed. They will overcome those who will set themselves in array against them at this stage of the work, not by encountering them single-handed, but by setting before them the hard facts of the case; for Jason's warriors may fitly represent purposeless wranglers, who fall to demolishing each other's arguments when they find that the objects of their dislike have a reason for their conduct too hard for them to understand, and leave them whom they purposed to overthrow in possession of the field. Whether the ever-watchful dragon be the personal temptations which are so apt to overcome men who have risen and striven till the object of their struggle is almost within their grasp, such as pride, selfishness, ambition, which hinder a *true* Golden Fleece from being taken hold of, or whether it be the malicious attempts of bad men to prevent the accomplishment of a laudable undertaking, the promise is sure to men that means will be granted them to overcome 'foes without, and

foes within.' Having vanquished their dragon, it will be well for them to hasten to carry the good thing they have gained to the place where it is required. But alas! before this can be done great sin is often committed, for no man can say he sinneth not, and success often makes a man heedless of what he does. It is well for men—nay, they cannot be heroes without they do—if they can rise from their fall, strong to renew their warfare and their work; not suffering despair to weaken them, but trusting in a purification more effectual than that which cleansed Jason of his sin. It is well for mariners who have their Golden Fleece on board, if they have an Orpheus for their friend when passing the Siren's isle. 'What need have business men to dabble with art?' ask some of the wise amongst the people. 'Ye amateur musicians, picture-fanciers, poetasters, are never thoroughly practical masters of their own calling or business.' The answer may be another question. 'What shall those men do whose minds have never been taught to take interest in anything but their daily routine of labour, when evil allurements shall entice them from the straight course they are pursuing, by appealing to natural longings for something more than this insufficient object of interest? Would the Argonauts have reached Colchis as triumphantly as they did, if Orpheus and his lute had not been one of their number? Surely every success achieved, every triumph won, ought to be consecrated to the Giver of the Light, which brightens the intellect, warms the heart and will, and makes bright with hopeful colours the path of every worker who labours for the gold which never perishes.

SPINNING-JENNY.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

What is a Thunder-storm?

What are the most remarkable translations of the Holy Scriptures into any language?

☞ ARACHNE has received Stamps from E. D., ATALANTA, J. G. V., POLYANTHUS, ALBATROSS, and ROMA.

*** The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

FRISKY came too late.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions and Notices or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

Declined with thanks.—*Heartsease; M. C. T.; 'Good-night.'*

Will the Editor or any Correspondent kindly inform the writer where she can obtain a rather inexpensive and *good* translation of Dante's poems? Address—*G. E. H., Garforde, near Hereford.*

Can anyone tell me if there is an acknowledged code of the meanings attached to colours, and its date and authority? It would be a pleasure to find Mrs. Whitney's beautiful rendering of the colours of the rainbow and the Book of the Revelation substantiated,—A READER OF 'HITHERTO.'

The Appeal cannot be inserted; but will *A. H. F.* send an address?

M. C. T. wishes to know from whence the following quotation is taken:—

> Witch legends all he scorned,
> And all the trumpery of vulgar faith.

Also, what symbol or emblem is supposed to belong to St. James the Great.—— Previous to the twelfth century, St. James the Great is only distinguished from the other Apostles by his place, which is fourth in the series—with thin beard, and hair parted and flowing on each side; but from the thirteenth century it became the fashion to represent him as a pilgrim, with staff and gourd, long cloak, and scallop-shell on his shoulder or on his flapped hat; sometimes he has the staff alone. In Spanish pictures he is often represented as the tutelar Saint of Spain, and conqueror of the Moors, mounted on a white charger in his pilgrim's dress, and waving a white banner, with white hair and beard.

Partridge would be glad if anyone would recommend a good History of France, more advanced than Mrs. Markham's.

M. G. wants a good History of France, and general Geography, for a girl of eleven.

Has anyone good books to give, or sell at a low rate, for a village library? They will be thankfully accepted by *M. G.*

Miss Baldwin, Woodcroft, Ulverstone, will be glad to know whom she has to thank for *The Dove on the Cross.* It was sent without any letter; the post-marks being Kirton and Manchester.

Pussy-cat will find some account of the supposed origin of the expression, in *The Monthly Packet* for November, 1878.

Can anyone kindly tell me where a delicate girl of nine years old could be received and trained for service for a small yearly sum? Her father is dead, her mother very poor. The child's delicacy chiefly arises from want of good food and care.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

With reference to an interesting article in *The Times* of August 26th on the restoration of French Historical Monuments, *E.* will be much obliged if the Editor will inform her what works M. Viollet-le-duc has published, and whether they are of a very expensive description?

H. M. J. F. informs the lady who inquires about a book called *God's Providence House*, that it cannot be out of print, as she had it only a fortnight ago from Mudie's. Also answered by *A. F. G. S* and *B.*, who say that Messrs. King and Co. have lately re-published it in the Cornhill Library of Fiction, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Lady (a District Visitor) is very anxious to hear of a Church of England Cottage Home, where she can place an orphan boy of six years, and where he will be well cared for and taught. Can any reader kindly inform her of such an institution?—J. W.

Mrs. Call.—All that is known of Semiramis is to be found in *Manuel d'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient*, by Lenormant, (Paris, 1869) and in Philip Smith's *Ancient History of the East.*—R. F. L.

May I be allowed to appeal to the readers of *The Monthly Packet* on behalf of the Orphanage at *St. Margaret's, East Grinstead?* I shall be most grateful for winter clothing for the poor little ones; also for list, flannel, or calico, and old wools—any sort or colour—as these I can make into warm quilts. I hope some kind people will help me to send some clothes to the kind Sisters at Christmas time. If only every little girl or boy who reads this would send me one penny, it would be a great help. My Address is with the Editor.—Yours, &c., E. P. (A. S.)

The young lady who will not accept the law of gravitation because it is neither on Bible nor Church authority, seems to have forgotten that it is at least Biblical that in these latter days 'knowledge shall be increased.' She would certainly have sentenced Galileo in her present mood, though we should fear her running into the opposite extreme, if she does not learn to cultivate the golden mean. After all, what is weight but specific gravity—*i.e.* that property of bodies by which they tend to the centre of the earth?—Ed.

K. H. asks the name of the bulbous root upon which Louis IX. cut the word *Espérance.* The Editor has heard it was the Ranunculus, but remarks that 'the root would not serve the purpose.' May it not have been *Ranunculus bulbosus*, the root of which is a solid round bulb.—Ragged Robin.

Annette would be greatly obliged if any Correspondent would kindly inform her from what poem the following quotation is taken, and where she could procure it?—

Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Nemo.—'*One by One*' is by Miss Adelaide Proctor, and will be found in the first volume of her exquisite *Legends and Lyrics*, and *not* by Miss Miller or Father Ignatius, as stated in July and August.—Tourbersie.——Miss Mulock's '*One by One*,' is not the same as that inquired for by *Nemo.*

M. V. is making a quilt for a charity out of odds and ends of wool and worsted. If any of your readers have any scraps they do not want, (such as remains from worsted work, &c.) she would be very much obliged if they would let her have them; also any scraps of coloured flannel for a rug. Address—*M. V., Grove Hall, Retford.*

Will any of your readers kindly give me some account of Girton College? Where is it? who founded it, and when? What are its objects? and what are its regulations, its course of study, its professors, and its expenses? At what ages are women admitted into it, and what preliminary examination must they undergo?—M. A. S. M.

H. S. would be glad to know of what hymn the following forms a part, and who is the author?—

The work my Maker gives me,
It makes me glad to do;
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing gives the dew.
And anywhere and everywhere,
So that I do His Will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still.

M. L. M.—*The Prophesie of Mother Shipton*, foretelling the death of Cardinal Wolsey and others, as also what should happen in ensuing times, was published in 1642, and *The Life and Death of Mother Shipton* in 1677. The title of the first book would probably fix the date for Mother Shipton herself in the seventeenth century. *Mother Shipton's Life and Curious Prophecies*, published 1797, (London, 8vo.) is, I believe, not difficult to get, as I have seen it advertised in several catalogues of late. *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, &c.*, has been reprinted in the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, and in Thom's *Early English Fictions*. The real Friar Bacon flourished in the thirteenth century.—B. C. C.——If *M. L. M.* will send her address to *M. F., Highlands, Taunton*, she will lend her *Mother Shipton* for a few days, but would not like to lose it: it is in a small pamphlet.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, acknowledged with thanks:—M. E., 1*s.* 6*d.*; E. W., 10*s.*; Rose Emma and Edith, 2*s.* 6*d.*; E. G., 11*s.* 6*d.*

I should be much obliged if you could kindly tell me where I could obtain a cheap edition of *The Paston Letters*, and its price. I have read somewhere that it is published in Bohn's Libraries, but cannot find it mentioned in the list.—ANNA C. B.

Will the Editor kindly tell *Miss Crosby* which she considers the best Italian Grammar? *Miss C.* has been using Ahn's, and afterwards one by Guichet; but she finds them very deficient in good rules, especially for composition.

I shall be much obliged if anyone will tell me of some suitable books for reading aloud to blind girls. I do not wish short stories, but rather longer books, to last some time.—M. C. T.

F. E. C. D. begs to thank all kind friends. Will *C. A. G.* send private address? offer most welcome.—*Rousham, Steeple Aston, Banbury.*

'*A Sick-bed Confirmation.*'—The following additional contributions, received since August 15th, are thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. S. J. Stone:—Ralph, 2*s.*; Two Readers, 5*s.*; M., 1*s.*; E. G. T. C., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Isabel, 2*s.*

A Reader of The Monthly Packet.—The gold-pheasant's chignon was meant. He has one.

Gemma.—There is no abridgement of the Greek plays, except one of Æschylus in Murray's Family Library. But why cannot children read without having everything cut down to them? There is far more use and education in learning to read something long than in constant shortening.

Gemma wishes to join a Drawing Club, where etchings are allowed. Perhaps someone will give her the address of one, where she could be admitted.

Mignonette.—*St. Anne's Society* is a Guild, with simple rules and prayers capable of adaptation in various places and circumstances. Its main object is to bring its members within the sphere of good influence, and to train them in love to one another and to the Church. There are already many branches in England and elsewhere. Further information will gladly be given by the Principal of the original branch, *Mrs. Jerome Mercier, Hanwell, W.*

H. S. H.—A parcel of scraps from *M. E. D.* waits to be forwarded to you.

M. H. Owen wishes to exchange some books suitable for a Village Lending-library for others new to her. Any answers please direct to *Miss Owen, Wonston Rectory, Micheldever Station, Hants.*

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

PARSING AND DERIVATION.

The Verse from Samuel Rogers has been most fully dissected by BOG-OAK; but notes have been taken from MAY-POLE's, and BERYL's, and SPINNING-JENNY's, and ARACHNE has made a few alterations. Old English is a more correct term than Saxon; and modern grammarians have decided that articles should exist no more—since *an* is really the numeral *one*, and *the* a demonstrative pronoun. A. C. R. has also answered.

'Sic parvis componere magna solebam.'

THE study of analysis of sentences and derivation of words is becoming an almost necessary part of education, far more so than it used to be. In giving the derivation of those words in this verse which are due to the Saxon element in our language, I have compared them with the corresponding Dutch words:—(1) because that is the only pure Teutonic tongue with which I am acquainted; (2) because I believe that Dutch and Anglo-Saxon bear a stronger likeness to each other, than either of them does to German or the other Teutonic languages. I now give two forms: the first including the Parsing (after the old-fashioned manner) and Derivation of the *words*; the second, the Analysis of the sentences. I have adhered to the wording given in the Spider Question, though the first line differs slightly from the original.

	PARSING.	DERIVATION.
The	Demonstrative Pronoun, particularizing *law*.	Old English. Dutch Article *De*.
Very	Adjective, positive degree, qualifying *law*. *Rule*.—'Every adjective, and every adjective pronoun, belongs to a substantive.'	Old English.—Old French *verai, vrai*, true; Latin, *verus*. Compare German, *wehr*. (SPINNING-JENNY.)
Law	Common Noun, singular, neuter, nominative to *preserves*.	Latin, *lex, legis*; through the French *loi*.
That	Relative Pronoun, 3rd person, after *law*. (*Rule*.—'The relative agrees with its antecedent in person.') Nominative to *moulds*. (*Rule*.—'The relative is the nominative case to the verb, when no nominative comes between.'	Old Eng. Compare Dutch Pronoun *dat*.
Moulds	Active Transitive Verb, regular, indicative, present, 3rd person, singular, agreeing with its nominative *that*. *Rule*.—'A verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person.'	Old Eng., originally written *mold*. Its primary signification was *earth, soil*; hence came *mould*, in the sense of an *earthy concretion* on anything, and then lastly the *earthen form* in which anything is cast.
A	Adjective, singular, joined to *tear*.	Old Eng. This is the other form of *an*, which compare with Dutch Article *een*.
Tear	Common Noun, singular, neuter, objective, after *moulds*. *Rule*.—'Active verbs govern the objective case.'	Old Eng. *Taher*; compare Dutch *traneu* and Gothic *taar*; Greek δακρυ, whence Latin *Lacryma*—being in fact derived from the same root, with the change of *L* for *D*.
And	Copulative Conjunction, connecting *moulds* and *bids*.	Old English. Compare with Dutch *en*.

	PARSING.	DERIVATION.
Bids	Active Transitive Verb, irregular, indicative, present, 3rd person, singular. Being coupled to *moulds*, it is in the same mood, &c. *Rule.*—'Conjunctions connect the same moods and tenses of verbs,' &c.	Old Eng. Compare Dutch *bidden*, to pray.
It	Personal Pronoun, 3rd person, singular, neuter, referring to *tear*. (*Rule.*—'Pronouns must always agree with the nouns for which they stand in number and gender.') Objective, after *bids*. (*Rule.*—'Active verbs govern,' &c.)	Old English. Compare with Dutch Pronoun *het*.
Trickle	Neuter Intransitive Verb, regular, infinitive, present, after *bids* (*to* omitted.) *Rule.*—'One verb governs another that follows it in the infinitive mood.'	From the Saxon *treekelen*, to run in drops.—BERYL.
From	Simple Preposition of Motion to or from a place.	Old English.
Its	Personal Pronoun, 3rd person, singular, neuter, (referring to *tear*,) possessive form (according to Morell.) Adjective Possessive Pronoun, agreeing with *source*. (Murray.)	Old English, as above. N. B.—*Its* is entirely a modern word—not found in the Bible.—ARACHNE.
Source	Common Noun, singular, neuter, objective, after *from*. *Rule.*—'Prepositions govern the objective case.'	French *source*, from Latin *surgo*, to rise—*sus*, up; *ugo*, to move.—MAY-POLE.
That	Demonstrative Adjective Pronoun, singular, neuter, agreeing with *law*. *Rule.*—'Every adjective, and every adjective pronoun,' &c.	Old English.
Law	Nominative, repeated by poetical license.	Latin, through French *loi*.
Preserves	Active Transitive Verb, regular, indicative, present, 3rd person, singular, after *law*. *Rule.*—'A verb must agree,' &c.	Latin *præ* and *servo*.
The	Demonstrative Pron., particularizing *earth*.	Old English, as above.
Earth	Common Noun, singular, neuter, objective, after *preserves*. *Rule.*—'Active verbs govern,' &c.	Old Eng. Compare Dutch noun *aard*. From German *erde*. In this word we find a trace of the original Aryan language, for the root *ar* means to plough. (So Latin *arare*.) Thus *erndte* means harvest, what is *earned*; and the Old English expression, to *ear* the ground, means to plough it: all words connected with the *earth*.—MAY-POLE.
A	Adjective, before *sphere*.	Old English, as above.
Sphere	Common Noun, neuter, singular, objective, (2nd objective after *preserves*; *as* being understood before *a*.)	Greek, from σφαῖρα.
And	Copulative Conjunction, connecting *preserves* and *guides*.	Old English, as above.

	PARSING.	DERIVATION.
Guides	Active Transitive Verb, regular, indicative, present, 3rd person, singular, coupled to *preserves*. *Rule.*—'Conjunctions connect.'	Originally from the Gothic *witan*, to watch; but having come through French, the *w* was changed to *gu*. —ARACHNE.
The	Demons. Pronoun, particularizing *planets*.	Old English, as above.
Planets	Common Noun, plural, neuter, objective, after *guides*. *Rule.*—'Active verbs govern,' &c.	Greek, πλανης, a wanderer—from the verb πλανω, to wander.
In	Simple Preposition of Motion.	Old Eng. Compare Dutch *in*.
Their	Possessive Adjective Pronoun, 3rd person, plural, qualifying *course*.	Old Eng. Compare Dutch Pronoun *haar*.
Course	Common Noun, singular, neuter, objective, after *in*.	Latin, from *curro*, *cucurri*, *cursum*, to run.

	KIND OF SENTENCE.	SUBJECT.	PREDICATE.	OBJECT.
a The very law— That law— preserves the earth a sphere,,	Principal sentence co-ordinate with *b*.	The very law (repeated)	preserves	the earth (direct) a sphere (direct)
b and guides the planets in their course,	Principal sentence coupled to *a*.	The law (understood)	guides	the planets (direct) in their course (indirect)
c that moulds a tear,	subordinate sentence to *a*.	That	moulds	a tear (direct)
d and bids it trickle from its source.	subordinate sentence coupled to *c*.	That (understood)	bids it trickle	from its source (indirect)

The poet in this verse refers to two effects of the law of universal gravitation; the first—exemplified by the tiny tear and mighty globe retaining the same spherical form—is, that all matter being equally attracted towards a centre, all bodies, by this law, must assume and maintain a globular form, provided no contrary causes intervene to alter or modify their shape. The second effect here referred to, is that 'all bodies in the universe, whether great or small, attract each other, with forces proportioned to their respective quantities of matter, and inversely as the squares of their distances from each other.' From which it follows that the earth and tear were mutually attracted; but as the proportion of matter in the tear was infinitesimal in respect of the earth, it happened that the tear 'trickled from its source' in as direct a line towards the centre of the earth, as the shape of Chloe's cheek permitted. For the same reason the planets, which, but for the sun's force of attraction, would tend to move in a straight line, (whether by the 'centrifugal force,' which now seems to be thought mythical, or in virtue of some other natural law, I pretend not to decide,) are, by this law of gravity, drawn out of this straight line, with just the amount of force which would cause them to fall in a straight line to the sun's centre, but for this tendency to onward motion.

It is a cheering consideration, amid the many difficulties which beset the study of astronomy, that we have but to imitate the example of Sophy Streatfield, who could produce tears without provocation; and we may see much in little, the path of a planet in the falling of a tear. BOG-OAK.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

Of the Rising in the North, M. O. K.'s is the best account; very nearly as good is HOME-SPUN. H. HEYDON and LORISTON want condensation; OPAL and JULIANA are good; GRAY SQUIRREL sends a verse; EDITH PLANTAGENET, THE BEAR, BOREAS, JENNY-WREN, BEE, A. C. R. ARACHNE is a little disappointed that none of her Spiders have dwelt on the deep quiet beauty and grace of Emily's character, nor upon the grandeur of Francis Norton's perfect filial obedience and self-devotion—faithful to his father to the death, yet never betraying his higher principles.

THE Rising in the North, mentioned by Wordsworth in his poem, 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' was a short conspiracy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, raised for the purpose of releasing Mary Queen of Scots from confinement, securing her accession to the English throne, and finally restoring the Roman Catholic religion.

A marriage had been proposed between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, who, being a professed Protestant and an Englishman, had the support of some of the leading nobility in the kingdom, who thought by that means to make her claim more sure.

Elizabeth, on hearing of this proposition, was greatly enraged, and committed Norfolk to the Tower. His principal advisers in the scheme, the Dukes of Northumberland and Westmoreland, she commanded to appear before her; but feeling that they had gone too far to expect anything but imprisonment or death at her hands, they refused to obey, and assembling their friends and tenantry, flew to arms. Now that Norfolk had deserted them, they changed their tune, and declared that they were fighting not only for the restoration of Mary Stuart, but also for the revival of the ancient faith; and the Roman Catholics being still a large and influential body in the north, joined their ranks in great numbers.

In the month of November, 1569, Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, assembled their forces on Clifford Moor, near Wetherby. Their banner, having for a device a cross with the five wounds of Christ, was carried by a brave old man, Richard Norton, who with his eight sons joined the war; one of these, Christopher, had been a page in the service of Mary Queen of Scots, and like all others who had been under her influence, was her devoted slave.

The insurgents first marched to Durham, entered the cathedral, burnt the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, set up the ancient altar, and again celebrated Mass within its walls. From thence they proceeded to Barncastle, held by Sir George Bowes, who remained faithful to Elizabeth; he was forced to capitulate after a siege of eleven days; and the rebels, elated with success, turned their steps towards Tutbury, where Mary was confined. Alas for them! they were just too late; Elizabeth had received information of the plot, and had removed her prisoner in haste to Coventry. She also sent an army of thirty thousand men, headed by Lords Clinton, Warwick, and Hunsdon, to the aid of the Earl of Sussex, her governor of the north. Terrified at the superiority of the force sent against them, the cowardly Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland thought no more of fighting; but dismissing their followers, they fled into Scotland. The Earl of Northumberland was there taken prisoner by the Regent Murray, and imprisoned in Lochleven Castle, from whence, in 1572, he was carried to York, and put to death. Westmoreland and Norton afterwards joined Dacres, and again set up the standard of rebellion; but they were signally defeated by Lord Hunsden. Westmoreland fled first to Liddesdale, thence to Flanders, where he died.

History does not record the fate of the brave old Norton and his eight sons; but their names are preserved from oblivion by a famous ballad, called 'The Rising in the North,' revived by Thomas Percy in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' from whence Wordsworth founded his beautiful poem, 'The White Doe of Rylstone.' There we read how the old father called his nine sons to him, and asked for their counsel and support in the cause of their favourite, the Earl of Northumberland. Christopher, with seven of his brothers, declared for war; but the eldest, Francis, refused to join him, not from cowardice, but from disapproval of the object of the conspiracy. He promised, however, to follow them unarmed wherever they went, that he might be at hand to help them in time of danger.

> But, Father, I will wend with you,
> Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
> And he that strikes against the crowne,
> Ever an ill death may he dee.

That time came all too soon. In Percy's ballad, it is at Barnard Castle, after planting his banner within the walls, that Norton and his eight sons were overpowered by superior numbers, taken prisoners, and all put to death.

Wordsworth tells us how the banner was worked by Norton's only and lovely daughter, Emily, at Norton Tower; how her brother Francis forbad her even to hope for a favourable issue to the contest, knowing that their lives would most certainly be forfeited; and when tidings came that Francis, the last of that house, had been killed in endeavouring to fulfil his father's dying command—to carry the banner to Bolton, and lay it on the ruined altar of the Priory—Emily wandered disconsolate and alone over the deserted lands of her ancestral home. Her only friend and companion was a milk-white doe, who comforted her in her sorrow, and followed her from place to place, until worn out with grief she passed to her rest; and

> Thy soul, exalted Emily,
> Maid of the blasted family,
> Rose to the God from whence it came!
> In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
> Was buried by her mother's side.

M. O. K.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

What is the difference between patriotism, party spirit, and prejudice? Give instances.

Collect the stories of kings reported to be living in concealment after the battles in which they had been lost.

☞ ARACHNE has received stamps from BOG-OAK, JULIANA, BEAR.

*** The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions and Notices or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

Declined with thanks.—*E. E. H.; M. A. H.; Thoughts of Cheer.*

Mr. Editor,—Will you allow me to make a suggestion through your columns? It is, that those who had the privilege of being confirmed by Bishop Wilberforce should subscribe for a stained-glass window, to be placed in his son's church, (St. Mary's, Southampton,) which is about to be rebuilt at the cost of £20,000. May I further suggest that one of the subjects should be SS. Peter and John confirming at Samaria, with the words beneath, 'Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.' Will you receive subscriptions? I shall be glad to give £10.—Signed, ONE WHO WAS CONFIRMED BY BISHOP WILBERFORCE. (The Editor did not receive this in time to write to the address given, but inserts the letter, and will receive subscriptions.)

M. G.—Eyre Evans Crowe's *History of France*, originally written for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and since revised and re-edited, is an advance on Mrs. Markham. The English of De Bonnechose is better suited to a young reader.—R. F. L.——A popular *History of France*, to the end of the reign of Louis XIV., by Miss Sewell, has been advertised, and will be out next year. *Aunt Charlotte's History of France* (Marcus Ward) will appear shortly. Cornwell's *Geography* is recommended by *Bog-Oak*.

Partridge.—E. D. recommends Dr. Brewer's larger *History of France*, (not the Catechism.)——*M. C. P.* recommends *The Student's History of France*, by W. H. Pearson, price *7s. 6d.*

Anna C. B.—Charles Knight published a cheap edition of *The Paston Letters* in 1840, edited by Mr. Ramsey, which may be bought for 3*s.*—R. F. L.——The best edition of *The Paston Letters* is one that is now being published by Mr. Arber, and edited (with notes) by James Gairdner, of the 'Record' Office. It is in three volumes, small 8vo., of which only the first two, price *7s. 6d.* each, are yet out. There are said to be nearly one hundred more letters in this edition than in any previous one. I have seen a small one volume edition, published by (I think) Murray twenty years ago, price *5s. 6d.*; but it is in small print, and in double columns, which makes it confusing to read.—B. C. C.

A Reader of 'Hitherto.'—The Christian symbolism of colours goes back to the art of the Catacombs, where white is the emblem of purity and truth; red of martyrdom by blood-shedding, and of the Pentecostal fires; green, as symbol of vegetable life, stands for immortality; violet, black, and red, stand for penitence, sorrow, and love; blue, as the colour of Heaven, represents faith, piety, and contemplation; purple is Christ's royalty.—R. F. L.——Violet would express penitence; red, the love of martyrs; white, purity; green, constancy in well-doing—'His leaf also shall not wither.' In addition to this sequence of colours, blue was the special colour of the Blessed Virgin, and gold of glory.—BOG-OAK.

F. N. wishes to know if some reader can tell her of an easy Drawing Society.

A Constant Subscriber.—St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, receives little girls who are orphaned of one or both parents, and trains them for service at a small cost.—R. F. L.——In answer to *A Constant Subscriber*, I should like to say that I have good reason to know that at St. John Baptist's Home, Frome, Somerset, children are, for a small payment, well clothed, fed, and taught, (receiving a National School education,) and trained for domestic service, under the care of a Branch of the St. Margaret's Sisterhood at East Grinstead. The children are most happy. I do not speak from hearsay, but from personal knowledge. I should advise *A Constant Subscriber* to write to the Sister Superior at Frome.——*Miss L. Johnstone* says that there is an Industrial School in Leicester Street, Leamington, a healthy part of the town, and under careful management, where girls of the age mentioned are boarded for three shillings and sixpence a week, and educated for service.——*H. J.* recommends a Training School for young girls at Edgbaston, Birmingham, and will be happy to give further information, if desired; or application may be made to *Miss Simcox, Frances Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.*

If *J. W.* and *A Constant Subscriber* will apply to *Miss Levett, Church Street, Rugeley,* they may hear of a suitable home for the children mentioned.

Annette.—No. 350, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, by W. Chatterton Dix.

G. E. H.—Cary's translation of *Dante* may be had of any bookseller.—Bog-Oak.

Agnes.—Good-night.

Sigma will feel much obliged for information respecting a hymn which begins thus:—

> Beneath this consecrated roof again,
> Father of Heaven, we lift the pious strain.

J. R. S. will be glad to know if anyone has a copy of *Lectures on the Second Advent*, by the Rev. William Burgh or De Burgh, in good condition, to dispose of. She has tried to get it of the publishers, but it is said to be out of print.

Mrs. Hailstone, Walton Hall, Wakefield, would be most grateful to anyone who having books to give away, or magazines, if they would send them to her for her Reading-room in the village of Walton, Wakefield. Also, if anyone has a fair school-room piano to *give away*, she would be most grateful for the same, to put in the above room.—*Railway Station, Sandal and Walton, Midland Railway.*

S. H. E. wishes to know if the word 'without' may correctly be used in the sense of 'unless,' as it is in the answer to one of the Spider Questions in the September Number. The sentence runs—'It is well for men—nay, they cannot be heroes *without* they do—if they can rise from their fall,' &c. Is it right to use it here, or in such phrases as '*without* you have another engagement,' as she has frequently seen it and heard it used?——Webster's *Dictionary* gives a quotation from Sir Philip Sidney in which it appears, but says it is now rarely used.

Mrs. Call will find the lines on Queen Louisa's Death, beginning—

> The corn in golden light
> Waves o'er the plain,

in the larger editions of Mrs. Hemans's *Poems*, under the title of *Brandenburg Harvest Song*. The poem is translated, not from Körner, but from La Motte Fouqué, the author of *Undine.*—F. McPherson.

I should be much obliged if any Correspondent would tell me where I could procure a copy of *The Quiver* for 1868—*i. e.* from October, 1867, to October, 1868. I would gladly pay more than the original price, if in good condition.—A Norman.

Would any of your readers kindly assist a Deaconess in forming a library for a guild of girls in a country parish? Any contributions of books or money will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by *Miss Freeman, Somerleaze, Wells, Somerset.*

Miss Brooke.—Answered in a previous Number.

With reference to the inquiry of *O. Goodrest, Malvern*, I imagine the edition of the Prayer Book required is that published by Renshaw and Kirkman, London, 1843, and also contains 'An Introduction and Commentary to the Holy Communion,' by the Right Rev. W. Beveridge, D. D., and other Divines.—T. Awdry. (Wellington, New Zealand.)

F. A. E. would be much obliged if the Editor or any reader could tell her of any Society for Drawing in Water-colours, to which strangers and beginners are admitted, and where the drawings are regularly criticised by a competent person.

E.—M. Viollet-le-duc's printed works are expensive, for the same reason that Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* are so—*viz.* because they are voluminous, and most copiously and exquisitely illustrated. But the great French architect has lately written a little book in a popular style, describing the building of a house, step by step; and this work has been translated by a rising English architect, who has cultivated and formed his own eye and mind by deep and patient study of the works of M. Viollet-le-duc. The book will be out at Christmas. The publisher is Sampson Low. It is to be called *The History of a House*.—M. H.

M. C. T.—*E. D.* recommends the following books for reading aloud to blind girls:—*Chronicles of St. Mary's*, by S. D. N., published by Masters; *Ruth and her Friends*; *The Four Sisters*; *The Bairns*; *The Curate's Home*; and any of Mrs. Marshall's.—*F. M. L.* says, *The Stokesley Secret* might do well to read aloud to blind girls; also *Ministering Children*, and an old-fashioned book, called *Bertha's Journal*.

If *Miss Crosby* would like to see an Italian Grammar which I got at Florence some years ago, and found a great help in acquiring the power of speaking and writing Italian in a very short time, I will lend her the book to look at. It was written by a professor of Italian—an eminent teacher at Florence now dead—and I fear the work is out of print. As I set a great value on it, I must beg *Miss Crosby* to deal tenderly with it. It requires binding. I will also lend her a work expressly written to teach composition.—M. H.——*F. M. L.* recommends Zotti's *Italian Grammar* as a very good one, but the explanations are in French.——*Nest* begs to inform *Miss Crosby* that she has found Toscani's *Conversational Course* very useful. It is not *very* difficult, but good for conversation. Published by Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row, London.

E. D. begs to inform *M. A. S. M.* that Girton College is situated in the parish of Girton, near Cambridge. It was founded in 1869, but *E. D.* does not know by whom. Its objects are—'(*a*) To erect, maintain, and conduct, a College for the higher education of women. (*c*) To take such steps, as from time to time may be thought most expedient and effectual, to obtain for the students admission to the Examinations for Degrees of the University of Cambridge, and generally to place the College in connection with that University.' (Report, Jan., 1874.)—*E. D.* obtained information concerning Girton College by writing to Miss Davies, Girton College, Cambridge, who kindly sent her the papers used in the entrance examination, June, 1873, also a Report and list of regulations. From these she learnt that no students are admitted under eighteen years of age; that all were required to pass an entrance examination, unless they had previously passed the Cambridge examination for seniors; that the charge for board, lodging, and instruction, is £35 per term, paid in advance. The course of study occupies about three years. Each year is divided into three terms, and about half the year is spent in the College.—The subjects in 1873 were, the Report says, Divinity, Classics, German, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physiology, Geology, Logic, Political Economy, Mental Philosophy, Part-singing.—*E. D.* thinks that if *M. A. S. M.* wrote to Miss Davies, she could obtain all the further information she requires; but if she would prefer it, *E. D.* would be very happy to lend her the Report, papers, &c., but she would like to have them again. If she will let *E. D.* know her address, she shall have the papers as soon as possible.

The Monthly Packet for July, 1874, contains a clever little explanation of the process of multiplication; but 'ought' not the author of it to be asked to give her authority for using the word 'aught' instead of 'cipher'? If I am correct in thinking that 'aught' means *anything*, and that 'naught' means *nothing*, it follows that the little tale, though very ingenious, becomes really good for 'naught.'—O.

O. is clever, but 'cypher' means *nothing* just as much as 'naught.' It is from the Arabic word for emptiness.—Ed.

The Sisters of *St. Thomas the Martyr, Osney*, return many thanks to *S. A. C. W.* for a valuable parcel of books.

Acknowledged with thanks, from *A Reader*, 2*s.* 6*d.* in stamps for the Orphanage at *St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.*

Firenze asks the publisher of De Morgan's *Arithmetic*. The nineteenth thousand is advertised by Stanfield, Charing Cross.

H. S.—The verse is the last of a poem of twelve verses, entitled 'The Streamlet's Song.' It is one of a collection of poems, called *Christian Lyrics*. The name of the author is not given, but the initials L. R. are placed at the end of the poem. There are several poems in the same book signed with the same initials.—H. E. R.

Will the Editor kindly tell *H. E. R.* if there are any restrictions as to age or otherwise entailed on those who may wish to answer questions given in the Spider Subjects?——There are no restrictions except honesty and not copying.

Will any of the kind friends who last year sent useful presents of wool, or the odds and ends from their work-baskets, to be converted into warm garments for poor children, help again for the same purpose? All scraps are of use, and will be thankfully acknowledged by *Miss Meyer, 4, Belvidere Villas, Upper Norwood, S. E.*

Members are requested to join a Society for Improvement in the Art of Illuminating. The services of an experienced and professional artist have been procured. For further particulars and the rules, apply to *Miss H. Roper, Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor.*

An easy Essay Society, for girls between fourteen and nineteen, is seeking more members. There is a choice of three questions each month, and the answers are singly overlooked and criticised. For further particulars, write to *Miss Grace, West Deane, Chichester.*

C. A. E. N.—A Work Society, only very recently started, has already supplied a fair amount of clothing to the poor by means of certain charities. This successful beginning induces the Honorary Secretary to hope that more persons, willing to work for the poor, may be induced to become members. For rules, apply to *Alpha, 15, William Street, Lowndes Square, S. W.*

Tourersie.—The poem, '*One by One*,' written by Miss A. A. Proctor, begins with 'One by one the sands are flowing;' the hymn referred to by *Nemo*, with the words, 'They have reached the happy shore, One by one.'—WADMAR.

Can any Correspondent tell *M. H.* who is the author of Hymn 319 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern?*

Gemma.—There is a Drawing Club that allows etchings, at Leamington. Dew, the bookseller, would give particulars.—F. M. L.

M. C. P. would recommend *G. E. H.* to try and procure F. Cary's translation of the *Inferno;* or Boyd's *Dante*, 3 vols., contains the three poems, but is somewhat diffuse, and not very literal. Both these books were published first in the beginning of the century, and could probably be bought cheap at a second-hand bookseller's. Christina Rossetti's *Shadow of Dante* gives a most comprehensive account of the *Inferno, Purgatorio,* and *Paradiso,* and it costs from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*

M. G.—Mrs. Burkitt has a complete set of *The People's Magazine*, for four years bound; the others, although unbound, are in good preservation. She would part with them for £2. . She cannot give them, as they belong to a Parish Library, for which she wishes to obtain fresh books. She has also some numbers of *The Curate's Budget*, published at 3*d.*, which she will part with at half-price; also some very nice books, which require binding, and which she would part with at a low rate—these have belonged to a Parish Library, and therefore cannot be given. *Mrs. Burkitt* will send a list if wished.—*Leeds Parsonage, Maidstone.*—— *G. N.* would be glad to have *M. G.'s* address, as she has a few books of the kind mentioned, and some of Dr. Neale's.

If *M. G.* will send her address, Correspondents will communicate with her.

Will the Editor or any Correspondent kindly inform *Alice* of the titles of a few nice but inexpensive books, for reading to old men (not ill) in a work-house, and if possible the prices?——Walsham How's *Plain Words;* Neale's *Sermons for the Aged; Short Allegorical Sermons.* (Parker.) Old men think themselves insulted by a story.

Will anyone tell me of a charity to which I could send some baby-clothes to fit children of a year old? Address, *Miss Banks, Soughton Hall, Northop, Flintshire.*—— *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea,* is always glad of them. They should be sent to the care of Mr. Allnutt.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

A THUNDER-STORM.

Most clearly answered by THE BEAR; excellently also by MAY-POLE and JASON; JULIANA, good; FRISKY, GABRIELLE, fair; GRAY SQUIRREL, a moral thunder-storm; EDITH PLANTAGENET, A SCHOOL-BOY, SINTRAM, have also answered.

THIS was a puzzle to the whole world, till, about a century ago, it was discovered that thunder and lightning were, in the hands of Nature, what electricity is in the hands of men. A thunder-storm takes place when the air is overcharged with electricity, and it is the effect of a collision of two clouds, one charged with positive, and the other with negative, electricity. Any body is said to be positively electrified when, on its coming in contact with something else, the electric fire passes from the former into the latter.

Lightning is the electric fire passing from the positively electrified cloud to the negative one. Lightning, as we know, often strikes the earth; some electricians say that this happens when the earth is in the negative state; but Mr. Morgan says, in his lectures, that the deficiency is never in the earth, but in some cloud, to which an easier passage is found through the earth than through the air, which is always an imperfect conductor.

The thunder is caused by an explosion, which takes place as follows:—The atmosphere is arranged in strata, and these strata are bounded by clouds. From various causes, these strata, or the opposite surfaces of a particular stratum, are possessed of opposite states of electricity; so that when the accumulation and deficiency have attained a certain height, a discharge takes place to restore their equilibrium.

Dr. Franklin was the first man who proposed this theory, and proved it himself in the following way. In the year 1752, it occurred to him that he might have readier access to the higher regions of the atmosphere by a kite than in any other way. Having obtained a kite, he one day, on the approach of a thunder-storm, went to a field where there was a shed suited to his purpose, taking his son with him to assist in raising the kite. Some time elapsed, and he was beginning to despair, when he observed some loose threads of the kite-string to stand erect, as if suspended by a common electric machine. On this he touched a key, to which the string was fastened, with his knuckle, and obtained a decided shock. Others succeeded the first, and the rain beginning to descend, he collected electric fire pretty copiously.

To prevent lightning damaging churches and other prominent places, pointed iron rods, proceeding to the ground, are fastened to them; and metal being a better conductor than stone or plaster, the lightning runs down the rod into the ground without damaging anything. These rods are called lightning-conductors.

In a mountainous and irregular country, the thunder sounds like a long and broken succession of claps, the loudness of which varies according to the reverberating objects more than the distance of the explosion. Lord Byron, in describing a thunder-storm in the Alps, says:—

> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> For every mountain now hath found a tongue.
> * * * * * *
> And the big rain comes dancing to the earth,
> And the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
> And now again 'tis black.

Thunder-storms are much more frequent in the torrid zone than with us, as a dry wind in passing over a moist soil accumulates so much electricity, that an explosion is sure to take place. On the Gold Coast there is a very hot wind, called the Harmattan; and on its coming in contact with the air which has been cooled by the sea, the most tremendous storms of wind and lightning take place.

Lightning often appears without thunder; but there is only one instance on record of thunder without lightning: this storm happened on the banks of the Tweed in 1785, when a man and two horses were killed. But Mr. Brydone, who records the fact, was not a witness to the accident; and though the peasants he questioned said there was no flash, yet this is considered very doubtful. THE BEAR.

REMARKABLE TRANSLATIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

Of the accounts of the most remarkable versions of the Holy Scriptures, the best is DRAGON-FLY'S.

THE Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, with the exception of some parts of Daniel and Ezra, which were written in the Chaldee language. The New Testament was chiefly in Greek.

The Samaritan Pentateuch was the Hebrew Scriptures written in the Samaritan character.

The oldest translation of the Bible is the Septuagint; it is supposed to have been called by that name from the fact that seventy persons were employed in making it, or from its having been sanctioned by the Jewish Sanhedrim, which consisted of seventy-two persons. Its history is not very clearly known. The oldest account of it is, that it was made at the request of the librarian of Alexandria, Demetrius Phalerius, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Demetrius, wishing to complete a collection of the laws of different countries, sent to Eleazar, High Priest at Jerusalem, to ask permission to have a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures. Seventy men skilled in Hebrew and Greek were sent to Egypt with a copy of the Law. This translation is supposed to have been written in the island of Pharos.

A translation, in Greek, was made for the use of the Jews by Aquila, a Jewish proselyte of Sinope in Pontus.

Theodotion also made a translation into Greek. His rendering of the Book of Daniel was used by the early Christians in preference to that of the Septuagint.

Symmachus also translated the Scriptures into Greek.

The first Syriac translation is supposed to have been made by the Monophysite Patriarch of Antioch, and Paul, Bishop of Tella in Mesopotamia. At Milan there is a MS. of this version, containing several Books of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha; also one in Paris, containing the four Books of Kings.

The Ethiopians had a version in Geetz, or holy dialect; Frumentius is supposed to have been the translator.

Towards the end of the third, and beginning of the fourth centuries, there were some Egyptian versions. Fragments of these were published at Copenhagen in 1811.

In the fifth century, Miesrob and his two scholars, Johannes Ekelensis and Josephus Palnensis, translated the Bible into Armenian.

In the sixth century we find a Georgian version.

A Gothic version was made by Ulphilas, Bishop of the Maeso-Goths in the fourth century. A sixth-century copy, written in silver letters on purple vellum, is preserved at Upsal.

A Sclavonic version, in the ninth century, is said to have been made by the brothers Cyril and Methodius. This whole Bible was afterwards printed at Prague, in 1570.

A translation of the Old Testament into Arabic was made by Rabbi Saadiah Hagganon in the tenth century.

A Jew, named Jacob Taws, made a translation into Persian.

About the year A.D. 385, Jerome, after having finished his Greek version of the Septuagint, began to make a new translation of the Bible into Latin. The first Book he translated was the First of Samuel. He is said to have translated the Book of Tobit in one day. The whole of this work was finished A.D. 405; it is generally called St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate. This was the first book ever printed.

The *Codex Alexandrinus* was a translation of the Scriptures in Greek. This MS. contains, besides the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, all the Books of the New Testament. It was sent, in the year 1628, by Cyrillus Lucaris, a native of Crete, and Patriarch of Constantinople, as a present to Charles I., King of England, through the hands of Sir Thomas Roe, then ambassador at the court of the Sultan. This MS. is on vellum, and is now bound in four volumes. The three first contain the Old Testament, and at the end of the fourth is added the Epistle of Clement of Rome to the Corinthians. This MS. is now in the British Museum.

The *Codex Vaticanus* is now in the Vatican at Rome, where it was placed by Pope Nicolas V. It is written in much smaller text than the *Codex Alexandrinus*, and on much thinner vellum. Erasmus is said to have consulted this MS. in writing his published Greek Testament. Part of the *Codex Vaticanus* has been added by a later hand, as the writing in some parts is very defective.

The *Codex Sinaiticus* was found some ten years ago by Professor Tischendorf, in the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai. It is written in much larger characters than the other Codices. This MS. is now at St. Petersburgh.

The first time the Codices were printed—the Old Testament in 1514, and the New Testament in 1518.

The Venito-Greek version, a MS. of the fourteenth century, is now at St. Mark's at Venice. This is a very curious book, both in its style and form; it appears to have been written on the broad margin of a Hebrew manuscript.

The first Italian Bible was published in 1543, by Brucieli; and another by Diodati, in 1640.

As early as 802 there was a French translation by Alcuin. This was made from the Vulgate, without any reference to the Hebrew. Another French translation was made in 1520.

The first Dutch Bible was published in 1534.

The first Spanish translations were made in 1553—one for the use of the Christians, the other for the use of the Jews.

The first German Bible is without date or the printer's name. The next German version was printed at Augsburg, in 1473. Another appeared in 1477; another, in 1483; another, in 1494. But the greatest of all German translations of the Bible is that of Martin Luther, printed at Nuremburg in 1524.

The Psalms were rendered in English as early as the eighth century; and (A. D. 735) Bede, during his last illness, translated the Gospel of St. John. In the ninth century, Alfred translated the Ten Commandments, which he prefixed to the laws of his country, and also parts of the Book of Exodus. In the tenth century, the Four Gospels, and the greater part of the Old Testament, were translated into English.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, Wickliffe began his translation of the New Testament from the Latin Vulgate, which he finished about 1380. To this was added a version of the Old Testament, supposed to have been made by Nicholas de Hereford, a friend of Wickliffe's. This translation was revised in 1388 by John Purvey.

The first *printed* English translation of the New Testament, is that of William Tyndale. Finding he could not translate the Bible in England, Tyndale left his native country and went to Hamburgh, where he passed the year 1524; there he published the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. The year after he went to Cologne, where he began to print his first New Testament. Cochlæus found it out, and tried to prevent the work; but Tyndale and Roye took the printed sheets and escaped to Worms, where were printed *two* editions of his Testament—six thousand copies. Tyndale suffered martyrdom in 1536. While he was in prison, he made a revised edition of his Testament.

The next great English translation is that of Miles Coverdale. This work was completed in 1535, and printed, but it is not yet known where.

The next English Bible is that of John Rogers and T. Matthews, called 'Matthews's Bible.' This was not exactly a translation, but Tyndale's translation from Genesis to 2 Chronicles, and his revised New Testament; the Apocrypha, and the rest of the Old Testament, from Coverdale's translation. Matthews's Bible was printed abroad in 1537. This Bible was the first which received the 'King's Licence.'

The next English translation is the 'Great Bible,' compiled under Lord Cromwell and Coverdale. Part of this work was printed in Paris, but the printers were driven away from there, and went to London, where it was published in 1539.

Tavener's Bible was chiefly based upon Matthews's.

Cranmer's Bible was the next; it was published in 1540.

Another translation was made at Geneva by W. Whittingham; it was printed at Geneva in 1557. This Bible was much smaller than any of the former translations, being only a small quarto, while the others were all large folios. To this Bible is added an introductory epistle by Calvin.

The Bible generally known as the Geneva Version, commonly called the Breeches Bible, was printed at Geneva in 1560.

About the year 1563, Archbishop Parker began another translation; he was helped by several other Bishops, among whom Sandys, Bishop of Worcester, Guest, Bishop of Rochester, and Cox, Bishop of Ely. This translation was called 'Bishop's Bible.' It was printed by R. Jugge in 1568. The Bishop's Bible was used in the churches; and Whittingham's translation by the people generally.

The Authorized Version of James I. was begun in 1603. The translators were

divided into six companies, and they met at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster. This revised version was printed by R. Barker in 1611, with a dedication to the King. And as no better translation has been made, it is the Bible of the present day.

DRAGON-FLY.

[ARACHNE must doubt of Alcuin's translation of the Scripture into French, because French did not exist. The spoken language at the court of Carl the Great was Frank, a dialect of Low German; the language of literature, Latin; and the Gallo-Roman natives spoke broken Latin. There is no account of such a book in the list of those by Alcuin; but he wrote 'Tracts on Scripture.']

JASON, who is very good, mentions the Hexapla, or six columned versions in as many languages made by Origen, and lost in the library at Cæsarea.

POLYANTHUS, the Syrian version, called the *Peschitto*, made in the first century; and three Greek translations in the third century.

MONEY-SPINNER mentions the *Targums*, or Syriac paraphrases, used in the synagogues when the Jews had forgotten their Hebrew. Of course this was only the Old Testament. She also mentions the *Itala*, or old Italic.

GRIZEL adds some French ones. There have been but few French translations of the Bible; the oldest is that of the Waldensian leader, Peter de Vaux, who lived about 1160. Various Huguenot translations were made during the next few centuries, but these never came into general use; and the want generally felt, of a French Bible, remained unsupplied. At length, in the middle of the seventeenth century, Antoine le Maître, one of the celebrated Port Royalists, undertook to translate the New Testament from the Vulgate. Dying, however, before his work was finished, he bequeathed it to his brother, Isaac le Maître de Saci, who completed it, with the help of Antoine Arnauld, and other learned members of the Port Royal Society. Permission to print it in France was refused; it was therefore published at Mons, with the license of the King of Spain, and permission of the Archbishop of Cambray. This work, known as 'The New Testament of Mons,' produced a great sensation, and obtained a wide sale, although the Archbishop of Paris forbade it to be read. De Saci subsequently translated the Old Testament; and the whole work, accompanied by comments, was published at the end of the century. This translation has been said to occupy the same place in the French language, as the Authorized Version in our own, and Luther's translation in the German language. It was enthusiastically received, and has passed through many editions.

To this, from POLYANTHUS, must be added the Douai version, made chiefly by Cardinal Allen, and so called because the Old Testament was printed at Douai in 1609; the New having been printed at Rheims in 1582. It is from the Vulgate, and is the authorized version for English Roman Catholics.

GRAY SQUIRREL sends the Bible Society's List of versions in 152 languages and dialects, among them the Persian, the great task of Henry Martyn's life; and perhaps the version in, ARACHNE thinks 'Cherokee' should be added, as it is the only memento of the speech of that departed race.

ATALANTA mentions what are not translations, but poetical paraphrases.

PORTIA, ALBATROSS, STICKLEBACK, are all worthy of commendation; TOURERIVIL, EDITH PLANTAGENET, and E. D., have also answered.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Compare the characters of Antigone and Cordelia.

Give the history of Telegraphy.

☞ ARACHNE has received Stamps from A BEE.

*** The latest day for sending in Answers is the last day of the month on which the Questions appear. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

Questions, Notices, or Appeals of a private or local character cannot be inserted.

There is a letter waiting for *E. P.*, her address having unfortunately not been preserved; also for *J. L.*, and *A Constant Subscriber*.

The Editor begs that letters may not be sent to be forwarded, as it is not easy to preserve so many addresses.

Declined with thanks.—*Vera; A Litany for Advent; Ludwig von Beethoven; St. Thomas.* The Addresses were not *on* the paper.

A Reader of 'Hitherto.'—If you look in any book on Heraldry, such as Gwillim or Berry, you will find a good deal about the meanings of colours and blazonry, which may perhaps have some connection with the explanation of the colours of the rainbow, &c., given in *Hitherto*. 'Some fantastic heralds have blazoned not only by the ordinary colours and metals, but by flowers, days of the week, and parts of the human body, and have been condemned for it by the heralds of all nations; others lay it down as a rule, that the coats of sovereigns should be blazoned by the planets, and those of noblemen by precious stones, as Vert, Emeral, Venus.' (*Britannia.*) Berry says that blazonry was carried to such a pitch of wild enthusiasm in the dark ages of superstitions, that it was applied to the cabalistic secrets of number, the complexion, age, and temper of man, the elements of nature, the constellations of heavens, the metal of earth, ... and gives an example of a 'Paradigm of the Tinctures,' as 'Or, Yellow stands for Topaz, Sol, Gold, Leo, July, Sunday, Light, Noon, Adolescence, Blithe, Force, Heliotrop, 1, 3,' &c. Heraldry originated in the twelfth century; but I believe the fancy of giving meanings to the colours was about its height in the reign of Henry V.—B. C. C.

The English Raja.—Some disappointment has been expressed at the story of the English Raja having left untouched Mission work in Borneo. This and other omissions I hope hereafter to supply, and meanwhile ask my readers to remember that a sketch must not be mistaken for a finished picture.—That the work of the Church was well based was shewn at the time of the Chinese rising, when we learn from the simple narrative of Daniel Owen, a catechist at Kuching, that the rebels sent continual messages to Bishop McDougall that 'they did not intend to molest the missionaries, because we were good men, and that our only object was to teach them what was good, and endeavour to make them happy.' And further, that they actually besought the Bishop to attend to their wounded—a petition at once complied with, though at great risk of life.—I have mentioned that, amongst others, Mrs. Crookshank was severely wounded. I might have added that, left for dead, she owed her life to the courage and skill of Bishop McDougall. In his double capacity of healer of soul and body, he passed unscathed among the rebels; and by returning to their wounded good for evil, proved to them beyond question Whose commission he bore.—G. L. J.

Will any reader kindly send any pictures or scraps of reading, suitable for a sacred scrap-book for an infirmary, to *M., Post Office, Steeple Aston, Oxford.*

A. E. G. will be glad if the Editor or any reader can inform her from what poem the following lines are taken. She found them lately upon a tomb-stone in the churchyard at Westerham, Kent; they were not written down at the time, so she is not sure that they are quite correctly quoted:—

Gone before
To the unknown and silent shore;
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning?

C. M. would be much obliged if anyone can inform her where she can find the lines beginning 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' and the line, 'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.'——The latter in a poem called *Henry and Emma*, by Prior.

A lady, who has lately established a Cottage Home for destitute infants in connection with the St. Margaret's Sisterhood, East Grinsted, would be very grateful to anyone who would give her a nursery swing, and any old toys or picture-books. Address—*E. L. K., St. Margaret's Nursery, West Lymington, Hants.*

Will any reader kindly tell *D. C. H.* if any separate life is published of Margaret Beaufort, the wife of Edmund Tudor, and mother of Henry VII.—*Bishop Frome, Bromyard.*——The Editor has read a Life of Margaret Beaufort—old book now—by Miss Benger (?).

Rules of the English Church Book Society.—1. Each Member to subscribe One Shilling and Sixpence a year for printing and postage expenses, and be prepared to lend *at least* six books, postage paid, when requested.—2. A list of the Books will be sent to each member twice a year.—3. A Member wishing to borrow any Book named on the list, must apply for it by post-card to the Honorary Secretary, who will request the owner of the Book to forward it to the applicant, postage paid. The Member who borrows it must return it to the owner, postage paid, sending a card at the same time, that in case of any delay in the post, inquiries may at once be made. A card must also be sent to the Honorary Secretary, to let her know that the Book is at home, and ready for further circulation.—4. If a Book be not received within a week of the application, the Honorary Secretary should be informed of the delay.—5. No Book to be kept more than two months, and the full address, as well as the name, of the owner, to be written in each volume.—6. If any Book be lost or damaged, it must be made good. It is requested that the Honorary Secretary may be informed of any change of residence, or of such absence from home as would interfere with the lending of the Books. It is hoped, by these simple rules, that for a small annual expenditure Members may obtain variety in their reading, and the weary hours of many invalids may be cheered and brightened.—*Mrs. Robert Horsfall, Grassendale Priory, Liverpool, Honorary Secretary.*

M. C. T.'s quotation must be taken from Campbell's *Pilgrim of Glencoe*, as the following lines occur there:—

Witch legends Ronald scorned, ghost kelpie, wraith,
And all the trumpery of vulgar faith.

Also answered by *Azile*, who says it is not included in all his works.

I would ask *A Constant Subscriber*, who wishes to find a school for a delicate child, if she knows of St. Peter's Orphanage, Broadstairs, which is under the care of Sisters from the Sisterhood of St. Peter's, Kilburn. I believe the expense of placing a child there would be ten or twelve pounds a year. I have seen a delicate girl wonderfully improved in health after a year's residence there.—E. K. M.——*Gray Squirrel* recommends The Curzon Home School. It is small; and *Gray Squirrel* has had personal experience of the girls being well done to. The charge is ten guineas per annum till ten years old, then twelve guineas till sent to a place. Address—*The Matron, The Curzon Home School, Market Street, Mayfair, London.*——*Eaglet* thinks the little girl mentioned by *A Constant Subscriber* would be received and trained for service by the All Saints Sisters, All Saints Home, Margaret Street, W., by the East Grinsted Sisters, St. Margaret's, East Grinsted, Sussex, or by the Clewer Sisters. She is not quite sure of the address of their Orphanage, but a letter directed to *The Sister Superior, Care of the Rev. G. White, St. Barnabas, Pimlico*, would be sure to reach them. *Eaglet* thinks the cost at all these Homes is £12.

E. K. M.—The 'wee grovelling doo' is a misprint for 'croodlin doo.'

If *Not a Spider* will look, she will see that *legend* is carefully distinguished from *history* in the Answer.

Will any reader kindly inform the writer who St. Cadvan was? There is a church dedicated to him at Towyn. Address—*Modena, The Post Office, New Mill, near Huddersfield.*

Jeanne begs to inform *E. C.* that the verse she quotes forms one of a poem by Ada Cambridge, entitled 'The Message to the Weary.' The poem consists of eighteen verses. It is published in *Lyra Anglicana*, by Rev. R. Baynes, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, acknowledged with thanks:—Desdemona, 2*s.*

The Superior of *St. Katharine's Home, Wimborne Road, Poole*, desires to acknowledge with sincere thanks the following gifts, which have been sent in answer to the appeal, kindly inserted in *The Monthly Packet*, on behalf of her work, by a visitor of the Home:—Colenso's Arithmetic from Miss Wilbraham, Chester; Two Ditto, Anonymous; School-books from Miss A. Gibson; Box of books and toys from Mrs. Ferguson, Uxbridge; Books and clothing from Mrs. Hasell, Rodwell, Ipswich; Books and clothing from Mrs. Birkett, Croydon; Parcel of clothing from Mrs. Goff, Salisbury, and 3*s.* 6*d.* from Master Goff; 3*s.* in stamps from E. D., Liverpool; Parcel of books from Devonport. The Superior desires to express her gratitude to those who have so kindly assisted her in her work, and to add that she would be very grateful if any kind friends would assist her in getting up a Christmas Tree for her little ones.

A Lady acknowledges gratefully a parcel of books from *S. A. C. W.*, for the St. George's Lending Library, Barrow-in-Furness.

M. V. begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of some flannel and wool in a paper bag, with no clue, at the beginning of October; parcels from *S. B.* and *A. S. H.*; one the last week in October, and another the first week in November, with no clue; and an envelope with pink flannel, from Ulverstone.—*Grove Hall, Retford.*

A thank-offering of £1, from *H. B.*, for The Children's Convalescent Home, Broadstairs, is acknowledged with thanks.

Mrs. Richards, Boxley Vicarage, Maidstone, begs to mention an invalid youth, who has just returned from the Brompton Consumptive Hospital, where he has learnt to employ himself in wool-work. He makes mats, neck comforters, babies' soft balls, &c., and his work is *extremely* neat. Orders, on such terms as would secure him *some small* profit beyond the price of materials, would be a very real kindness. He is unable to do any labourer's work; and his father, who is a brick-maker, is a great sufferer from rheumatism.

Elsie will feel very much obliged if the Editor, or any of the numerous Correspondents of *The Monthly Packet*, could tell her the authors of the following lines, which appeared in that Magazine some years ago; she is also anxious to know of more verses connecting saints with their flowers:—

ST. DOROTHY'S BELLS.

The varying flower of Dorothea shews
Three colours, emblems of her meed and woes:
The white, her maiden purity on earth;
The blue, her constancy and saintly worth;
The red, her martyrdom, whereby 'twas given
To wear the angelic double crown in Heaven.

Also—

HERB MARGARET. (DOUBLE DAISY.)

There is a double flow'ret, white and red,
That our lasses call Herb Margaret,
In honour of Cartona's penitent,
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent;
While on her penitence kind heaven did throw
The white of purity, surpassing snow;
So white and red in this fair flower entwine,
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine.

These lines appeared in Vol. III., (1852,) and are said to be by ancient poets.

Dear Madam,—Allow me to thank you for so kindly inserting in the current *Monthly Packet* the account of our work here, written evidently by a 'partial friend.' At the same time, I should be thankful if you would let me say, that it gives a very imperfect and erroneous idea of what our work has (by God's blessing) grown to and become. Since February, the date of that letter, we have been permitted to complete the 'shell' of the Church—*i. e.* all is now covered in, Chancel, Nave, and two Aisles. It was opened on September 24th, and is to be consecrated on the 28th instant. Friends have been very good to us, and have given us tiles for our Chancel, a Screen, a Font, and other adjuncts of 'the beauty of holiness.' There is, however, a debt of about £800 on the Building Fund; and we are sadly in want of an organ, being obliged at present to be content with a harmonium.—The Church is open all day, is free and unappropriated, and seats nearly six hundred persons. We have Daily Celebration, Matins, and Evensong, and six Services on Sunday.—I will not encroach on your valuable space by enlarging on the development of the other works of the Clewer Sisters in this Parish, alluded to in the letter; but they have been (like the Church) 'going forward,' with no less evident tokens of God's blessing.—I am, yours very truly, GEORGE D. NICHOLAS, Vicar.

In answer to *O.'s* criticism, *Money-Spinner* begs to say that she thought the existence of the proverb, 'Aught stands for nothing,' (which has been a household word in the family for a century at least,) was sufficient warrant for drawing the moral, as she did in her tale, especially as she has often heard the word 'aught' used for a cipher; though she owns that she herself was taught to call it 'naught.' She will not take upon herself to declare that either is right; but Miss Edgeworth evidently considers the point doubtful, (see *Frank*, vol. iii., p. 121); and if *O.* wishes for another authority, she may refer to *The Daisy Chain*, p. 258.

I was surprised to see, in the interesting paper on 'Raffaelle,' in the October Number of *The Monthly Packet*, the statement that there is no extant picture by the great painter of the Duke of Urbino, as in Lavater's celebrated work on *Physiognomy* (vol. iii., p. 278.) there is a head from Raffaelle bearing this name. It suddenly occurred to me that a face in 'The School of Athens' was exactly similar; and the figure is, I believe, generally known as Aspasia. There are at least two other heads from 'The School of Athens' in Lavater, so that he was probably well acquainted with the picture. To paint a man in the character of a woman seems a singular proceeding, and I should be very much obliged if anyone could give an explanation of the mystery.—ALFHILDA.

M. F. W.—Received, 2*s.* 6*d.* for the Wilberforce Window.

SPIDER SUBJECTS.

PATRIOTISM, PARTY SPIRIT, AND PREJUDICE.

PORTIA'S is an excellent essay—HOME-SPUN'S conversation so good, that ARACHNE hesitated between the two; GRAY SQUIRREL'S, thoughtful; PUSSY-CAT, bright and clever, but discursive; MAY-POLE does not sufficiently grasp the subject; BRUNIA and CAMELLIA choose Charlotte Corday, who does not seem to ARACHNE a right instance—hers was rather an act of fanaticism, provoked by the misery around; ANNIE, RUSSELL, LADY FERN, MRS. BATS' EYES, JULIANA, good; G. NEALE, EDITH PLANTAGENET, also received.

PATRIOTISM, party spirit, and prejudice, are the three forms which love of country may assume, according as the nature which receives it be noble, common-place, or degraded. Patriotism is the purest form of such love, and a patriot is one who regards citizenship as a privilege imposing solemn responsibility, which nothing but duty to God can supersede. He is one, who is willing to serve his country to the uttermost in times of danger; who regards her honour and safety as infinitely more precious than his own; who serves her as truly in peace as in war, striving that her laws should be just in principle, impartial in administration, and adapted to the needs of the people; who cares for such of her children as are oppressed or poor; with whom love for her is a passion blending with, and in part controlling, every action of his life, and to whom hesitation is inconceivable when he has to choose between his own advantage and his country's. Such a man was Aristides the Athenian; such men were Alfred the Great, and in modern times Graham of Montrose. It would be easy to name men who performed actions more heroic than either of these, such actions as that of Decius Mus sacrificing himself for the Roman eagles, Arnold von Winkelried springing on to the Austrian spears; but I have chosen them, because their heroism was in nowise due to the partly animal excitement of battle, but was the natural and inevitable outcome of a perfectly noble and patriotic life.

Party spirit is less easy to define. It is in some sort a narrower patriotism—the devotion to a means rather than to an end; and to a certain extent scarcely anyone can be free from it, because one party is almost sure to represent more adequately than another a man's own opinions of justice and right; it is blameable and pernicious only when adherence to a party survives, or becomes independent of, personal conviction; the spirit which makes modern politicians vote for a party rather than for a man outside the House of Commons, and for a man rather than a measure within it. It may co-exist with the warmest love for the country, and with the truest self-sacrifice; it differs from true patriotism mainly in want of intellectual breadth to discern good where it has been accustomed to expect evil. From being a less impersonal feeling than pure patriotism, it is apt to take a violent hold on men of strong feeling and imperfect judgement; and it has been, when long fostered, a fruitful source of crime. There can be no question that most of the horrors of the French Revolution sprang as much from mistaken devotion to liberty as from vengeance; no patriot ever gave utterance to a nobler sentiment than that of Danton—'*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre!*' and yet it is to him that French history owes the black blot of the September massacres; and that liberty, to which he and his contemporaries were willing to wade through oceans of their brothers' blood, became horrible and lawless licence in their generation, and abject slavery in the next. Yet he would read history in a narrow spirit indeed, who would call that patriotism which was inspired by what he might consider right opinions, and mere party spirit which was the result of wrong ones. The Guelfs and the

Ghibellines, the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, the Cavaliers and Roundheads, each produced some patriots and many enthusiastic partizans—not the least noble those who supported unfortunate or mistaken causes. For examples of men whose ideas of duty to their country were entirely synonymous with devotion to their party, one turns naturally to politicians rather than soldiers, and among them they are extremely numerous. Politicians in the reigns of William III. and the immediately succeeding sovereigns became absolutely incapable of forming an abstract idea of national good or evil, so utterly unable were they to dissociate them from the success or failure of their own party. Hatred of their opponents was the strongest animating principle of their policy; nor did they hesitate to sacrifice national honour on many occasions when it could only have been saved by loyal and united action. No stronger instance—taken from a different period of English History—could be adduced of the consequences of such feeling being allowed to dominate political action, than the deliberate sacrifice of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, with the forces under his command, by the Dukes of York and Somerset, the one of whom was determined not to send, and the other not to solicit, reinforcement, with results which were not recovered to the end of that disastrous war.

Last of all, and lowest, comes prejudice, or unreasoning adherence to blindly received impressions—a habit of mind fatal to candid judgement or clear vision, frightfully difficult to eradicate or even modify, and possessed of a force which has over and over again, in the history of the world, destroyed the life-long labours of the wisest and the greatest men. *Gegen Dummheit streiten Götter selbst vergebens.* It is believed by many that prejudice is the indissoluble companion of ignorance, and that it will be destroyed by the rapidly advancing era of general and universal instruction. I do not think so. I believe that mere knowledge can no more destroy strong prejudice than it can create it; it can shift the objects of its aversion from the ghosts or witches of our forefathers to the latest bugbear of the day; but charity and humility are safer antidotes than sharpened intellects or well-stored brains. This form of patriotism, manifesting itself in dogged opposition to novelty, and in ignorant scorn of other institutions than our own, is far from uncommon among Englishmen of good education in these enlightened days. Such men will take a certain pleasure in hearing of their country's glory, and will loudly boast of it on occasions, depreciating others with an unquestioning assurance very surprising to behold. Young men, who never saw a shot fired, or felt a sword-scratch in their lives, will talk of England's courage; who have no smattering of any one useful art, will talk of her manufactures; who are profoundly ignorant of her literature, of its superiority to that of others; and boast of the heroism of her martyrs, who never dared to own their faith before a sceptic. Men whose only guide is self-interest—and what other guide should they have, whose only aim is pleasure?—will, as it were, draw cheques on the glorious store left them by their ancestors, and never pause to think what England would have been had their ancestors been men like to them. They have destroyed her commercial honour, and tarnished her military glory; they have tampered with her language, and shaken her faith; but they admire her institutions, they hate the Yankees, and despise the French, and who shall say they are not patriots?

Not lightly can one of this age and generation write such words; but if they are true, let them stand. Examples of the evil of prejudice are most striking in the action of masses. Single men have wrought much evil through its influence, but it is when it possesses a great multitude that it is most to be dreaded. There is no example in history which can compare, either for the groundlessness of its cause, or the awful magnitude of its results, to the shout of the Jewish populace—'Let Him be crucified!' Perhaps the strongest instance of our own day of the blinding effect of prejudice, was the treatment of negroes by cultivated men and women of the